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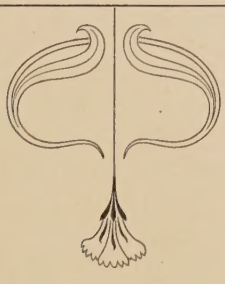

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PENDLE HILL, FROM BARLEY.

CALDERDALE

A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE

STREAMS FORMING THE LANCASHIRE CALDER,

AND OF

OBJECTS OF INTEREST ON OR NEAR THEM,
AS THEY EXISTED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY,

WITH REFERENCES TO THE DIALECT, TRADITIONS AND FOLK-LORE
OF THE DISTRICT, AND TO SOME OF ITS NOTABLE MEN,

BY THE

REV. T. ORMEROD, B.Sc.

MINISTER OF WEASTE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MANCHESTER,
AND FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF CARLTON ROAD SCHOOL, BURNLEY.

WITH ABOUT 120 PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

CHIEFLY FROM THE AUTHOR'S NEGATIVES, AND MAP.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!"—*Scott.*

"I have culled me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing, save the string that binds them, is my own."—*Spenser.*

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PREFACE.

"To equip so small a book with a preface is, I am half afraid, to sin against proportion. But a preface is more than an author can resist."—*R. L. Stevenson.*

CALDERDALE[1] is the title chosen to indicate the small area of North-East Lancashire intersected by the Calder and its tributaries. It is only some 15 miles in length, and 10 in breadth, but it teems with features of interest both to the historian and antiquary, and above all to the man who, born and bred within its borders, has inherited or cultivated a taste for the study of its ancient legends, picturesque stories and unique monuments of the past.

The fame of the locality has never been commensurate with its interest, and it is somewhat surprising that its claim to distinction has not hitherto been more widely acknowledged throughout the country. That it is only imperfectly known and appreciated by the great majority of those who spend their lives in its midst, is perhaps less remarkable.

During the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, as the result of vigorous commercial development, startling changes have come over the face of this once lovely district. The opening up of the valleys by the construction of railways, the rapid growth of the cotton industry, and the consequent encroachment of the town upon the country are responsible for most of these changes. The corroding hand of time has likewise, with ceaseless persistence, destroyed many a fine old landmark, which too frequently has been allowed to perish without any attempt at preservation or restoration, and thus many a fair landscape has been robbed in one way or another of its well-remembered charm.

Hence the desirability of placing on record, in a permanent and graphic form, a descriptive account of the valleys of the Lancashire Calder, as they appeared during the closing years of the Nineteenth Century, and at the beginning of the Twentieth. Such is the object of the present work, and so far as the district in question is concerned, no similar task has been undertaken previously.

[1] It may be of interest to state, that the title of this work was suggested to the Author when reading, long ago, a sentence in Chapter XIX of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, where she says:—"By this time, Airedale, Wharfedale, *Calderdale*, and Ribblesdale, all knew the place of residence of Currer Bell."

Whilst the historical and literary associations of the district have been laid under contribution, and references made to some of the world-famed men who have hailed from its soil, and whilst its folk-lore and dialect have received attention, the delineation of its natural features—its rustic charm, its babbling brooks, its rugged hills, its breezy moorlands—constitutes the burden of our theme. Its baronial halls and castles, its stately mansions, its ancient churches, and the dismantled Abbey of Whalley have also of necessity called for notice of a somewhat extended character.

It will be seen therefore, that the illustration of such a work is of paramount importance, and accordingly during the last twelve or fifteen years, the author has made a collection of photographic negatives for this purpose, which, with additions from other sources, are now reproduced in most cases for the first time. Many of these photographs are no longer obtainable, as the scenes they depict are either completely obliterated, or so materially changed as to be useless from a photographic point of view.

The author lays small claim to originality, except in the arrangement and illustration of the book. Frequent quotation from well-known works of local history and literature is inevitable, and it is believed that one of the uses of this volume will consist in the opportunity afforded of studying to better purpose, and with increased interest the greater writings of those who were not able to call to their aid the modern resources of effective book illustration. In all cases, however, it is hoped that enough has been said upon each subject to render it of interest without reference to other works.

There remains only the pleasing duty of acknowledging our indebtedness to those who have consciously or unconsciously rendered assistance in the compilation of the work, and foremost among them the author with grateful memory would place those who first opened his eyes to the beauties of Calderdale, and gave to him that taste for the study of its history and associations, which has provided the inspiration and constant incentive to the pursuit of what would otherwise have been a laborious task.

The three great Libraries of Manchester have unfolded their priceless and almost bewildering treasures, and the author is indebted to the Librarians of the Rylands Library, the Free Reference Library and the historic Chetham's Library, for their kindness and courtesy in affording him special facilities for investigation, and for their willing help in searching the recesses of their ample shelves for rare and remote works. The books, correspondence, notes, and cuttings, freely placed at the author's disposal by Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton, of Liverpool, have also been of the greatest value. Mr. Walter F. Cunliffe, of London, has very kindly lent books, letters and notes, which have added many original and valuable paragraphs to the book. In almost all cases the sources from which passages

and information have been obtained are indicated in the text, or notes, thus serving the double purpose of identifying and acknowledging the quotation, and also referring the reader to the literature of the subject in question, if he should desire fuller particulars.

With regard to the illustrations, where the original photograph is not the work of the author, in all cases the source from which it has been obtained is indicated, and in this connection the following societies and friends are very sincerely thanked for the willingness with which they have allowed their pictures to appear in this volume:—The Burnley Literary and Scientific Club and its President, Mr. W. Lewis Grant; the publishers of "Whalley in 1902"; Mr. B. H. Cowgill, of Burnley; Mr. W. F. Cunliffe, of London; Miss Dorothy C. Gregson, of London; Mr. G. F. Duckett, of Burnley; and Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Whalley. We also acknowledge the kind permission given by Messrs. Alfred Greenwood, and Benj. Moore, of Burnley, and L. Dixon, of Colne, to insert certain of their copyright photographs.

The ever tedious task of correcting the "proofs" has been generously shared by Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton, of Liverpool, who has thus contributed much to the verbal accuracy and completeness of the work. The printers, Messrs. John Dixon, Ltd., of Burnley, have also earned the gratitude of the author, by reason of the interest and pains taken in every part of their work. Evidences of their skill and care are seen throughout the book, both in the clearness and accuracy of the letterpress, and in the beautiful reproduction of the photographs.

The author trusts that his book, in spite of all its shortcomings (of which no one can be more acutely conscious than he), will give pleasure to many lovers of Calderdale at home and abroad; and that it may be the means of awakening a love of the home-land in some hearts, where its existence has not yet been revealed, or even suspected.

Weaste,
October, 1906.

T. ORMEROD.

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CALDERDALE.

PART I.

UPPER CALDER VALE FROM SOURCE TO BURNLEY.

CHAPTER I. - CALDERHEAD.

„ II. - HOLME.

„ III. - TOWNELEY.

"I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail and tongue to fold."

Spenser.

WATERFALL AT HOLME.

CHAPTER I.

Calderhead.

The source, course and general character of the stream—Etymologies of the name—Determination of identity—Descriptive account of the country near the source—Cliviger Beacon—Calderhead—The Long Causeway—Wayside Crosses—Local tradition and story.

"'Tis the loveliest stream!
I've learnt by heart its sweet and devious course,
By frequent tracings."

THE word Calder is of Celtic origin, and was at first probably a generic term applied indiscriminately to all small streams in the same sense as we now apply the diminutives rivulet or streamlet, and the names beck or burn to them. In all primitive languages there is a tendency to use few proper or arbitrary names, but rather to make the most extended use of common or descriptive terms, and then by uniform usage, consistent application and gradual restriction to convert them into proper designations. This is clearly indicated in such a case as the Celtic word *avon* (Welsh *afon*, Manx *aon*, a river) which appears in a more or less disguised form in a multitude of river names all over the Celtic area of Europe. In the same way the old British word *pen* (Gaelic *ben*, the head) was applied to all elevations having a bold contour and outstanding appearance, and hence is frequently employed either in combination with descriptive syllables, or standing alone, as a hill-name in northern Britain.

The name Calder in a similar manner, is applied to quite a number of small streams, for example, two of the rivulets forming the main stream of the West Calder have been so named. The Stream flowing through Todmorden, and having its source only a few

yards from the Lancashire, or "the forked Calder" is known as the East or Yorkshire Calder. The name Colne which is from the same root, was originally applied to the river (Colaun) and not to the town, a designation which strangely enough is also found in the case of a considerable tributary of the Yorkshire Calder flowing through Huddersfield and named the Colne, and also in the case of the river upon which the ancient Roman city of Colchester stands. There is also a narrow stream flowing from the heights of Bowland, and joining the Wyre near Garstang, known as the Calder River, and a small stream flowing from near Ennerdale Water into the Irish Sea at Seascale, bears the same name, the ruins of Calder Abbey standing on its banks. The frequent repetition of the name naturally suggests its generic character, but the study of its derivation furnishes even more conclusive evidence in that direction.

According to the best authorities[1] the name is derived from the roots *cul* or *col* narrow, and *dwr*[2] water. Calder,[3] then, simply means narrow water, and is thus a name equally applicable to all small streams. In an interesting communication received from Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton, of Liverpool, the occurrence of these two roots in the names *Calais* and *Dover*, and the Welsh name for the English Channel—Cul dwr (pronounced Keel-doer)—are acutely pointed out as confirmations of the above derivation. It is certain that the tin ore of Cornwall was originally exported by its being first conveyed to the sea at *Dover* (the water), and then taken across the *narrow water* to *Calais*, so called from its position at the narrowest point of the Channel.

[1] Dr. Whitaker regards this derivation, suggested by Mr. Whitaker, the Manchester Historian, as likely, but also suggests the Danish *Kalldur*, cold water.

Baxter's derivation of the word is *Calai-dwr*, yellowish (muddy) water. This derivation is not generally accepted, although in times of flood the muddy stream is distinctly yellow. It is not likely, however, that the stream would be named from its exceptional appearance during flood time.

Mr. McKay would regard the first syllable *Col* as referring to the Sun, and so would connect the name with the ancient Druid worship. "The Calder," he says, "is a stream that flows through a region sacred to the sun." This derivation, however, does not account for the invariable application of the name to the very smallest streams, and there is no evidence that the Druids regarded the rivers as sacred, as the Hindoos and other dwellers in tropical countries did. The cold climate of this region, and the abundant supply of water would not tend to promote river worship at all.

[2] "*Dwr* becomes in archaic Celtic, *ŭur* (pronounced *der*), and is also found in the Gaelic as *dour*."—*Beale Poste*.

[3] An instructive variation of the spelling is *Caldew*, the name of a small tributary of the Eden, flowing from the side of Skiddaw. This is the nearest approach to the actual roots from which the name is obtained.

DODBOTTOMS.

If this derivation be the correct one, it is evident that we have here one of the most ancient and primitive combinations of the language, and this is quite borne out by popular and traditional belief. One of those curious, isolated groups of glacial rock stones to which the name *Calderstones* had been given, was held by the natives to have come out of the Ark,[1] and though one might have doubts as to the accuracy of the conjecture, yet as an indication of their antiquity, and the age of their name, it was surely not far wrong.

The main stream to which the name Calder can with certainty be applied, enters the Ribble near Hacking Hall, about two miles

[1] The story is told of a native pointing out the Calderstones to a stranger, to whom he imparted the following diverting information:—

"See them stones, maister? Well, them's th' owdest things abowt here; came out of th' Ark, them did."

"Why, what did they want with them in the Ark?" naturally asked the somewhat puzzled stranger.

"Owd Noah, he used 'em for ballast!"

What better evidence of antiquity can one desire?

north-west of Whalley. From the point at which it receives its last considerable tributary, commonly known as Pendle Water, to its confluence with the Ribble, it pursues a winding course, mainly westward, for about twelve miles. The stream is fed by six or seven tributaries which are grouped together in two main streams, Pendle Water and the Calder proper, and it is by no means certain which of these two is entitled to be regarded as the main stream and to retain the name Calder.[1] In determining this, we must be guided first by the natural features of the country, then by the traditional and general acceptance of the name, and finally by an appeal to history, being prepared to assign a higher value to the verdicts of tradition and documentary testimony than to merely physical considerations. Dr. Whitaker is impatient at what he calls the confusion which has arisen in the naming of the Calder proper and Pendle Water, and seems to regard the ambiguity as due to a combination of carelessness and ignorance. We cannot follow him in this opinion, for there are several good reasons, historical, traditional and natural, why the stream flowing through Wycoller and Colne and joining Pendle Water near Barrowford, should be regarded as the Calder. The name *Colaun*, which as already noticed was the early designation of this stream, and its present name, Colne Water, are both etymologically the same as Calder. In 1786, a remarkably accurate map of the district was published by a Mr. Yates, in which the stream in question is named Calder, and the Ordnance Survey Maps of later years have frequently followed him in this respect. The Pendle Water stream brings down a larger volume of water than the Calder proper; it is almost twice the length of its rival, is formed by a larger number of feeders, has a very much greater area of watershed, and follows more nearly the general direction of the main stream.

On the other hand, the weight of traditional evidence seems to indicate that the Calder rising in Cliviger Gorge is rightly so called.[2] Even so early as 1577, Harrison, the ancient topographer, in his *Description of Britaine*, says "the West Calder riseth above

[1] A glance at the map at the end of this volume will make these descriptions more intelligible.

[2] The local names Calderhead and Caldervale also attest the identity of the stream. Moreover, the Aqua de Calder is frequently mentioned in old charters relating to Cliviger.

Holme Church"[1]; and Camden, writing a few years later also identifies the stream by mentioning that it "goeth by Burneley."[2]

FOOTPATH TO THIEVELEY.

The geographical fact that three rivers have their sources near the same point is also significant. The East and West Calders flowing respectively into the North and Irish Seas, both rise in or near a small pond about a mile above Holme,[3] and the Irwell has its

[1] In *Holinshed's Chronicle*, to which Harrison was a contributor, this passage relating to the Calder occurs: "This brook riseth above Holme Church, goeth by Townley and Burnley; bye-and-bye *meeteth with the Calder*, and being thus enlarged runneth forth to Read (where Mr. Nowell dwelleth), to Whalley, and soon after to Ribble." The words put in italics seem to indicate that both the streams referred to were known by the name Calder. When speaking of the brook *after leaving Burnley* meeting with the Calder, it is evident that Pendle Water, which has its confluence with the Calder at a place well known locally as "The Water-Meetings," is the stream indicated.

[2] Camden, writing of the Lancashire Calder in 1589, says "The same goeth by Burneley, Padiam, Altam, and not far from Read, where the Dean of Pauls was born."

[3] The range of hills which here divides Lancashire and Yorkshire forming a portion of the great water-parting of England, is called by the natives "th' riggin" (the ridging). Mr. Roby says, that a man whose home was at the summit of these hills, on being asked where he lived replied in the dialect "Aw live at th' riggin o' th' warld, aw reckon, fur th' watter fro' one side o' th' roof fa's to th' east sea, and t' other to th' west sea."

source on the hills about a mile to the south. Similar instances are seen in the Wharfe and Ribble which have their sources in the same mountain, and in the Ure, Lune, Swale, and Eden, which have their respective sources within a mile or two of each other. In view of these facts therefore, and following Harrison, Camden, and Dr. Whitaker, we shall define the course of the Calder as, rising above Holme, flowing through Cliviger, thence near Towneley Hall and through Towneley Holmes, and then entering its now paved channel passing on through Burnley, where it receives in Salford the Brun. It then enters Stony Holme, and at a point near Royle Hall, receives Pendle Water. Now, having become a considerable stream, it flows by Gawthorpe through Padiham, near which it receives one or two small streams from Hameldon, to Altham and Read, beyond which Sabden Brook on the right and Henburn Brook on the left join it, and thus through Whalley by the historic and picturesque ruins of the Abbey to its confluence with the Ribble.

We may conjure up the old world charm, which the stream possessed before the towns encroached upon its banks and contaminated its limpid waters, by the aid of those scenes of pristine majesty and sylvan beauty which here and there survive and dominate all its indignities, and which, like the remnants of the ruined Cistercian Abbey on its banks, proclaim its former glory. It requires a considerable exercise of the imagination, however, to view the river at Whalley to day as one of the most famous trout streams of the North of England, but such it undoubtedly was, and in the days of yore, many a good creel has rewarded the efforts of the monks, who were no mean exponents of "the gentle craft of Izaac Walton," and oft-times a dish of trout from its then clear waters has enriched the well filled tables of the refectory, and enticed the delicate appetites of the lordly Abbot of Whalley and his pious monks on their self-denying Fridays, in those good old days when

> "No Baron or Squire or Knight of the Shire,
> Lived half so well as a Holy Friar."

In exploring the upper reaches of the stream and its tributaries, considerably slighter demands upon the imagination enable one to picture the scenes of rustic beauty and repose which must have

PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THIEVELEY.

marked these lovely and sequestered dales, before they were surrounded by the busy haunts of men, for here we find in profusion the rugged sculpture of the rocks and hills, the wooded dells, sweet and radiant with flowers and luxuriant with ferns, the narrow gullies with their boisterous waterfalls, and the gentle murmur of the babbling streams singing the lullabies of the ages of long ago, all fresh and natural as they have come from the hand of that Great Artist, who before every man

> " . . . . standeth day and night,
> With patient hand, retouching in the heart
> God's defaced image."

We shall find then our pleasantest rambles in the uplands and dales in which these streams have their sources, and so hasten away to explore the country round Calderhead and the romantic Gorge of Cliviger,[1] which is rightly regarded as one of the finest valleys in England. It is generally known as the Burnley Vale, but locally is more frequently referred to as Todmorden Valley.

BEACON ROCK, THIEVELEY PIKE.

Finding ourselves at the railway station at Holme in the heart of the valley, and taking the road under the railway, we at once commence the steep ascent of Thieveley Pike. Leaving on the right a beautiful glen from which two of our illustrations are taken, and which is known as Dodbottoms, we soon arrive at a farmstead, behind which a fine range of hills, forming the southern boundary of Cliviger, towers above us. Continuing our ascent, we have a climb of about a quarter of a mile which brings us to the Beacon Rock, where an ample reward in the shape of one of the most glorious and

[1] Cliviger is *Clivveshire*, from the Saxon *Clivvig*, rocky, and hence means "the rocky district."

extended of views awaits us. Already the well-wooded, pastoral valley which on our way so delightfully filled the field of view, seems to be receding from us, and as our horizon widens the well-known forms of Pendle and even more distant hills are seen. At length we sit down to rest on the old weather beaten beacon rock, and from our vantage ground 1470 feet above sea-level, are able to trace on the west, north and east, the chains of hills which environ Calderdale, with here and there a form "familiar as household words" standing out like a stern sentinel keeping his age long watch over the silent valleys around him.

Commencing to take our range of vision on the extreme left and looking towards the setting sun, we find Whalley Nab and the more distant ranges of Longridge and the Fells of Bowland. Further to the right and with the bare outline of Pendle as foreground, the forms of Whernside, Ingleborough and Penygent, may be distinguished on a clear day. Still more to the north the limestone rocks of Settle and Malham and the Craven Hills are seen, while further to the east and much nearer, the rounded summit of Boulsworth, and the range of Black Hameldon complete the chain. In the south we find Cribden (or Cridden) which is surmounted by three conical and more distant summits,[1] and further south the Derbyshire hills are outlined against the sky. The gleaming estuary of the Ribble may be seen dancing in the sun, and it is affirmed that even the Blackpool Tower and the Irish Sea have also been clearly seen from this point, under suitable atmospheric conditions.

Being satisfied with the contemplation of this panoramic survey, the attention may be turned to the beacon rock itself. Here in a slight circular hollow strewn with loose stones, many of which bear the marks of fire, we have one of the famous old beacon sites of which the district affords three or four excellent examples.[2] We are easily carried back in imagination to those turbulent days of baronial rule and civil war, when these beacons were constantly kept piled up with inflammable materials ready for ignition, and indeed

[1] Probably the Carnarvonshire Hills.

[2] Pendle, Hameldon, Thieveley (or Pikelaw), and Boulsworth were the chief beacon stations in this district.

were frequently lighted, and when as "swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war flame spread," the neighbouring peasants aroused by "the fiery herald" gathered themselves together under their lord's banner, to fight his battles. We think of that fateful night in November, 1536, on which the flames of this very beacon leaped up to the sky, calling forth the answering fire on Pendle, causing to assemble on the following morning, a body of men who joined that abortive and ill-fated insurrection, the Pilgrimage of Grace.[1] We think again of that historic night in 1588, when England was ablaze from end to end with "those fiery couriers" announcing the approach of the Armada, and when again our local beacons like volcanoes, illuminated the heavens, striking terror into the hearts of the people, as they formed gallantly responding links in the chain of that warning radiance, which flew from hill to hill, from west to east, from south to north,

> "Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
> And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

But we must leave these visions of days that are gone and customs that like beacon fires of old are now burnt out, with the happy reflection that now-a-days, these same beacon fires have oft become symbols of national rejoicing, and that the last occasions on which their ruddy glare made crimson the midnight sky, were at the Jubilee of our late Queen, and upon the accession of King Edward VII.

A pleasant, though somewhat arduous moorland walk of a mile or two "on the tops," involving the crossing of two or three gullies with their tiny watercourses, brings us almost opposite Portsmouth. In rainy weather, each of these watercourses becomes a waterfall of great beauty, making gigantic leaps of from 100 to 200 feet down the mountain side. One of these gullies is known by the name of "Earl's Bower," another by the name of "Ratand Clough,"[2] which after heavy

[1] The story as told by Mr. Roby, that the Pendle beacon was lighted first is related in a later chapter.

[2] Ratand or Routand is from a Saxon root, meaning raving or brawling, hence the word means "the brawling torrent." We have the same word applied to one of the gullies, on the east side of Pendle, which is still called Ratten Clough. The root is also found in the name Rawtenstall, which is locally pronounced Rattenstall, the stall or stand of the brawler, referring probably to the pillory or stocks in which turbulent persons were made to stand. Clough is also from a Saxon word meaning cleft asunder. The Dutch word kloof is from the same Teutonic root.

RATAND CLOUGH, AND FALL.

rain has a particularly graceful waterfall 150 feet in height, of which we give an illustration. Flanking one of these watercourses which have ploughed out their channels in the mountain side, a light-coloured perpendicular rock is found, to which probably on account of its bleached appearance and stately proportions the name "White

Kirk" has been given.[1] This rock is quite typical of many others found in the district, which have withstood for centuries the denuding forces of frost, rain and rivers, and which doubtless suggested to our Saxon ancestors the singularly appropriate name, Cliviger.

"THE WHITE KIRK."

Descending by one of the largest of the gullies now known as Green's Clough, we find another waterfall of larger volume than any yet mentioned, which is seen in our illustration as it appears after a moderate rainfall.

We have just referred to the rock known as the "White Kirk," but beyond Portsmouth and forming one of the most prominent features in the valley, is a still more famous rock or crag, which figures so largely in local tradition and story that it cannot well be overlooked here. It is one of a number of most inaccessible crags,

[1] Dr. Whitaker surmises, and with some degree of probability, that the name has reference to the early name of Whalley Church "The White Kirk under the Leigh."

GREEN'S CLOUGH, AND WATERFALL.

in which large birds, popularly called Rock Eagles, but really Peregrine Falcons had made their nests from time immemorial, and until within comparatively recent years had defied the most vigorous efforts which were periodically made to exterminate them. Shepherds and sportsmen had repeatedly found these nests, veritable charnel houses heaped up with the remains of their victims, and had as often destroyed both nests and young, but with little effect, for these cool and daring poachers would rebuild the nest and continue their evil practices, making their perennial depredations with unabated success, to the chagrin of the keepers and farmers.

The crag to which we refer is of singular shape; it projects far out from the almost perpendicular strata beneath it, overhanging the valley at the giddy height of 500 feet above the highroad, and presenting an outline so characteristic that the attention is immediately focussed upon it. Seen from below it is not unlike an enormous suspended helmet, but seen from the side it at once suggests the head and beak of an eagle in flight, and has therefore been not inappropriately named Eagle Crag (locally Eagles' Crag).

EAGLE CRAG, FROM THE SIDE.

In the dark days of superstition which overshadowed this district, anything unique in form or appearance was naturally regarded as being associated with the powers of darkness. We need not wonder, therefore, that sinister reports of witch meetings and uncanny dealings "wi' th' owd lad" or his emissaries, clustered thickly around this remarkable crag, which according to popular tradition, was "oft visited by the unhallowed feet of witches and weirds, pluming themselves for flight to the great rendezvous at Malkin Tower, by the side of mighty Pendle." From these weird

and uncanny stories we select two of the most characteristic, one of which is found in Mr. Roby's fascinating volumes *The Traditions of Lancashire*, the other, of which only an outline is given, being taken from a chronicle-poem of wondrous insight and beauty by the late Mr. Henry Houlding.

I.—The proud maiden of Bernshaw Tower.[1]

Bernshaw Tower was a lonely fortified mansion, situate in the wild moorland country not far from Eagle Crag. The mistress and only resident of this wild and secluded keep, the Lady Sibyl, was of the special temperament and disposition that one might have predicted from the romantic and solitary character of her dwelling. "She roved unchecked through the green valleys and among the glens and moorlands of her native hills; every nook and streamlet was associated with some hidden thought 'too deep for tears,' until nature became her God, the hills and fastnesses, the trackless wilds and mountains her companions. . . . The short wail of the curlew, the call of the moorcock or plover, was the voice of her beloved."

"Imagination was at once her solace and her curse."

Lord William was a nobleman who lived at Hapton Tower, on the verge of Castle Clough. His family name we have no means of ascertaining, and it is surmised that he was an occasional resident or visitor at this early abode of the Towneleys. Having met and conversed with the Lady Sibyl in one of his hunting expeditions, he had openly vowed that whatever means he might be compelled to use, he would win for his bride "this proud maiden of Bernshaw."

One evening the maiden climbed the dizzy height of Eagle Crag, and was gazing over the sheer precipice which flanks that rocky peak. Feeling unwilling to depart, she had lingered longer than usual, thinking discontentedly upon what she regarded as the

[1] The substance of the tale is taken from *Roby's Traditions*, Vol. I., *Lancashire Witches*, Part II. We feel that no apology is necessary for the introduction or repetition of traditional stories and legends such as will be found scattered through this book. It is true they may be contemptuously regarded as myths, as the products of pure imagination without the solid basis of fact, but as Ruskin says in *The Queen of the Air*, "You cannot make even a myth unless you have something to make it of. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been made by somebody who had looked at the sky. If the myth is about justice and fortitude, it must have been made by someone who knew what it was to be just or patient." And so these homely tales, granted even that they do not possess the merit of historicity, are full of visions, they are a reflex of the thoughts, the hopes, the fears, the affections of their day, and from either a psychological or ethical point of view are of interest and value.

gross materialism of life and the irksome tyranny of its bondage, until at length she found herself exclaiming:

"Would that my path like yon clouds, were on the wind, and my dwelling place in their bosom."

As the soft warm breeze of evening came rustling along, the dry heath seemed to be enveloped by some subtle and mysterious presence, and amidst a pale lambent flame like the soft lightning of a summer's night there arose a form indistinct but glorious, which seemed to call forth with irresistible might, the worship of her soul.

"Leave me not," she cried, "I will be thine."

A being mightier and more stately than the sons of men stood before her.

"Maiden I come at thy wish. Speak! What is thy desire?"

"Let thought be motion; let my will be the only boundary of my power" said she, and forthwith he grasped her hand and whilst he held her in that burning grip, the pain of which caused her to utter a faint scream, a compact, into the terms of which we need not desire to enter, was made and sealed in characters of blood which he inscribed on her brow.

When next the tempter of men addressed her all the majesty of his presence was gone, and his words rang upon her ears like the knell of hopes for ever departed.

"One day in the year alone thou shalt be subject to mischance. It is the feast of All Hallows, when the witches meet to renew their vows. On this night thou must be as they, and must join their company. Still thou mayest hide thyself under any form thou shalt choose; but it shall abide upon thee until midnight. Till then thy spells are powerless. On no other day shall harm befall thee."

Hours after she found herself in her own room, whither she had been conveyed by her servants, who had found her asleep or in a swoon on the verge of the precipice, her scorched hand and tingling brow testifying to the reality of her experience and reminding her of the irrevokable pledge she had given.

Lord William's suit did not prosper, time after time he was repulsed with ever increasing scorn and contumely by the imperious maiden, until at length he betook himself to the abode of a notorious witch, Mause Helston, who dwelt in a miserable hut built in a rocky cleft in Cliviger. It was night, of course, when he tied his horse to the rude gate that guarded the entrance to the witch's den. Calling loudly the courageous intruder soon aroused the hag, who cried in a croaking voice:

"Thou art a bold man, Lord William, to come here after nightfall."

His Lordship stated his errand, and was informed of the true nature and powers of 'the doomed maiden of Bernshaw,' and of her superiority over Mother Helston who confessed herself powerless to do aught against the noble maiden, asking in scorn:

"Wouldst thou wed her now, fond feeble-hearted mortal?"

"Mother Helston, if thou wilt help me at this bout, I will not draw back. I dare wed her though she were twice the thing thou fearest."

"Listen, Lord William. Ay thou wilt listen to thine own jeopardy! Once in the year—'tis on the night of All-Hallows—she may be overcome. But it is a perilous attempt!"

"I care not, point out the way, and I will e'en ride it rough-shod."

As the grey morning dawned, Lord William rode back to Hapton Tower, an altered man. The instructions he had received, and the rites and incantations he had witnessed and in which he had partaken he never divulged. The secrets of that night were never known. The next part of the story had better be related in Mr. Roby's own words:—

"On All-Hallows' day, with a numerous train, Lord William went forth a-hunting. His hounds were the fleetest from Calder to Calder; and his horns the shrillest through the wide forests of Accrington and Rossendale. But on that morning a strange hound joined the pack that outstripped them all.

Both horses and dogs were driven to their utmost speed, but the strange hound still kept ahead. Over moor and fell they still rushed on, the hounds in full cry . . . .

Suddenly a white doe was seen, distant a few yards only, and bounding away from them at full speed. She might have risen out of the ground so sudden was her appearance . . . . They passed the Tower of Bernshaw, and were fast approaching the verge of that tremendous precipice the 'Eagle Crag.' Horse and rider must inevitably perish if they follow. But Lord William slackened not in the pursuit, and the deer flew straight as an arrow to its mark—the very point where the crag jutted out over the gulf below. The huntsmen drew back in terror; the dogs were still in chase though at some distance behind; Lord William only and the strange hound were close upon her track. Beyond the crag nothing was visible but cloud and sky, showing the fearful height and abruptness of the descent.

One moment more and the gulf must be shot; his brain felt dizzy, but his heart was resolute.

'Mause, my wench,' said he, 'my neck or thine! Hie thee; if she's over we are lost.'

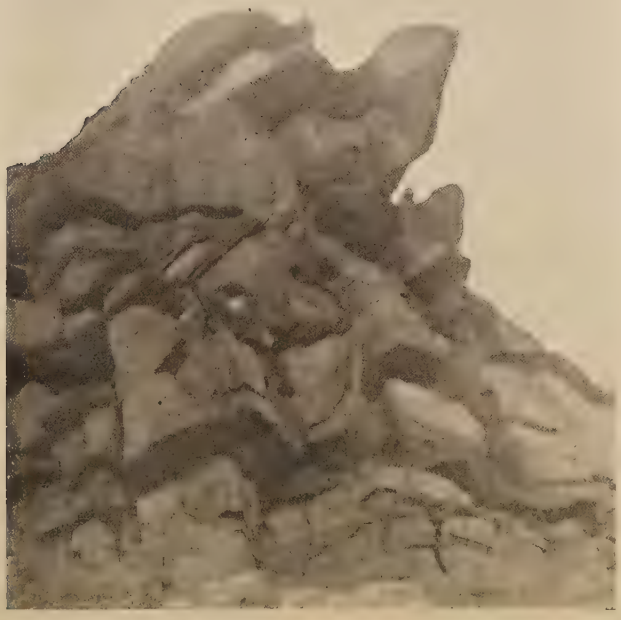
Lord William's steed followed in the hound's footsteps to a hair. The deer was almost within her last spring when the hound with a yell, doubled her, scarcely a yard's breadth from the long bare neb of that fearful peak, and she turned with inconceivable speed so near the verge that Lord William in whirling round, heard a fragment of rock, loosened by the stroke from his horse's hoof roll down the precipice with a frightful crash. The sudden whirl had nearly brought him to the ground, but he recovered his position with great adroitness. A loud shriek announced the capture.'

Lord William with difficulty drove off the hound and secured his prey by a silken noose, leading her quietly away to Hapton Tower. At midnight, a wild and unearthly shriek from the high turret resounded through the halls, and Lord William entered the western tower. A sobbing maiden with a silken noose about her neck was seated there, wringing her hands in despair.

'Maiden, thou art in my power. Unless thou wilt be mine, renouncing thine impious vows and for ever shunning thy detested arts, I will deliver thee up to thy tormentors and those that seek thy destruction. I would save thee from thy doom, promise, ere I unbind that chain, and the priest will absolve thee.'

'I promise,' said the maiden, 'I have not been happy since I knew their power, I may yet worship this fair earth and yon boundless sky.'

The priest with awful and solemn denunciation, exorcised the unclean spirit to which she was bound, and shortly afterwards Lord William and the Lady Sibyl were united in marriage. He accompanied her to Bernshaw Tower, their future home, becoming in right of his wife, the sole possessor of these domains."



EAGLE CRAG, FROM BELOW.

II.—Malkin Tower, a tale of Pendle Forest.[1]

We are taken to a gloomy stone tower in one of the deep gullies ploughed out of the mighty side of Pendle and introduced to its three occupants. Hildebrand, a notorious and dangerous wizard, who had sold himself to the evil one, and exercised a malign influence for miles around; Hugo, a dwarfish page, who served him, and whose hatred of his master was only commensurate with his fear of him; and the wizard's lovely daughter, Isabel, whom he kept in captivity, using her as the subject of his dark and unhallowed experiments.

"Few or none beheld the maid,
Yet a wild and wondrous tale
Of her beauty had been spread,
Prison'd in that fortress dread,
Doom'd by her own sire 'twas said,
To a fate too dark to tell."

The knight-errant of the story, Wilfred of the Vale (that is the Vale of Todmorden), having heard frightful reports of her imprisonment, resolves to release her, and courageously presents himself at the entrance to the tower. He meets with the page, who lets him in on condition that he will strike from the wizard's hand the magic wand which is at once the symbol and the source of his power. Together they ascend the turret stair 'one for love and one for hate,' and find the magician engaged upon his rites and incantations, and his daughter in a kind of swoon, apparently lifeless.

"There she lies, a holy thing,
Circled with enchantments foul;
Like a star in night's dark ring;
Shapes of horror shadowing
Round her goblin, imp and ghoul!

Horror-blinded Hildebrand,
Muttering spell, and weaving charm,
Doth beside his victim stand;
Sees he not that daring hand
Raised to strike the potent wand
From his weak and palsied arm!"

The wand is struck from his hand, and Hugo, no longer fearing his master, seizes him and holds him with the grip of hate, whilst

[1] Poem by the late Mr. Henry Houlding, "The Pendle Laureate."

Wilfred bears the unconscious maiden to the door and places her upon one of the horses provided by the dwarf for their escape. Mounting behind her, he makes an impetuous dash for freedom, but finds himself pursued by the wizard, whose horse is as swift as his own and not so heavily burdened. Through an awful storm he pursues his course unchecked, fearless of all obstacles, the maiden peacefully sleeping.

> "Well for her the wizard's charm
> Doth her still entranced keep—
> All unfearful she of harm,
> All unfeeling of the storm
> Buffeting her gentle sleep."

The mad race for life is continued, neither gaining on the other, until at length Wilfred's horse sinks under him exhausted, and expecting to be overtaken at once, he is astonished to find the wizard nowhere to be seen, and his own horse also vanished. He tends the maiden with true chivalry, and rejoices to find that the wizard's spell 'passes with the vanished storm.'

When morning dawns they find themselves safe in Todmorden Vale, by the Eagles' Crag, and the marriage of Wilfred and Isabel is the very natural sequel of the story.

A CLIVIGER FARMSTEAD.

Leaving the Eagles' Crag, we return along the Burnley Valley and arriving at the highest point of the road, at which it crosses the railway we are at Calderhead, and within a few yards of the sources of both Calders.

Here from a small shallow pond whose surface is covered with weeds and fringed with bulrushes we find our stream emerging,[1] and winding round a little plantation it enters a second pond, more secluded and more thickly wooded, after which it wanders peacefully along, soon reaching the village of Holme. The stern and wild features of higher Cliviger are now behind us and in their stead we

THE STREAM, NEAR ITS SOURCE.

[1] On tracing the stream to its actual source, we find it trickling from a tiny cleft in the rock on the hillside opposite the Pointsman's Cabin, falling in sparkling drops amongst the bracken and debris into a little cavity in the earth and stones (not much larger than a bucket), from which it emerges by an underground passage, marked only by "the greener green of the greenery" and steadily gaining in force and volume until it becomes a clearly defined rill as broad as one's wrist, after which there is no difficulty in tracing it, sometimes through ruddy pipes of baked clay, until it falls into a little rock basin some three or four feet square, and thus by a well marked course into the upper pond. The author is indebted to Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton for this note.

have smiling agricultural valleys with many a neat and prosperous farmstead calmly reposing in the sheltered nooks. The bleak rocks give place to well grown trees, the bare mountains to rich pastures, and the dark gullies with their rushing tumbling streams, to the placid river with its low willow-shaded banks.

THE LOWER POND, CALDERHEAD.

We might well conjecture that these sweet woodland valleys had been free from the dark curse of superstition which as we have seen haunted and terrorised the uplands, but it was unfortunately not so. They shared in the bitterness and unrest of those evil days, and many a tale of malignity and demoniacal possession could be told of

the residents of this charming valley, had we time to dwell further on the subject here.[1] We can only refer the reader to Mr. Roby's story of the strange exploits of "Dame Dickisson" the wife of the miller of the dale, as showing that whilst no special class was exempt from the degrading tyranny of witchcraft, yet as with every social evil its effects were more disastrous and bore more heavily upon the poor and ignorant than upon the more prosperous sections of the community.

The northern boundary of Cliviger is formed by an interesting Roman road, running from Mereclough towards Hebden Bridge and known as "The Long Causeway." The ancient road from Pontefract to Clitheroe and Lancaster, which was used in Plantagenet times by the De Lacies travelling from one part of their domains to another, passed over this Roman causeway.[2] It is marked by a line of venerable stones, shown on the six inch Ordnance Map as crosses, though why they should be so named is difficult to account for unless they formerly were more or less cruciform in outline or had crosses inscribed upon them. In either case these external marks indicating their character and meaning have totally disappeared. It is of course quite conceivable that rough usage, on the one hand, or the weathering action of air, rain and frost on the other, may have entirely obliterated the original form of these wayside monuments. Two only of the "crosses" now remain, "Stump Cross," which stands just above Mereclough, and which is a plain slab of millstone grit quarried from the immediate locality, and "Maiden Cross," about a mile further on, which has been built into the boundary wall, a little beyond the entrance to the colliery. The other crosses marked on the map have fallen a prey to the road-mender, or to that insatiable spirit of vandalism which has robbed us of so many of those eloquent, though silent, memorials of bygone ages. "Robin Cross" stood between the crosses already mentioned, and "Duke's Cross" and "Stiperden Cross" further to the east of Maiden Cross. It is almost impossible to offer even a conjecture as to the date and purpose of erection of these stones, as there seem to be absolutely

[1] A fuller account of the Pendle witches will be found in the chapter on Pendle Forest.

[2] "This bleak and comfortless road was the line which the De Lacies and Plantagenets were condemned to pursue in their progresses from Pontefract to Clitheroe and Lancaster."—*Dr. Whitaker.*

no authentic records of their origin or meaning. Moreover, it is almost certain that they were raised by different hands, at widely different times and for varying purposes. Their form seems to indicate that at least they were intended to be "pious memorials," and further than this the evidence at our disposal will not allow us to proceed.

The name "Duke's Cross" seems to bear reference to the Dukes of Lancaster, who, as we have said, used this road in their journeys between Pontefract and their baronial castle at Lancaster.

A few general remarks upon the purposes and uses of wayside crosses will not be out of place here. In one of the earliest English printed books, from the press of the father of English Typography, Wynken de Worde, being a work entitled *Dives et Pauper*, printed at Westminster in 1496, the purpose of the roadside crosses of the period is defined thus:—"For this reason ken ye crosses by ye way, that when folk passynge see the crosses, they sholde thynke on Hym that dyed on the crosse, and worshyppe Hym above all things." Mr. W. A. Abram in a paper on the crosses of the Blackburn Hundred, suggests that "this devotional motive was doubtless combined with objects of practical utility of which perhaps the chief was this, that the steps of the pedestals of these wayside crosses afforded a befitting resting place for the bier of the dead, and for the bearers of it, as they laboriously bore the corpse to some distant burial place, in an age when churchyards were miles apart, when roads were all but impassable in the winter season, and when hearses and other vehicles for the conveyance of the dead had not come into vogue."

Mr. J. A. Waddington in a most valuable paper on *The Crosses in and around Burnley*,[1] indicates a third use to which in all probability these wayside stones were put. He says, they "served in the capacity of guideposts to the traveller (overtaken in a mist, or by the swiftly lowering shades of night) who might be traversing these lonely roads which a century ago must have been indeed difficult to trace." An amusing conversation with an old road

[1] Delivered in 1881, before the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club. See Transactions, Vol. I, p. 89.

mender is related as confirming this opinion. Asked if he had heard what was the object of these crosses, he said, that "Joonas Lee said as they were put up 250 yer sin, for guideposts for't pack horses, between Halifax and Brunshaw" (Burnley), adding, as if to give more weight to the authority he had quoted : "An he wur a far larned chap wur Joonas—he wur a preycher."

Thus wisely did our forefathers combine the sacred and the secular things of life, using the Divine Symbol as their guide, their resting place, their trysting place, and thinking it no desecration to transact under its shadow the most common things of daily routine and business.

There is a pathetic tradition relating to Maiden Cross, illustrating the use of these wayside crosses as trysting places, and which is related by Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson who in turn had it from his grandfather who was born in 1766, and who heard it from his grandfather who lived about the time of the occurrence.

The story is as follows:—

During the time of the great rebellion (Charles I) this was the trysting place of a young shepherd with his lady love. Often did they meet to pledge their simple vows at this lonely place, until one day a messenger came from Towneley to collect as many young men as he could get, to swell the ranks of Rupert when he passed through this part to join the Royal forces at York, a march which ended with the disastrous fight at Marston Moor, on whose bloody sod lay stretched the chivalrous Towneley, and many of his followers, the victims of a tyrannical and ambitious King. The young shepherd joined the Royalist forces, and on the night before his departure, the lovers met at this spot to bid farewell. He comforted the girl with repeated promises to return again to their old trysting place, and left her with the words "I'll come again." He fought at Marston Moor, and was doubtless slain there, for he was never heard of again. For many a long year after this tragic event the poor demented maiden would repair to this hallowed spot, repeating with a sorrowful voice his promise to return. With hand outstretched in the direction in which she had seen him depart, she would chant with pitiful reiteration, "He said he'd come again, I'm sure he will." At length her reason having given way she was found one winter's morning at the cross, buried in the snow, but with her face looking eastward as though still expecting her lover's return.

Near Maiden Cross, the shaft of a coal mine with its usual appurtenances, forms a prominent feature in the landscape. The fact that coal has been obtained in abundance for hundreds of years

in Cliviger recalls an ancient local tradition, with the narration of which we shall conclude this chapter.

An old sandal, the progenitor of the modern clog, with straps attached, having been dug up in the locality of Maiden Cross, about two hundred years ago, the following story of providential interference was at once connected with it:

A miner engaged in getting coal had laid down at the mouth of the cutting in which he was working, portions of his clothing and a small purse containing money. A crow came flying round him making an unusual fuss, and irritating him to no small degree, so much so that he vowed he would wring its neck, and was proceeding to chase it, when the bird impudently seized the purse and flew away. The miner enraged threw down his mattock and ran after the bird, failing however to catch it. On his return he found that the cutting had fallen in and killed his companions who were working higher up in the same seam.

The finding of a sandal such as the miners wore is so conclusive an evidence of the truth of the story, that it would be highly presumptuous to doubt it.

A CLIVIGER PASTURE.

'THREE-DECKER' PULPIT, FORMERLY IN HOLME CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.

Holme.

The village of Holme—Its ancient Hall—"Holme's Chapel"—The 'three-decker'—Dr. William Whitaker, the Reformation champion—Dr. Whitaker, the Historian.

> "Many a sight and sound and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory and helps to shape our characters. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."—*Charles Kingsley.*

LEAVING the source of the stream which meanders down from the hills above the highway running from Todmorden to Burnley, and leisurely wending our way through leafy paths and pleasant scenes we are soon brought to the quiet village of Holme.[1]

This peaceful and unpretentious old-world hamlet occupies a secluded position almost in the centre of Cliviger, and in the latter part of the twelfth century was a feudal possession of the Abbey of Kirkstall and formed part of the carucate[2] of land originally granted to the Lord Abbot, and used as a grange[3] of the Abbey.

In those days, we find frequent grants of land were made by the monks of Kirkstall to local yeomen, subject to an annual rent charge which seems to have averaged about 4d. an acre. It is recorded, for instance, that in the first year of Edward I (1272)

[1] The word Holme is from the Anglo-Saxon *holm* meaning a clearing, a river island, or a low-lying tract of land by the side of a river. In this instance we may take its meaning to be a riverside meadow, which describes Holme to the letter. Harrison in his *Description of Britaine*, says, "Some call them holmes because they lie low and are good for nothing but grass." We have in "Towneley Holmes" and "Stony Holme" examples of the generic use of the word holm, which in the village name has become a proper designation.

[2] Carucate, a very uncertain measure of land. Originally as much as could be ploughed by a yoke of oxen in a season.

[3] A Grange was an Abbey farm, and usually in the occupation of the Convent.

Simon, Lord Abbot of Kirkstall granted to Matthew Dyneley "lands in Clivesh east of Calder," and that another farmer, for a grant of about six acres, agreed "to render to the House of St. Mary of Kirkstall, two shillings of silver annually." The unusual departure from the custom of keeping abbey lands in the hands of the monks was probably resorted to in this instance on account of the inconvenience of managing them from so great a distance.

ROAD VIEW, HOLME.

At length the Grange of Cliviger reverted to Henry de Lacy, Lord of the Manor of Clitheroe, for an annual payment of 50 marks sterling (about £30) to the Abbot of Kirkstall.

Situate in a hill-sheltered, well-wooded recess, in full view of the highroad leading to the village, stands the quaint, tudoresque mansion of Holme, which for close upon six centuries has been the seat of the Whitaker family.[1]

The sturdy homeliness of the Hall, its many gables and quaint mullioned windows and altogether antique presentment at once arrest the wayfarer, charming the eye, and carrying the thoughtful mind in reverie to those stormy times when the fairest flowers of England's chivalry with clash of arms were making history.

[1] It is on record that there was a Richard de Whitaker residing here in the reign of Edward III. (1337), who had found his way to this delightful spot from High Whitaker near Padiham.

The almost perfect stillness around, broken only by the music of rustling leaves and the song of birds, together with the calm seclusion secured by its thick environment of larch, oak, ash, elm, and sycamore trees, convey an impression of sequestration and repose which recalls those remote dales "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," where the scream of the locomotive has not yet been heard.[1]

Like many of the old Halls in the district, it was originally a timbered structure, and part of it, notably the west end, remained so until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Examples of that style of architecture are now extremely rare, one of the best remaining in the neighbourhood being Dinckley Hall on the banks of the Ribble, which we illustrate here.

DINCKLEY HALL, ON THE RIBBLE.

The centre and eastern wing of Holme were rebuilt of stone in 1603, but the west end which contained private closets for the concealment of priests, retained its original form until 1717. The Hall contains some fine specimens of carved oak, and historic portraits, and the staircase window has in it some fragments of the beautiful painted glass of the Italian artists who were specially brought over to enrich and adorn the Conventual Church at Whalley,

[1] "Embosomed in a pastoral scene of fairest beauty, and a wealth of woodland glory, with a background of ever-rolling hills intersected by glens and gullies, and posessing proud associations with England's brightest history, this pleasant domain, this fair old English Homestead presents a panorama so enchanting that it compels the admiration and almost bewitches the senses of the beholder."—*From a letter to the author written by Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton, of Liverpool.*

and whose work was at that time quite unknown in England. Indeed this glass originally formed part of the east window of Whalley Abbey, and was rescued some centuries later by the Historian Whitaker from the bed of the Calder, where it had been wantonly thrown by those who dismantled the Abbey.

THE HOLME, IN SUMMER.

In the views of the Holme which we give, an attempt has been made to depict its most distinctive features when clothed in the glory of summer foliage, and its no less charm when

"Winter reigneth o'er the land."

Photography, however, cannot adequately convey to the mind a true picture of so charming a scene.

We regret that it is not possible in the space at our disposal to dwell at length on the history of the Whitaker family,[1] which,

[1] It will be of interest to mention that the Whitakers are descended from the first families of Lancashire—the Sherburnes, Towneleys, and Harringtons.

however, may be found elsewhere. But we may say here that it has produced at least two most illustrious and scholarly men, each in his own sphere pre-eminently famous, Dr. William Whitaker, the Cambridge Professor of Reformation days, and Dr. Thomas Dunham Whitaker, the Antiquary and Historian, to whom we are indebted for the classical and monumental Histories of Whalley, Craven, and

THE HOLME, IN WINTER.

Richmondshire, both of whom receive some notice later in this chapter. It should also be added that Robert Nowell Whitaker, who was Vicar of Whalley until his death (about twenty years ago), and who wrote that most valuable and interesting *Handbook of Whalley*, was a son of the historian, and inherited his cultured tastes.

In close proximity to the Holme is the little village church, commonly known as "Holme's Chapel," overshadowed and almost concealed by wide-spreading chestnut trees—a veritable fairy-like scene in spring-time. This picturesque little sanctuary has a remarkable and unique history, having been founded as a chantry

or minor chapel after the dissolution of Whalley Abbey. The fact that no mention is made of this foundation in any of the Abbey records may be taken as conclusive proof that it did not come into existence until after the suppression of the larger Monasteries, and we may fix its date approximately as 1537-40. Strangely enough about ten years later we find the little chantry without funds to maintain it, without incumbent, its services abandoned, and subsequently its doors closed for no less than 200 years! It is far from clear how this state of things arose. Shortly after its dissolution the chantry lands were charged with a pension of £1 10s. 4d. to a certain Hugh Whatmore, described as a stipendiary priest, and not even living in the neighbourhood. In the third year of Elizabeth (1560), Hugh Whatmore sold a portion of the chantry lands to Thomas Whitaker, of Holme, and from that time the property seems to have merged gradually into the possession of the Whitaker

HOLME CHURCH.

family. The next authentic record is contained in a report found in the Lambeth MSS. of an "inquisition taken at Blackburn in 1650," which states "The chapel of Holme has no minister, or maintenance, and the inhabitants of Cliviger, Worsthorn, and Hurstwood desire to be made into a parish . . ." It was not, however, until 1742 that a minister was appointed to Holme. In 1796, Thomas Dunham Whitaker, the historian, was on his own nomination appointed its incumbent. After so long a period of disuse it is not to be wondered at that the church had become so dilapidated as to necessitate re-building, and in 1790 it was removed from its old site at the lower end of the graveyard to the present one, which is on higher ground and a little further from the road, the main cost being defrayed by the Whitaker family.

The old building was of massive construction, having only six courses of masonry from base to roof, but was so low inside that worshippers could easily touch the roof as they stood within it.[1]

The present building was consecrated by the Bishop of Chester in 1794, and is dedicated to St. John. The interior was chiefly remarkable for a quaint and well-preserved specimen of the old 'three-decker' pulpit with a ponderous sounding board, which was placed almost in the centre of the south side of the church, but this interesting remnant of a bygone age, has been removed in the course of a recent renovation of the interior. So perfect a specimen of the once popular 'three-decker' as that shown in the plate at the commencement of this chapter, does not now exist in Calderdale, though there is still one in the church at Downham. It is to be regretted that structures so characteristic of bygone days, and so few and far between, should have been so frequently removed.

The ponderous old "three-decker" was well adapted to the lengthy and weighty discourses which rolled from it, but its "date is fled," and the slighter structure has replaced it. The "three-decker" was raised in days when stability and permanence were not overlooked, and when the world moved with slow and dignified

[1] The old structure was diminutive but venerable, and was surrounded by a grove of giant sycamores, swarming with rooks; "so," to cite the words of Dr. Whitaker himself, "that when there was any competition of voices at all, cawing drowned the parson's saw."

step; by the time the aged divine had reached the top deck and duly administered to himself the requisite amount of snuff (considerately allowing some fragments to reach the clerk beneath him) your modern sermon would be almost ended. It was erected with due and proper regard to the comfort and repose of the worthy clerk, who in his cosy little box, withdrew himself from the world and its distractions, and with closed eyes and many an approving nod gave critical and discerning heed to the sermon, starting into renewed activity with unfailing promptitude at the psychological moment, and blinking a somewhat reproachful glance at the congregation, who might be uncharitable enough to suppose he had been sleeping. Even this high functionary has disappeared, his place knows him no more, and with him must go his cherished "three-decker" also.

INTERIOR, HOLME CHURCH, BEFORE RESTORATION.

The south-eastern corner of Holme Church is occupied by a private pew or aisle appropriated to the Whitaker family. It is almost completely screened from the rest of the Church, and contained the handsomely carved pulpit[1] from the older Church, which, "so the legend runneth, so the old men tell," once adorned Kirkstall Abbey.

[1] The old carved cylinder from Kirkstall has now been placed near the choir stalls at the opposite side of the Church and raised some three steps to form the pulpit.

Within the church, Dr. Whitaker, the historian, is interred, and his manner of sepulture stands out in strong relief from the customary usage. He chose a larch of his own planting upon his own estate, which was cut down when he died and hollowed out to receive his body, and therein at his own special request he was duly interred, in his own vault, in his own church, and in his own demesne. This mode of burial was doubtless suggested to his antiquarian mind, and was a deliberate choice, rather than a mere whim of wayward fancy.[1] For similar unique modes of burial we may briefly cite such cases as the Vikings who went down to mother earth in the ships which they had formerly commanded; or that of the Indian chief who sought in death the embrace of his trusty canoe, in which he doubtless hoped to glide safely and pleasantly to the

[1] DR. T. D. WHITAKER. MODE OF BURIAL.

Copy of Letter from Mr. William Edmundson, Bailiff of Holme Estate, to John Crossley, Esq., F.S.A., of Halifax—

" Sir,

Knowing you have a collection of ancient and curious documents, and an anxious desire to extend the same, I beg leave to hand you a few very memorable particulars of the last days of the learned Thomas Dunham Whitaker, L.L.D., which will be the more esteemed by you, because of your particular friendship with the Doctor.

On the 21st August, 1821, the Doctor sent for me from the hayfield, to go with him into the wood, and when we got there, he walked to the side of a larch tree, and said 'William, I planted this tree with my own hands, and intend to have my coffin made of it; have you your two-foot in your pocket?' I said I had. 'Then,' says he, 'measure it.'

Afterwards he turned his back to the said tree, closed his arms up, and said 'Will it hold my body, when it is hollowed out of the solid?'

I replied, 'It will be little enough.' And he immediately observed, 'The tree is growing bigger, and I am growing less.'

On the 17th of October following, he sent his servant with a letter (sealed with black wax, and with his own Seal of Arms) directed to me as follows—

Mr. W. Edmundson, Cliviger.
'To be opened and read, as soon as I am dead.
T.D.W.'

A copy of which letter I also beg to hand you, viz—

'I, Thomas Dunham Whitaker, Clerk, L.L.D., do hereby direct my body to be interred in the Chapel, under the old pulpit, as it now stands, and on the north side of the body of my father; and I also direct, that as soon as I am dead, two graves one beneath the other, be made for the reception of my body and that of my dear wife, both bricked, and each covered and bottomed with flags, one upon the other.

And as soon as I am dead, I also direct, that a larch tree planted by me A.D. 1786, and now standing at the entrance of the old clough, be cut down and be hollowed out into one excavation for my body, after which it is to be lined with lead for my interment, and I desire these directions may be fully and literally complied with.

T. D. WHITAKER.

This larch tree had been planted about 35 years, and was 63 feet long, and contained 31½ feet of wood, and after 22 inches of the bottom of the tree was cut off, a proper length was obtained for his coffin. The piece presented to you was cut off the same tree, about 14 feet from the bottom, which I cut off myself with a hand saw, on the 13th of April, 1822.

I am, Sir, etc.,

Cliviger, April 15th, 1822." WILLIAM EDMUNDSON.

golden shore. On coming nearer home from out the misty past we find "O rare Ben Johnson" standing upright 'neath the storied stones in Westminster Abbey, and the lordly abbots of Whalley, Sawley, and Kirkstall seeking their last sanctuary recessed within the very heart of their mother Churches.

In the recent restoration of the interior of the Church, to which reference has already been made, and which was carried out by Mrs. Master-Whitaker, a handsome alabaster font and memorial windows to the Whitaker family have been added.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AND STOCKS, HOLME.

On leaving the church, we find at the foot of a gentle slope leading to the highroad, the village school-house, which stands upon the site of the older edifice already mentioned, and close by the gateway, the hoary, old-time stocks of the village—a fit object lesson for reflection upon the doings of 'those good old days,' but, like the 'three-decker,' now only memories of the past. One cannot but feel a pang of regret that these links with the olden time are no more. The old stocks served their day and generation faithfully;

they oft-times held in their tight oaken embrace many a 'ne'er-do-well' who would have been proof against a gentler form of persuasion, and who would have scorned the sermons and laughed at the reproofs of the old 'three-decker' so near yet so far away. Old stocks, village pumps, wayside wells, hoary milestones, moss-grown and illegible, and some score or more relics of the past preach more forcibly and wisely in their way than mitred eloquence, even though flowing like Calder's stream ever so charmingly. Happily the camera has immortalised and rescued from oblivion the sturdy oaken frame of the old stocks and has enabled us to set them up once again before the reader.[1]

The remains of a Burnley hero, Sir James Yorke Scarlett, who so gallantly led the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, are laid in the north-eastern corner of the grave-yard; whilst a white marble cross, in the opposite corner, marks the last resting place of the Rev. William Thursby, whose memory is revered by all who knew his sterling worth. But we leave for the present the benevolent clergyman and the gallant soldier of whom it was written :—

> "You rode in triumph, and your chief,
> That grey old friend of Wellington,
> Despatched a special messenger
> To meet you, and to say 'Well done.'"

Whilst the names of the Rev. William Thursby and General Scarlett will ever find their places in Burnley history, we cannot omit mention of one whose fame, though great and deserved, is not so widely spread, and whose recognition as the most scholarly man who ever hailed from Calderdale is perhaps not so firmly established. We may well glory in the fact that William Whitaker, the great champion of the Reformation, the confuter of Cardinal Bellarmine, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and the greatest classical scholar of the sixteenth century was one of our sons. He was born at the old mansion of Holme, in 1547, or as the wise and witty Thomas Fuller so quaintly puts it: "In the first year of that

[1] There is a legend that the "Cross of Holme," the shaft of which now stands in Towneley Park, once stood in the village opposite to where the school-house now is; a reference to this will be found in the chapter on Towneley.

There is no doubt that Roman antiquities of silver and gold of choice workmanship have been found at Holme, which are another evidence of its early existence, and give it an appropriate and interesting association with the classical Antiquary who made it for so many years the scene of his untiring labours.

pious prince's reign (Edward VI) was William Whitaker borne at the manner of Holme in the parish of Burndley." Tradition confidently asserts that he was born in the room to the right of the entrance hall, now converted into an entertaining room. He was the third son of Thomas Whitaker, and his mother was the sister of the two Deans of St. Paul and Litchfield—Alexander and Laurence Nowell—of whom we shall have occasion to speak later on. He received his early training under William Hargreave, then Master of Burnley School, but was soon put by his uncle Dean Alexander Nowell, D.D., into St. Paul's School, and then sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where at an early age he took his B.A. Degree. His progress was marvellously rapid. He was not long before he took the M.A. and B.D. Degrees, for, as Fuller tells us, "though never striving for the garland, he ever won it and wore it away." Perhaps, however, the greatest triumph of his life was his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Cambridge, at the age of thirty-one, against competitors who were greatly his seniors, the electors "preferring a golden head to silver hairs."

In February, 1586, he was appointed on the recommendation of Archbishop Whitgift and Lord Burghley, to the Mastership of St. John's College. The appointment was opposed by a majority of the Fellows on the ground of his leaning to Puritanism. The college, however, increased in numbers and reputation, and the Puritan party under his just rule gained ground. In an article by Mr. J. Bass Mullinger, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the following passage occurs:—

> "In the discharge of his ordinary duties as Master, his assiduity and strict impartiality in distributing the rewards at his disposal conciliated even those who demurred to his Theological teaching, and Baker declares that the members of the College were 'all at last united in their affection to their Master,' and that eventually 'he had no enemies to overcome.'"

His friends now urged him to proceed to the Doctor's Degree, which he did in 1587. Of his disputes with and triumphs over the leading Romanists of the time we cannot speak here. We must refer those who desire particulars of his controversies to one or other of his published lives,[1] merely quoting again from Fuller, who says:

[1] Notably his life in Morton's *Monument of the Fathers and Reformers*, 1706; or the *Life*, by Assheton, published at Cambridge in 1599.

"though they baited him constantly with fresh dogs, none that ran at him once desired a second course at him." Of the many tributes that were paid to his learning, modesty and simple piety, we must content ourselves with one or two of the most notable. Cardinal Bellarmine, his most strenuous opponent, admitted that "he was the most learned heretic he had ever read," and caused his portrait to be hung in his library at the Vatican. Bishop Hall, who knew him well, in his funeral panegyric said of him: "That honour of our schools, who ever saw him without reverence? or heard him without wonder?" Gataker, a graduate of his College, who also wrote an account of his life, concluded a long eulogy by saying, "his life was unblameable, and that amidst all his endowments and the respects of others, even the greatest, he was of a most meek and lowly spirit." Allowing for the somewhat exaggerated style of the biographical literature of the period, it is still evident that he won the praise and affection of all with whom he came in contact.

He is described as a rigid Calvinist "somewhat too favourable to the Puritans," and is commended "for those rare virtues in a Calvinist, charity and humility."[1] He was twice married, on each occasion to a lady of Puritan family. One of his many biographers, afflicted with the bias of that age, seems to regard Whitaker's association with and leaning towards the Puritans as unfortunate and inexplicable, and says: "He was twice married to women of respectable birth, *but* of Puritan principle," as though, respectability and Puritanism were incompatible. In our estimation it is an added glory that in an age when it was fashionable to despise the Puritan, this champion of Protestantism had the courage to judge fairly and treat with respect, that stern and much misunderstood people.

He died at a comparatively early age, being only in his forty-seventh year. Returning from a conference at Lambeth, to which he had been summoned by Archbishop Whitgift, he seems to have contracted a fever[2] which in his enfeebled state of body due to

[1] Churton in an extended reference in *The Life of Alexander Nowell*, and Mr. McKay in *Pendle Hill*, p. 300.

[2] Mr. McKay says, "He died from a fever brought on by a winter journey to Holme combined with over study." *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*, p. 300. He had gone to Holme to recuperate his health; but the Lambeth dispute recalled him, and so riding there and back in winter time undid him.

immoderate study, unseasonable riding, and late reading, he could not throw off. He was interred with great pomp in his own college at Cambridge, where a monument was erected to him.

He left a widow and eight children, his library and writings, and apparently very little else behind him. In an eloquent letter written immediately after his death to Lord Burghley, pleading for the widow and children, Dean Alexander Nowell accounts for the poverty which seems to have pursued the scholar so relentlessly by saying, "he (Whitaker) being wholly given unto his studies and contynuall reading of Her Majesties divinitie lecture, and to incessant wryting agaynst the adversaries of trewe religion, had never any leysure or care for the providing of more than was necessary for very meane and scholerlyke dyet and clothing." There was another reason also, indicated in a letter written by Whitaker himself to Lord Burghley only a fortnight before his death, in which he complains pathetically at being so frequently passed over amid "the preferment of soe many."

It is said that Queen Elizabeth intended to purchase the Professor's library, as the best means of helping the widow, but it does not appear that she ever did so.

We must now take leave of this brilliant scholar, but not without feeling justly proud that his boyhood was passed in the village of Holme, that his earliest training was received at the Burnley School, and not without rendering to him the homage due to one who, in the language of a contemporary, was "the desire and love of his times, and the envy of posterity that cannot bring forth his parallel."

About two centuries after the time of the Elizabethan Scholar, Thomas Dunham Whitaker the antiquary and historian won more laurels for the Whitaker family. He was born in the Parsonage House at Rainham in Norfolk, in 1759. Succeeding to the family estate, he settled at Holme in 1782, and after becoming successively Vicar of Whalley and Blackburn, died in 1821.

"In[1] the same mansion at Holme, and in the room in which

[1] See Mr. McKay's *Pendle Hill*, pp. 301-2.

the glorious Reformation Champion was born, the world-renowned historian of Whalley 250 years later wrote his great monuments of antiquarian learning and research." Until Dr. Whitaker published his works, local history consisted of little else but transcripts from Parish registers, title deeds, and public records; but uniting classical taste, minute research, and extensive learning with vigour of style and warmth of imagination, he rescued his favourite subject from the state of woeful and mechanical dulness into which it had fallen, and gave it a prominent and interesting niche in the world of literature.

The original editions of his works are the pride and envy of the collector, for it was he who introduced to the artistic world the great painter Turner when a young man, whom he engaged to illustrate them.[1]

He was not only a great historian, but a great planter, and during his residence at Holme no less than half a million trees of various species were disposed on the bare and rocky brows, and in the glens and gullies of his estate. In recognition of this public service the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society was awarded to him, and there can be little doubt that the sylvan beauty of Holme to-day is the outcome of his fostering care and generous foresight.

There are many voices calling and wooing us to linger in these bewitching retreats. The ever-rolling hills, the tall trees with their colonies of cawing rooks, the very walls and wayside stones, moss-clad and covered with lichen, the grassy banks, and well-watered slopes thick with bluebells in the spring time—all tempt us to linger in scenes so fair and enchantingly winning to the heart of a Lancashire man.

Yet there are those who dwell hereabouts who are ever seeking 'fresh woods, and pastures new'; though I doubt not—to use the words of the enterprising tradesman—they oft 'go further and fare worse.' Give me the happy valley of Holme, and

> "The world may jog a-begging for aye."
>
> "How glorious, from the loopholes of retreat,
> To peep at such a world: to feel the stir
> Of the great Babel and not see the crowd!"

[1] A copy of his *History of Richmondshire* fetched £70 at a recent sale.

But we must journey on, and, following the example of our theme and guide—Calder's stream—cross the boundary of Cliviger to enter the domain of Towneley.

Before doing so, however, we cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* an appreciation of Cliviger Gorge and Holme, written by Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton, of Liverpool, who, as a native of the soil, a relative of the Whitakers of Holme, a lover of all that is beautiful in nature and art, and moreover an authority upon the topography and history of the district, has written the following welcome contribution, to which he has given the title

Fugitive Fancies.

"And now we are once more at Holme we linger o'er the scene with freshened gladness. Standing in the roadway opposite the comely village school we see close at hand upon a gently rising ground the bell-turreted little Church, a veritable fairy gem, standing 'midst a world of chestnut blossoms and forest trees in their first summer leafage; and as we stroll a little onward, the mansion of Holme, a truly happy retreat, affording the wayfarer a liberal view of its Elizabethan charms, whilst reserving to itself a modest seclusion in a scene of floral beauty, the fairest of the fair, e'en in this truly ravishing valley of Holme.

THE CALDER, EMERGING FROM CLIVIGER.

The hills around, in front, and behind are clothed in their fairest garb, and the meadows, and the wayside, and hedgerows and wealth of woodland are decked with cowslip, primroses, hawthorn red and white, blue-bells, lilac, and laburnum, with meadow-sweet in plenty, and the chestnut trees in a glory of spiked blossoms—all bonnie as can be—through the midst of which flows the Calder, creeping along, a tiny, trickling streamlet in its infancy; anon joined by mimic waterfalls, and picking up babbling tributaries by the way. She flows on by copse and meadow, by village and town, singing merrily as she trips it in her own sweet way to turn mills and supply the motive power of factories; and yet the utilitarian spirit of the age has not altogether robbed her banks of their picturesqueness, as she glides through a course of country that furnishes forth all the material necessary for a wonderful romance, by Abbey ruin, lordly hall, witch-haunted hill, and fairy glen.

Within the domain of Holme there are scenes of fairest beauty, cascades, and woods and groves, and winding hill paths, and placid lakes bedecked with lilies and all the attributes of nature's wealth; and these were once upon a time accessible to whomsoever sought permission to share their delight; but forsooth the vandal and the wanton destroyer changed this generous privilege into trespass, and alas, the public now know these joys no more."

TOWNELEY HALL. *Photograph by Mr. B. H. Cowgill, of Burnley.*

CHAPTER III.

TOWNELEY.[1]

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."—*Moore.*

"The Knight's bones are dust,
His good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints we trust."
Coleridge.

Types of architecture in and around Calderdale—Barcroft—Towneley Hall and Park—History—Some notable members of the Towneley family—The Towneley Boggart.

THE Valley of the Calder and its immediate environment provide one of the most complete and interesting fields of research for the study of history that can be found throughout our land, which is everywhere so rich in historic data. There is no more certain indication of the condition of a people than the character of the buildings which they rear and leave as their monuments to posterity, and it is chiefly in this respect that the district in question is so prolific.

Beginning with the grim castle or fortress usually built upon an impregnable rock base, of enormous strength and able to withstand the assault of an army, but devoid of domestic comfort or convenience, we have as our local example, the grey weather-beaten and time-worn Keep of Clitheroe Castle[2] perched upon its limestone base, and

[1] Towneley is derived from the Anglo Saxon *tun*, a country house or estate and *ley* or *lay* a field. The spelling has passed through the following changes—Tunlay, Touneley, Townley and Towneley.

[2] The Castle was erected some seven centuries ago by Robert de Lacy, on the summit of a limestone crag, which necessarily limited its size. It was probably never intended to be other than a temporary retreat from the predatory incursions of the Scots, or an occasional residence for the De Lacies. Little more than the square keep now remains, but that seems as firm as the rock upon which it is built.

It was held by the militia for the Parliament in the Civil War, and this fact sufficiently disproves the tradition that its present ruin was caused by Cromwell's cannon. It was dismantled by an order of the Council of State, at the conclusion of the Civil war. Along with many other castles throughout the country, it shared this inglorious end, to prevent their military occupation in case of a renewal of the war.

On April 6th, 1649, a letter was sent by the Council of State to John Nowell, John Moore, and Henry Hargreaves—Pendle Forest men—ordering that Clitheroe Castle should be made untenable, "and the gunpowder, ammunition, and guns now there be conveyed to Liverpool and safely laid up." *Domestic State Papers, 1649.*

telling its own weird story of the turbulent days when might was right, and when the strong arm of the victor must retain that which he had taken; a story, which is reinforced and amplified by those quaint round keeps which were once dotted about in prominent positions in the Whalley district and known as the "Baby House Towers" (a name which surely had reference to their size only). They were most probably the look out stations in those dark days when the Picts and Scots penetrated even so far south, leaving a trail of desolation behind them wherever they went. One of the few remaining of these towers is illustrated on the opposite page.

CLITHEROE CASTLE. *Photograph by Messrs. Lupton Bros.*

The dawn of better days is marked by the introduction of a style of dwelling in which, whilst the strength of the castle is to some extent retained, the comfort of the home is not disregarded. What may be called the castlet or tower tells of the days of the family feud, the midnight incursion, and the armed band of depredators and cattle stealers, unwelcome visitors, who were by no means unknown in the district. This type of dwelling was often built round a quadrangle, sometimes with both inner and outer courts, and was usually surrounded by a moat and defended by a drawbridge to compensate for the comparative lack of strength in the walls and gates, though the former were frequently no less than six feet in thickness and the latter made of massive oak thickly studded with bolt heads. The

Pendle country furnishes at least two examples of the fortified mansion, Towneley Hall and Hoghton Tower, near Blackburn, the former having only the single quadrangle, and the latter both upper and base courts, affording a double protection against attack. Though Hoghton Tower is not in Calderdale, yet its close proximity thereto, and the fact that it furnishes so excellent an example of the

BABY HOUSE TOWERS.

By permission of the Publishers of "Whalley in 1902."

style of building of which we are speaking, lead us to introduce here four views showing: (1) the outer wall of fortification and entrance gateway with corner towers and sundial on the green; (2) the central gateway alone; (3) the entrance, seen from the outer court-

yard, or base court, leading to the inner or upper one; and (4) the inner court-yard showing the window of the fine banqueting hall on the left (which was made famous by the visit of James I, and was the scene of the traditional knighting of the loin of beef)[1] with the bronze statue in the centre.

OUTER WALL OF FORTIFICATION, HOGHTON TOWER.

The next distinct advance in domestic architecture is indicated by the erection of the manor-house (either embattled or unembattled) dating from the more peaceful days of "good Queen Bess," in which comfort rather than massiveness seems to have been the aim of the builder. As Mr. McKay well puts it "The embattled house of Elizabeth and James I. was one erected in tranquil times, built to be lived in, and with but slight reminiscences of the days when the Englishman's castle was his home, rather than his home his castle."[2] Examples of this type of house are fairly numerous, one of the most characteristic being Gawthorpe, which is described and illustrated later in this volume.

The smaller and usually unembattled manor-house or hall, built for the accommodation of the gentry, and so abundant in Calderdale, is typical of solidity and comfort, and is a fitting memorial of the

[1] See the story as related by Harrison Ainsworth in *The Lancashire Witches*. Book III. Chap. IX.

"There is a laughable tradition still generally current in Lancashire that our Knight-making monarch, knighted at a banquet in Hoghton Tower a loin of beef, the part ever since called the 'Sir-loin.'" *Nichol's Progress of James I.* Vol. III.

[2] *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*, p. 321.

stability of the class for whom it was originally designed. In the description of Barcroft Hall about to be given, the general plan adopted in the construction of these Halls will be indicated. When following Dr. Whitaker we add to these types the two remaining

GENTRAL GATEWAY, HOGHTON TOWER.

ones, viz. : the prosperous farmstead and the labourer's humble cottage (both of which will be found illustrated in the chapter on Hurstwood) we have fairly complete examples of the various classes of buildings found in the district ; and bearing in mind further, the unique types of church and abbey architecture which adorn and enrich it, we are bound to admit the truth of the proposition with which we commenced this chapter, that few districts can compare with ours in the range and scope of material so rich in suggestion to the student of history, and so precious in the eyes of the antiquary.

Near the entrance to Towneley Park from the southern or Cliviger side, we observe just outside its boundary, and a few yards to the right of the road, a fine specimen of the smaller manor house or hall named Barcroft.[1]

[1] The name Barcroft, often spelt Berecroft or Bercroft and originally pronounced *ber-croft*, is from the Anglo-Saxon *bear* a crop, or rick, and so denotes a "rick field." The adjacent meadows are particularly suited to the raising of hay crops, and hence the name. Mr. T. T. Wilkinson suggests, though with less probability, the derivation—brere, *briar* ; and croft, a *clearing*.

The plan of the Hall is in the form of the letter **E**, facing almost north-west, with the open parts enclosed within a substantial wall, in the centre of which is a *quasi* embattled gateway. This arrangement forms a sort of court-yard, and may well be regarded as a transition stage, from the earlier or fortified manor house to the later unembattled hall. Indeed, there is some evidence to show that the plan here adopted is only a modification of an earlier one, indicating a structure of the more primitive type. Over the doorway is an inscription "William Barcroft, 1614." On entering the house we

ENTRANCE TO INNER COURT, HOGHTON TOWER.

are at once within the spacious hall, or living room, in which at one end there is a well preserved specimen of the ancient musicians' gallery, which would be seldom silent on feast days, and which doubtless contributed joyous strains of music at the great banquets. Within these fine old halls hospitality was wont to be dispensed with a lavish hand. All comers irrespective of condition were received, social distinctions being marked only by the positions assigned to different guests at the table, the family and those of similar rank occupying the upper (and generally raised) end of the table, the rest including the labourers and domestics taking the lower places.[1]

[1] See the chapter on Wycoller.

"The situation of Barcroft agrees with the notions as to comfort and shelter prevalent at the time of its erection. It is well protected from the east winds, its lawns were formerly washed by the Calder, and the view over Towneley Park—on to the wooded height of Ightenhill—and backed by the mighty Pendle, must have formed a beautiful landscape when the country was much more wooded than at present."[1]

INNER COURT YARD, HOGHTON TOWER.

Several legends and stories of Barcroft are told, but as our visit is only a passing one, and our description merely incidental, we select only one before proceeding to Towneley, referring our readers to other sources for details of the Barcroft traditions and history.[2]

The Barcroft Boggart.

The term Boggart seems to have been used indiscriminately to indicate any form of supernatural being, it is derived from *bogle* or *bogie*, any object producing fear or

[1] Mr. T. T. Wilkinson.

[2] See Mr. Tattersall's *Memories of Hurstwood*, pp. 105-120.

disquietude. The legend of the Barcroft Boggart, who was known as Hob o'th Hurst, that is the goblin of the wood, shows him to have been a useful sort of individual or fairy, who would perform all kinds of menial duties unseen, having the greatest objection to being watched at his work, and taking speedy offence if any reward, such as a gift of clothing were offered to him. As Keightley remarks in his *Fairy Mythology*, "He is to a certain degree, disinterested; like many great personages he is shocked at anything approaching the nature of a bribe or *douceur*, yet, like them allows his scruples to be overcome if the thing be done in a genteel, delicate and secret way." The most probable origin of this kind of individual lies in the inherent desire which most people know (of course by repute only) of getting rid of the necessity of doing uncongenial work. Now, it is evident that if the farm maids could persuade themselves and their employers that certain menial work had been already performed, the necessity for re-doing it would be removed. So the "good Brownies" came into existence.

BARCROFT HALL.

The Boggart of Barcroft would sweep up the house, light the fires, and is reported even to have folded the sheep on cold winter mornings. The farmer's son, consumed with curiosity to see this useful servant, bored a hole through the oaken boards and beheld a barefooted old man busily employed. With the desire to reward him, the boy had a pair of small clogs made, and laid them at the fireside at night, watching

eagerly next morning to see how his gift would be received. The elf carefully examined them and said—

"New clogs, new wood
T'hob Thors 'll do no more good."

Goblins always spoke in couplets, the earnest advice of Mr. Weller, Senior, as to avoiding poetry, would have been lost on them.

Reginald Scot tells of one Robin Goodfellow who in addition to his usual fee of a bowl of milk, had some clothes laid out for him one morning; upon which he said—

"What have we here? Hemten, hamten,
Here will I never more tread nor stampen."

And the old lady who made a warm mantle and hood for her Brownie, and indiscreetly called to tell him it was there, found to her sorrow she had made a mistake, for her kindness was rewarded by the cry—

"A new mantle, and a new hood!
Poor Brownie! ye'll ne'er do mair good!"

Underlying every superstition, witch story and legend, is a stratum of truth of which it is the imperfect and unconscious manifestation. In this case the fundamental truth is undoubtedly that the best services and the most disinterested labour cannot be procured or stimulated by reward.

But to return to Barcroft, after the well-meant gift of the clogs things all went wrong, mischief of every kind ensued, until at length the luckless farmer determined to leave the house. When all his preparations were made the thin voice of the elf was heard calling "Stop, while I've tied mi clogs, an' I'll go wi' you!"

"Nay!" replied the farmer; "If tha'rt goin' wi' me, I'll go back agen!"

TOWNELEY HALL FROM THE EAST. *Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.*

Towneley Hall and Park.

In the days of our grandfathers when deer roamed through Towneley Holmes, and the trees were far more abundant even than now, when Burnley was a small village, and the hand-loom weavers did not emit black smoke, it must have been a delight to ramble by the side of the limpid waters of the Calder in Towneley Park; but we must admit that the restful change from the Burnley of to-day, to the Towneley of to-day, is even greater and more striking than it would be in those "good old days" to which we have referred. By the farseeing and public spirited action of its Corporation, Burnley possesses a privilege which few, if any, other large manufacturing towns in the country enjoy. It has within its municipal area a playground, and a natural park which many of us in less favoured localities would gladly go a score of miles to explore, and which cannot fail to be of inestimable benefit to its thousands of tired workers.

THE LODGE, TOWNELEY. *Photograph by Messrs. Lupton Bros.*

Literally stepping at once out of the busy streets of the town of Burnley, we enter immediately the park by the main Towneley Lodge Gates, and, proceeding by the side of the Calder, which has now become a fair streamlet, we are soon in "Towneley Holmes." The sturdy forest trees and wealth of verdure in this ancient park convey a delightful sense of freedom and repose quite unattainable in our modern artificially laid out parks, and suitably prepare us for

the first glimpse of the front of the Hall, an ideal presentment of Feudal times, completely linked with the historic past. Viewed from the river end of the avenue (which in our boyhood's days was almost the only peep vouchsafed to us, as we passed through the park to Barcroft, Walk Mill, Holme or Todmorden Valley), there is a beauty and dignity about the old place which cannot be denied. A nearer approach, now happily within the rights of all, reveals the not less charming features of a baronial pile replete with evidences of antiquity, grandeur and strength. Features, which could not formerly be fully realised, for although the Towneley family were always gracious and liberal in giving permission to the public to view the park, and to enjoy its charm, the Hall itself used to seem far away and was somewhat indistinct, just as the beginnings of its history, extending so far back into the misty past, are only faintly perceived, through the long avenues of time.

"In the turbulent reign of King Stephen no fewer than 126 castles were erected in England alone, and castellated mansions rose in vast numbers for the protèction of the smaller estates. These were usually constructed of stone; they were surrounded by deep moats or canals; their walls were of vast thickness and they were erected on the top of steep eminences which commanded extensive views of the surrounding country. . . . . Such a castellated mansion once graced the top of Castle Hill near Towneley Hall, where a portion of the moat which surrounded the fortress can still be seen above the Towneley tunnel. More recently the Towneleys had a similar mansion at Castle Clough (Hapton), but in this case the name only survives. The fortress on Castle Hill was deserted for the more sheltered residence in the plains below. The hardy Lancastrians of mediæval and later times did not fear the valley fogs and damp foundations, nor did they avoid planting their houses near to a brawling brook, or on the banks of some more softly flowing stream. Most of the old halls in this neighbourhood are so situated—Gawthorpe, Royle, Carr, Wycoller, Holme, and Hesandford, may be cited as examples—and the river Ribble is dotted with them from its estuary to its source."[1]

The plan of Towneley Hall is quadrangular, the fourth side facing north-east being open. There is a more or less marked correspondence of style and design to several other Lancashire halls of contemporary date; Speke Hall, near Liverpool, and Wardley Hall, near Manchester, may be mentioned as examples of the same type, neither of which, however, has undergone the alteration stated

[1] From a pamphlet *Ancient Mansions near Burnley*, Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, 1856.

to have taken place in the case of Towneley, viz.: the removal of the fourth side of the quadrangle.

Upon the authority of Dr. Whitaker, we learn that in the time of Queen Anne, the gatehouse, domestic chapel and library forming the north-eastern side of the quadrangle were pulled down. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his statement, except perhaps the fact that no trace of the alteration appears in the building, most probably the gatehouse was detached from the main building, as in the case at Wardley, in which the space on the fourth side is almost entirely filled, but with a clear space on each side of the gatehouse, so that it would be quite possible to remove that portion without in the slightest degree interfering with the adjoining wings.

ANCIENT DOORWAY, TOWNELEY HALL.

It will be readily seen from our illustrations of Hoghton Tower that the central outer gatehouse might be removed without mutilating the hall, though this statement would not hold good with regard to the inner gateway which pierces an integral part of the hall itself.

If we assume that Towneley was once completely quadrangular, we are driven to the conclusion that the alteration must have been made with incredible neatness, at enormous cost, and under most skilful supervision. The evidences at our disposal all point to the detached gateway, of which we have examples in Whalley Abbey, and, as already pointed out, in Hoghton Tower.

On entering the quadrangle we are at once attracted by the quaint and peculiar doorway on the left (of which we give an illustration) which also reveals the great strength and thickness of the walls of that wing. The main entrance in the centre takes the form of a massive porch bearing the date 1614. A few steps lead up to the door, which is still older, the date A.D. MDXXX being intermingled with its elaborate and beautiful carving. The great hall which is immediately entered on passing through this doorway, does not now present any features of note. "Judging from the wealth of

PORTION OF THE GREAT HALL, TOWNELEY. *Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.*

the family it is likely to have been originally of much magnificence. In the year 1725, however, it was gutted and converted into an entrance hall by Richard Towneley, and is now a vast and most dreary apartment, in the so-called Italian style. The present windows were inserted at the time of this alteration, but the original walls still remain."[1]

[1] Mr. Taylor in *The Old Halls of Lancashire and Cheshire.*

The room is now suitably used as the home of a permanent collection of exhibits and by reason of its admirable lighting serves the purpose extremely well. The upper and lower rooms of the left wing are with equal success converted into picture galleries.

DOOR IN THE DOMESTIC CHAPEL, TOWNELEY.

One of the most interesting rooms in the Hall is that which was used as the domestic chapel, it occupies the south-western corner of the building and is now completely dismantled. Mr. Taylor in his *Old Halls of Lancashire and Cheshire*, speaking of it as it existed ten years ago, says, "It is an apartment of extreme beauty and great archæological interest. Judging by the details of the elaborate woodwork with which its walls and ceilings are ornamented, it must date from about the middle of the fifteenth century. Its length is thirty-three feet and its width eighteen. About one-third of the length is occupied by what we may designate as the chancel. The nave portion or the remaining two-thirds of the room is only

about twelve feet high, with a flat ceiling, composed of elaborate moulded oak beams and joists; but the chancel portion is nearly double this height—an arrangement which is paralleled in several other instances. The loftier portion of this chapel is marked by a richly-moulded cove, and by elaborately panelled and carved walls and ceilings. The increased height of the chancel affords room for a good altar and fine reredos, over which is the *quasi* east window, which in reality looks south-west towards the hill behind the house. The sill of this window is about twelve feet from the floor, and the charming æsthetic effect is obtained of a high or clear-storial light to the chancel. The entrance door to the chapel is handsomely carved. On the north-western side of the chapel is the entrance to a small Priest's room." Our illustration of this entrance gives an idea of the nature of the carving and some notion also of the panelling of the walls. It will be observed that the shield above the door bears the date 1601.

THE WOODS, TOWNELEY. *Photograph by Mr. B. H. Cowgill, of Burnley.*

Accommodation for a considerable garrison of troopers was provided in the extreme upper storey of the hall, which is known as "the Barracks," this being quite in accordance with the martial traditions of the family. It was in this roof attic that Colonel Francis Towneley had his men concealed before leading them to take part in the cause of the young Pretender in 1745.

The beauties of the park and grounds around Towneley Hall call for less description since they are now open to public exploration. The natural condition in which they have been allowed to remain is a tribute to the taste and judgment of those whose public spirited action has conferred so great a boon upon the people. Nature is best left to her own resources, and where centuries have been allowed to elapse, in which she has accumulated her treasures and added the final touches of grandeur to her work, it must be admitted that anything in the way of "improvement" partakes of the folly of gilding refined gold or painting the lily. The patriarchal monarchs of the forest, the long symmetrical avenues of trees, the soft carpet of greensward, and the luxuriant growth of fern and brushwood are in themselves a never-failing source of joy, and these are the perennial delights of Towneley.

RUSTIC BRIDGE, TOWNELEY.

The beautiful Cross in the grounds behind the hall calls for at least a brief notice. Its form is similar to that of the more ancient crosses, two or three specimens of which remain in the Calder Valley, but its excellent state of preservation, and the inscription upon it, both point to a much later date. It is, however, graceful in form and structure, and sufficiently venerable to inspire the feeling of reverence. It tells a characteristic story of the faith of pre-

reformation days, and is indeed one of the

" . . . . dials which the wizard time,
Had raised to count his ages by."

The history of this cross is not wholly free from difficulty, the truth being probably best arrived at by the combination of two stories. Erected originally on the south side of St. Peter's Church in 1520 by a Chantry Priest of the side altar of St. Mary, a priest, probably appointed by and appropriated to the Towneley family, it remained in that position until it was demolished by a drunken mob, hired, so Dr. Whitaker assures us, for that purpose. This statement, however, requires considerable modification—there is no evidence of the

FOLDYS' CROSS.

iconoclastic spirit at all—the fact probably being, that it was levelled to the ground by some drunken braggart as a proof of courage or for a wager. The cross had already suffered much ill-usage. Erected upon three broad steps, it had served for many years the purpose of a market cross, and had become so worn that its overthrow was in all probability a very simple matter. The head and shaft were broken into fragments, but the base owing to its massiveness seems to have escaped injury. Round this base runs a Latin inscription, enjoining the passer-by to " Pray for the soul of John Foldys, Chaplain, who

caused this cross to be erected, A.D. 1520."[1] The John Fouldys or Ffoldes who has thus given his name to the cross was doubtless one of the Fouldes' of Dancer (or Danes or Deans) House. It will be readily understood why the uninjured base of the cross and the fragments of the head, carefully cemented together, were removed to their present position at Towneley, but the monolithic shaft still remains to be accounted for. This brings us to the second legend referred to.

In *An Illustrated Itinerary of Lancashire*, published in 1844, a cross formerly standing at Holme, is described and drawn. It is very similar in form and proportion to the cross now at Towneley, especially with regard to the shaft and head. This cross is no longer at Holme, and the following account of it is given by a gentleman[2] whose knowledge of local history, and especially that of Holme, is not wanting in accuracy. He says:

> The cross (by which he means the monolithic shaft and head) originally stood in the village of Holme, just off the highroad opposite to the more ancient church, which occupied approximately the site of the present school-house. In the days of fierce Puritan vandalism, when everything ornate and associated with religious worship was ruthlessly overthrown and destroyed, it is stated, that this cross was taken down and buried by reverent hands, and after many days when the storm of Puritan reaction had subsided was unearthed by the late Colonel Towneley and Dr. Whitaker, and re-erected in Towneley Park where it now stands.

If this be so, we have a complete account of the Foldys' Cross as consisting of portions of *two* crosses, both of which had survived the fierce iconoclastic hands of those who with mistaken zeal, strove for the purification and simplification of worship—a truly unique and significant history. The cross still stands, having survived all its indignities, to tell to our children's children its vivid story of the days of old.

Any account of Towneley Hall would be obviously incomplete without some reference to the long line of warlike and scholarly men who since the days of the Norman Conquest, and possibly even prior to that time, have made the name of Towneley great and famous;

[1] "Orate pro animo Johannis Foldys, capellani, qui istam crucem fieri fecit. Anno Domini, MCCCCCXX."

[2] Mr. E. Whitaker Heaton.

and though the tracing of family history is somewhat foreign to our present purpose, and may be better obtained from other sources, yet we give here a very brief outline of the lives of some of the more notable members of this, the greatest of the patrician Pendle families.

BACK OF TOWNELEY HALL.

Henry de Tunlay resided here in 1135. At this early period, Towneley was a hamlet possessing its little Catholic Church with a resident incumbent. In 1181, Walter, the Chaplain of Towneley, is briefly mentioned. In a survey of the estates left by De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in 1311, the Towneley property is mentioned, and it is most likely that the Towneleys of that day "owed suit and service" to that great landowner.

Richard de Tunlay had two daughters, Agnes and Cecilia, the latter of whom married[1] John de la Legh, whose son Gilbert obtained a charter in 1342 by which he held lands at Towneley. His son Richard, dropped the name Legh and adopted that of Towneley.

It is stated[2] that a Charles Towneley, fighting on the Lancastrian side, was slain and buried at the battle of Towton in Yorkshire, on Palm Sunday, 1461. This was the most sanguinary battle of the

[1] This marriage enables the Towneleys to trace their descent from Spartlingus, the first Dean of Whalley on record, who lived in the reign of Alfred.

[2] On the authority of the Rev. R. N. Whitaker in his *Handbook of Whalley*. There is apparently no corroboration of this statement from other sources, and it is possible that Mr. Whitaker may have confused Towton with Marston Moor, where Charles Towneley was slain in 1644.

Wars of the Roses, and indeed one of the most sanguinary battles ever fought on English ground; the chronicles of the time state that no less than 36,000 men were slain on that day.

Sir Richard Towneley was knighted by Lord Stanley after the battle of Hutton Field in 1481.

In 1490, the son of Richard Towneley just mentioned, obtained a license for enclosing the Park at Towneley, and hence the noble woods and ancient oaks which have rendered Towneley demesne one of the loveliest landscapes in the country. It is recorded that the Hapton estate was encircled by a boundary ten miles in circumference.

Sir Barnard Towneley, Doctor of Laws, was a student rather than a warrior. A contemporary of the same name was an architect and in 1579 built Hurstwood Hall. In a law suit tried at the Duchy of Lancaster Court, an account of which is preserved at the Record Office, he is described as an architect and builder.[1]

In 1644 at Marston Moor[2] in one of the decisive battles of the great Civil War, Charles Towneley, fighting on the Royalist side, was slain and buried on the field of battle. His wife was a daughter of Sir Francis Trapps Birnand, of Harrogate, and was at her father's house when the doubly sad news of defeat and the death of her unfortunate husband arrived. She proceeded at once to the field of battle with the idea of recovering his body, but was persuaded to desist by an officer who afterwards proved to be no other than Cromwell himself. He is said to have treated her with the greatest

[1] See Hurstwood Hall.

[2] In February, 1643, on the defeat of the Royalists near Preston, Charles Towneley fled to Ribchester, crossed Dinckley Ferry, and coming over the "Nab," spent the night with his friend and relative Roger Nowell at Read Hall. In the great rebellion, the Towneleys and the Nowells were strong Royalists, whilst the Shuttleworths and Starkies took the Parliamentarian side. On the following day he reached Towneley, but finding a troop of Parliamentary horse in occupation, he resumed his flight, and found temporary shelter in a keeper's cottage in the "wilderness." From this cottage he escaped at night, and was concealed for weeks in a small house called "The Greens," in one of the most lonely and inaccessible spots on the moors between Cliviger and Rossendale. In this secure retreat he spent his days in a large chest under the butter stone in the dairy, his food being nightly conveyed to him by a faithful retainer from the Hall. When the vigilance of his pursuers had somewhat relaxed, he escaped and joined the King's forces. He raised a troop of young men from the district, who accompanied him to the ill-fated field of Marston Moor. Just before the battle, 10.000 of the Royalist forces passed through Burnley on their way to York. Near Haggate, they came in contact with some Parliamentary troops and a skirmish ensued, in which many were killed and wounded. Some of the slain were buried in the Burnley Churchyard, and their names are recorded in the registers of the Parish Church.

July, 1644. Five soldiers found a last resting place at St. Peter's. Their names included those of "Ecroyde, Starkie and Smith of Brearcliffe, slaine at Hackgate."

courtesy and to have given her an escort to ensure her safe return home.

In conformity with the remarkable law of alternation of generation, Richard, the son of this chivalrous but unfortunate Knight was a man of peace, who enjoyed the quiet seclusion of his home, devoting himself to the study of mathematics and kindred sciences. He it was who propounded the Trigonometrical problem, known as the Towneley problem, which was solved in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society by Mr. Collins in all its six possible cases.[1]

THE LONG AVENUE, BEHIND TOWNELEY.

The wire micrometer, an instrument for making accurate measurements, was invented by William Gascoigne who fell at the

[1] The problem is cited as "a chorographical problem proposed by Mr. Richard Towneley—solved by Mr. John Collins. Mar. An. 1674." The problem is one of the familiar cases of the solution of triangles, known to all students of mathematics. Mr. Collins adds to his solution the following note, "This problem may be of good use for the due situation of sands and rocks . . . or for chorographical uses, etc., especially now there is a method of observing angles nicely accurate by the aid of a telescope." Phil. Trans. London. Vol. I., p. 126.

battle of Marston Moor. This instrument was perfected by Richard Towneley who also defended in a pamphlet addressed to the crown, the claim of Gascoigne to be its inventor against that of a French Physicist, Auzout. His (Richard Towneley's), most important contribution to knowledge, however, was his statement, for the first time, of the now well-known law of the volume of gases under varying pressures, which is commonly spoken of as Boyle's Law.[1]

Christopher Towneley, a younger brother of Charles and the uncle of Richard, was devoted to similar pursuits. He was the editor of the invaluable Towneley MSS.

The Jacobite sympathies of the family were shown by their support of the Old Pretender in 1715, and again by their activity in 1745 on behalf of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward.

Sir Richard Towneley, accompanied by servants and retainers who enlisted with him, joined the insurgents at Preston on November 10th, 1715.[2]

Mr. Ware, in his account of the rebellion of 1715, speaks of the Towneleys as "the most ancient family in Lancashire," and accounts for their adherence to the Jacobite cause by saying: "A representative of this family had suffered in the reign of Elizabeth for adhering to the religion of his forefathers, and as the persecutions of this period never appear to have been forgotten among the descendants of the old families of Lancashire, it may be easily supposed that the Towneleys would continue faithfully attached to the fortunes of a Royal House whose religion had been the powerful cause of their having been expelled from the throne."[3]

The total force at Preston is estimated at not more than 4,000 men,[4] and there seems to have been the same laxity and incompetence here as in the Highlands.[5] The result might easily have been foreseen; on the appearance of the King's army at Preston the rebels

[1] See article by Professor Oersted in the *Philosophical Magazine*, August, 1826.

[2] "Esqr. Townley, a Papist, joyned them here . . . . as also did abundance of Roman Catholics." *Peter Clarke's Journall.*

[3] From *Lancashire Memorials of the Rebellion of 1715*, by S. Hibbert Ware, M.D.

[4] See *Rae's History*, p. 324.

[5] *Clarke's Journall* under the dates November 9th to 11th, says, "The Ladys in this toune, Preston, are so very beautyfull and so richly atired, that the Gentlemen Soldiers from Wednesday to Saturday minded nothing but courting and ffeasting."

were unprepared and indeed ignorant of their proximity and feebly surrendered. Richard Towneley, with 100 other prisoners, was escorted to London, being taunted with every description of coarse insult during the journey, and, on arrival at the capital, the prisoners were lodged according to their quality either in the Tower, Newgate, Marshalsea, or the Fleet, and a special Act of Parliament was passed to enable the trials to take place in London. Sir Richard Towneley was acquitted by an indulgent jury on the ground that he had been forced into the rebellion against his will, for which decision the jury was dismissed and reprimanded by the judge.[1]

John Towneley, Knight of St. Louis, sometimes spoken of as the Chevalier Towneley, was both a warrior and a scholar. He spent many years at the French Court, and in the service of the French army. He translated *Butler's Hudibras* into French verse, and published it in London in 1757.[2]

Charles Towneley, the greatest art connoisseur of his time, assembled a magnificent collection of objects of art and relics of antiquity from all over Europe, in his museum at Park Lane, London. It was undoubtedly the finest collection ever possessed by a single individual, and was purchased by Government for £28,000. The collection is deposited in the Towneley Galleries of the British Museum.

The tragic story of Colonel Francis Towneley, who commanded the Manchester regiment in the Rebellion of 1745, is the concluding instance of the unwavering loyalty of the family to the Jacobite cause. Undaunted by the ill success of the former rising in '15, we find the family once again risking reputation and life this time in the cause of the Young Pretender. The Lancashire men seem to have been more cautious on this occasion, for though "Catholics and Tories abounded in Lancashire only a single squire took up arms."[3] There is a local tradition that Colonel Towneley reviewed his men in front of the "Old Sparrow Hawk," Burnley, previous to starting out.

[1] In Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson's *Memories of Hurstwood*, a legend is given to the effect that Sir Richard was able to prove an *alibi*. See p. 97.

[2] "Hudibras Poeme, excrit dans le temps des Troubles d' Angleterre et traduit en vers Francois, avec des Remarques et des Figures."

[3] *Green's History of the English People*. p. 725.

According to the story as related by the Rev. R. N. Whitaker, the first intimation of the failure of the rebellion was "conveyed to Towneley by a little terrier dog a great favourite of his master's, which crawled into his mistress's room footsore and tired. Upon seeing him it is stated that she fainted under the too true conviction that her lord was either killed or captured."

He was indeed a prisoner in Carlisle Castle, from which he was taken to London where he was tried, convicted and executed in most barbarous fashion for high treason, his head being placed upon a spike and exposed for many years on Temple Bar.[1] A great reward was offered for the recovery of the head, but according to the story from which we are quoting; before it could be secured it was blown down and destroyed. A variation of the legend states that the skull was obtained and was preserved in a box in the private chapel at Towneley, the hole pierced through it being regarded as sufficient evidence of identification.

A brief notice of Sir John Towneley, who was Sheriff of Lancashire for several years in the reign of Henry VIII., and "was interred in the family chapel on the north side of the choir of Burnley Church on the first of March, 1607," will conclude our survey of the family. He was the uterine brother of Dean Alexander Nowell, and was imprisoned for a short time in the new Fleet at Manchester "for not conforming himself in matters of religion" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.[2] He was released upon the petition of Dean Nowell, who urged as the ground of his petition that his half-brother was suffering from some disease which demanded attention and advice. This plea being disregarded, probably because it was groundless, a second one was brought forward some three months later, that as the statute allowed the alternative that recusants should either conform or pay, and Mr. Towneley answered the penalty, there was no reason why he should "endure a double punishment for one offence." This plea was successful, and the Privy Council ordered his release, as "(his religion excepted) he carried himself dutifully and quietly."

[1] Goldsmith, passing through Temple Bar with Johnson, and seeing the heads above them, said to the illustrious Jacobite Doctor "Our heads yet may shine with theirs."

[2] See *Churton's Life of Alexander Nowell.* p. 283.

A curious side-light is thrown upon the unsettled state of religion at this time by the request of Robert Nowell, a brother of Dean Alexander Nowell, who made John Towneley one of the executors of his will, in which he says: "Mindful also of the vicissitudes which I have seen in religion, I entreat my brother Towneley to be kind to my brothers if the times should again turn to Popery."

One of Sir John's daughters, married her cousin John. He was noted for his recusancy and suffered long and harassing persecution. Upon a portrait of himself, wife and family in the Towneley collection, the following inscription appeared, "This John about the 6th and 7th year of her Majesty that now is for professing the Apostolic Catholic Roman faith was imprisoned first at Chester Castle, then sent to the Marshalsea then to York Castle, then to the Block Houses in Hull, then to the Gatehouse in Westminster, then to Manchester, then to Broughton in Herefordshire, then twice to Ely in Cambridgeshire and so near 73 years, old and blind is bound to appear and to keep within 5 miles of his house at Townley, who hath since the statute of the 23rd year of Elizabeth paid into the Exchequer £20 a month, and doth so still; that there is paid altogether above £4,000. A.D. 1601." Such sturdy and consistent upholders of their ancestral religion, who withheld neither blood nor treasure in the support of causes they held dear, cannot but command the respect even of those who believe their devotion and zeal to have been misplaced.

Sir John seems to have been a remarkable character, he built Hapton Tower, making it his chief residence, and though the site of it is now only marked by a green mound and a profusion of nettles, it once bid fair to rival Towneley as the family residence.

Thomas Tong, the herald and antiquary, records in his diary a visit paid to Sir John at Hapton in 1530. He says, "He would have no note taken of him, saying that there were no more gentlemen in Lancashire but my Lord of Darby and Monteagle. I sought him all day riding in that wild country and his reward was two shillings only, of which the guide had the most part, and I had as evil a journey as ever I had."

The story of the "Towneley Boggart" has its origin through an illegal and cruel act on the part of Sir John Towneley. He, desirous of adding to his already large estate, enclosed or "laid-in" some common lands known as Hoare Law pasture. The poor tenants of the cottages thereon received notice to quit, and on their refusal to do so were forcibly ejected. The popular indignation vented itself, somewhat ineffectively, it must be confessed, by attributing to the spirit of Sir John that restlessness which is ever the penalty of greed, and convinced that his disconsolate spirit *ought* to be roaming about in distress, they soon brought themselves to the belief that it actually did so. Reports, numerous and convincing, were not wanting, that a boggart was nightly heard making the most mournful sounds on a bridge, known to all Burnley people as "Boggart Bridge," nor were these acute observers at a loss to interpret the sounds they heard, and to form from them a confession of Sir John's guilt and a warning to those who should come after him to avoid his evil ways. The old couplets which they heard ran somewhat thus:—

> "Be warned, lay-out! be warned, lay-out!
> Around Hoare Law, and Hollin Hey Clough,
> To the children give back the widow's cot;
> For you and yours there's still enough."

"Lay-out" is of course the converse of "lay-in," and was an injunction to restore the lands which had been wrongfully enclosed. It is clear that the illegal enclosure really did take place for in 1603, by order of the Duchy of Lancaster, one hundred and ninety-four acres which had been enclosed in Hoare Law and Hollinhey, were granted to Lord Mountjoy for good services rendered, so that "the widow's cot" was not restored to its rightful owners, in spite of all the boggart's laudable efforts.

The origin of the name Hollin Hey Clough is also associated with this story. It seems that the neighbouring folk soon had more than enough of the boggart they had made, and requested the good offices of the Chaplain of Towneley Hall "to lay it." This was solemnly accomplished by the agency of bell and book, but as usual subject to some condition; in this case it was that the boggart should never appear while there was a green leaf in a neighbouring clough. In

order to secure this, the clough was planted with hollins, or holly trees and is called Hollin Hey Clough to this day. The association of some dreadful crime with such a place as this is only in accordance with the known law of association of ideas, and this has not been wanting to add the finishing touch to the mantle of horror and dread, which, even within the last thirty years has clung tenaciously to this spot. The final act of restitution has, however, come at last, the Towneley name has died out, and for what seems little more than a nominal payment, the lands have again become the property of the people, for ever.

The ladies of the Towneley family cannot be dismissed without a passing glance; they have been allied in marriage with some of the noblest families in the land, including in comparatively recent years those of Molyneux, Norreys, Lennox, and O'Hagan. "The blood of the Towneleys by the female line alone courses through the veins of over 40 leading families, and passing through the graduations

TOWN HALL, AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BURNLEY. *Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.*

of esquire, knight, baronet, earl, marquis, and duke, reaches even to the royal family on the throne." [1]

We have now traced the Calder Stream from its source to the busy manufacturing town of Burnley, where of necessity it becomes the slave of the manufacturer, and is stripped of its former beauty. Passing through the very heart of the town to the point at which it receives the Brun, its course being marked out by a paved channel, it would seem that its claim to picturesqueness is finally gone; but it emerges from the town, and once more in the country between Burnley and Whalley suggests at least its more primitive natural state of beauty, though it is to be feared its original purity has departed for ever.

On the preceding page, an illustration showing the Town Hall and Mechanics' Institute of Burnley[2] will be found; the former being the centre of its municipal life and the latter having taken for many years so noble a part in the higher education of the people.

[1] Mr. T. T. Wilkinson.

[2] In the Annual Report of the Burnley Mechanics' Institute for 1905, in which year its Jubilee was celebrated, the following particulars are given—The Institution was founded in 1834, as a small library in a house in the Meadows. It was afterwards transferred to St. James's Street, adjoining the Swan Hotel, and then to St. James's Row. In 1842, it was fairly established in Chancery Street, where classes for teaching reading, etc., were formed. It was again removed to rooms over Liverpool House in St. James's Street. The foundation stone of the present building was laid on November 25th, 1851, by Colonel Charles Towneley, and was opened on July 21st, 1855. The New Wing was erected in 1887-88 as a Jubilee Memorial. Perhaps no words more beautifully describe the inception and purpose of the Institution, than those quoted by the Chairman at the Jubilee Banquet, from the prologue written by Henry Houlding for the Jubilee of 1883, which are as follows:

"A little stream began to flow
Among the wild hills long ago;
A little well which hands of toil
Had scooped out of the barren soil,
And two or three who thirsted there
Drank of the waters sweet and fair:
Drank as they rested from the strain
Of nervous hand and busy brain:
Drank and were glad, as men who find
Wandering in deserts lone and blind,
A little nook of wild fern growing,
Whereby a blessed fount is flowing."

"That little streamlet of light and knowledge," added the Chairman, "has fought its course over many impediments, has wrestled its way through many a defile, has entered the heart and home of many a weaver lad and lass in this town, and has brightened their monotonous lives and their daily toil,

'With the fairy tales of science,
And the long results of time.'"

CALDERDALE.

PART II.

BY THE BANKS OF THE BRUN.

CHAPTER I - HOARY HURSTWOOD.

„ II - ORMEROD, WORSTHORN AND EXTWISTLE.

„ III - HESANDFORD TO BURNLEY.
BURNLEY CHURCH.

" Of a past and passing time,
So the brown burn sings, and so
Will it sing in time to come,
To the men who come and go!"

Henry Houlding.

RIVER SCENE, ROCK GLEN, HURSTWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

Hoary Hurstwood.

The Brun—Etymology of name—Source and course of stream—Hurstwood—Old Halls and Homes—Associations with Spenser—Local legends.

"And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle stream, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay."

Edmund Spenser, The Faerie Queene, Book II, Canto V.

THERE are two suggested derivations of the name Brun, both of which relate it to the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In favour of each there is much to be said, and both have found acceptance with the best authorities on local place names. The simpler and more obvious root from which the name is traced is the Anglo-Saxon *Brun*, brown, which at once calls to mind the brown colour of the stream, due to the reflection of light from its rocky bed, through the pellucid waters of its upper reaches.

"And they whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue."—*W. C. Bryant.*

The name Brownside, given to the hamlet on its banks, and the "Brig of Browne," as it is written in an ancient Charter,[1] give additional weight to this derivation.

The second derivation, like that of the name Calder, is generic in character and is obtained from the Anglo-Saxon *Burna*, a stream or well.[2]

[1] In the eighth year of Edward IV., Ralph Holden, Abbot of Whalley, granted to John Towneley a strip of land "lying from the Brig of Browne, between the water and the Churchyarde of Bronley."

[2] The name burn is clearly associated with the verb, to burn, in the same way that torrent is related to the Latin *torreo*, I burn, and is only properly applied to roaring, tumbling streams, such as the Scotch burns, whose roar is not unlike that of a fire, and whose onward rush is equally beyond control. This is not the case with the Brun, but it is not difficult to see how the term *Burn* may have lost its original and exact meaning, and thus be applied to all small streams.

The transposition of the vowel with "*r*," making Burn into Brun, does not present any difficulty, it is an interchange peculiar to the Lancashire dialect, and is seen in a number of words such as, girn for grin, brid for bird, brast for burst, and cruddle (to curl up or crouch) from curdle.[1] The name of the town of Burnley cannot well be claimed as evidence favouring one or other of these derivations, for during the last five hundred years its spelling has undergone several modifications,[2] which may be regarded as pointing sometimes to one form and then with an evident effort at impartiality veering round to the other.

There is fortunately no ambiguity as to the identity of the Brun, such as we found in the case of the Calder. It rises in the range of Black Hameldon, in the watershed of Cant Clough, and after leaving the reservoir, receives a stream flowing through Shedden Clough, from the high moorland of Stiperden; onwards to Hurstwood through Rock Glen, whose beauties were so ruthlessly destroyed by quarrying at the time the reservoir was made, but which we are able to reproduce in its former glory. In the village of Hurstwood it receives a brook on its left, Thorndean Water, flowing from the heights of Hurstwood Moor. Continuing its westerly course, it flows through the grounds behind Ormerod House, and The Hollins. Passing the hamlet of Brownside, it soon reaches Rowley Hall, and taking the north side of Brunshaw and "The Ridge" reaches the well-known Hesandford. Thence through the grounds of Bank Hall, and winding round the Parish Church of Burnley, it hastens on to lose itself in the waters of the Calder, which it joins in that district of Burnley, known as Salford. The Brun takes its source in the wild,

[1] An interesting example of the interchange of "*r*" with a vowel, is seen in Samuel Laycock's Poem, *Welcome, Bonny Brid*, speaking of which Mr. W. Trevor says "In this short poem, there is an interchanging tenderness and delicate humour, which, for felicity of expression is unrivalled in any poem of its kind." We cannot refrain from quoting a verse or two of this charming poem, so characteristic is it of our local dialect:—

"Tha'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

But tho' we've childer two or three,
We'll make a bit o' reawm for thee,
Bless thi, lad!
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we have i'th nest,
So hutch up closer to mi breast;
Aw'm thi dad."

[2] The following forms of the spelling of Burnley are on record:—Brunley, Bronley, Brunlay, Burneley, and Burndley. Taking into account the vagaries of ancient spelling, these forms may be practically resolved into two, Brunley, in use before the sixteenth century, and Burnley, since that time.

pathless moorlands which lie on the highlands between Lancashire and Yorkshire. Bleak, treeless and almost uninhabited, they retain to this day those features, which made them the fitting home of superstition and romance, and it is impossible to wander over their trackless wastes without an "eerie" feeling akin to that which made our grandfathers unwilling to cross them after nightfall.

ENTRANCE TO HURSTWOOD VILLAGE.

Such then, briefly, is the character of the country we are about to explore in our pilgrimage to hoary Hurstwood. Leaving the road through Towneley Park, just beyond the centre gate, and taking the pathway to the left, we cross the Calder and commence the ascent of Brunshaw slope to the hamlet of Red Lees, on the old high road between Burnley and Halifax. Crossing this road and continuing our journey through the fields we at once enter the Brun watershed, and a short walk brings us into a road leading to Worsthorn, and soon the stream itself is reached. Crossing by a bridge and turning sharply to

the right we are in the "Holme" leading to the sequestered village of Hurstwood.[1] Walking by the river side through fields which were wont to be carpeted with primroses in spring, we at once glide as it were out of the present century into an old world hamlet, the approach to which is shown in our illustration. There is probably no village in this part of the county which has undergone less alteration during the last three centuries than Hurstwood. With the exception of a little Baptist Church, erected a few years ago, the village presents to-day the same appearance as it did in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Entered by only one high road—from Worsthorn—of which it is the terminus (for the road through Fox Stones is little more than a pack-horse track), it may well be described as "out of the world," the air of quiet seclusion which still pervades it giving no hint of its proximity to the busy manufacturing town which is less than three miles distant.

THE VILLAGE OF HURSTWOOD.

On entering the village from the Holme footpath our attention is at once arrested by a sturdy old farmstead standing back on the left and known as Tattersall's House. It is a long, low building, massively built of huge blocks of millstone grit, and apparently as

[1] Hurstwood is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *Hyrst*, an ornament, from which we have *Hurst*, a plantation or wood. The name affords a good example of that reduplication of terms, marking the successive changes of race and language, which are everywhere in evidence in the place-names of the district. The latter syllable has been added by some one who did not know the meaning of the former. Other uses of the Anglo-Saxon Hyrst are seen in Hurst Green and Stony Hurst. Hag Wood is a similar instance, and has almost the same meaning, from the Anglo-Saxon, *Haga*, a hedge or wood.

well able to withstand the storms of time as it was when Henry the Eighth was king. It is one of the oldest buildings in the village, being at least contemporaneous with its neighbour Spenser's House, which was in existence long before Hurstwood Hall. The main entrance is of the sturdy Norman style, and gives immediate access to the chief living room, a commodious kitchen, with low ceiling, massive oaken rafters and yawning fireplace, conveying a sense of warmth, rude comfort, and homeliness.

TATTERSALL'S HOUSE, HURSTWOOD.

Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson, whose ancestors formerly inhabited it, says in his most interesting book, *Memories of Hurstwood*—"This old house may be considered as a type of the home of the Lancashire yeomen of the sixteenth century, and was built when yeomen were well to do, and could afford to replace with solid stone structures the houses of wood and lath which had been the homes of their fathers from Saxon times. These old houses are built of such massive strength that nothing but an earthquake or a subsidence of the ground

could destroy their framework. Well may they be regarded with reverence as relics of our sturdy, freedom-loving fathers, and when we visit one of them—to use the words of a modern poet, who has made the past live again in his pages—we think of 'how they have stood, and seen so many generations of men come and go; how often they have welcomed the new-born babe, and given farewell to the old man; how many secrets of the past they know; how many tales which men of the present have forgotten.'"

In 1579, Barnard Towneley built Hurstwood Hall, the largest house in the village. A simple inscription over the door reads:

BARNARDVS TOWNLEY ET AGNES UXOR EJUS. 1579.

Barnard Towneley was an architect and builder,[1] and in all likelihood designed and built it. The main front of Hurstwood Hall faced east,[2] but in the course of many alterations to suit various tenants, the original front of the house has become the back and is almost disused. The interior arrangements have also suffered; the fine old oak panelling has almost entirely disappeared, and few evidences of the former beauty and homeliness of the hall remain. But in spite of alteration and neglect the building itself is of such strength that it seems little the worse, though it has weathered the storms of three centuries.

Undoubtedly the most interesting house in Hurstwood is the one lying between the homestead of the Tattersalls and the Hall. It is known as Spenser's House, and derives unique interest from the fact that for no less than four centuries (1300-1700), the family of that prince of poets, Edmund Spenser, made this spot their home, and that in all probability the poet himself lived here between 1576,

[1] From the pleadings in a lawsuit, in which Barnard Towneley was the defendant, and Thomas de Hoghton the plaintiff, it appears that Barnard had undertaken to build Hoghton Tower, and for some reason had not fulfilled his bargain. The suit was decided against him, and he was made to complete his work. Mr. Thomas Bell, in a paper read before the Literary and Scientific Club on 'Old Halls in the neighbourhood of Burnley,' says "I have no doubt whatever that this same Barnard designed many of the other works in progress at this time, and that his influence contributed to keep the work done in this district during the following years in the old style—strong, good in outline and general detail, and adapted to the requirements of the district."

This Barnard Towneley was Clerk of Works to Sir Christopher Wren, at the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, and his specifications and bills of quantities for that historic edifice, were formerly in the library of Towneley Hall.

[2] It has been suggested that the Hall originally had two frontages; this is unusual, but probable as the back of the Hall in this case would afford the more convenient entrance.

when he left Cambridge, and 1579, when he went to London. There is no date upon the building to mark the exact time of its erection, but comparing its architecture with that of other halls in the district, notably with Danes House (now demolished), to which it bore considerable resemblance, we may with reasonable certainty assign it to the former half of the Sixteenth Century. It is built in the same substantial manner as Tattersall's House, containing massive blocks of millstone grit. It has a square projecting porch, abutting on one of the wings and projecting beyond it in a way that suggests a later addition. The house presents an old world appearance, and is in perfect harmony with its surroundings.

SPENSER'S HOUSE, HURSTWOOD.

The remaining buildings in this quaint hamlet are few in number. A little beyond the Hall, by the side of Thorndean Water, are a few typical labourers' cottages; there is also an old oblong building, opposite Spenser's House, which is said to have been originally built for a chapel or school, but is now occupied as a cottage.

The charming river scenery on the Brun at Hurstwood, though somewhat impaired by the quarrying done at the time the reservoir was constructed, is still worthy of the distinction (which is now

LABOURERS' COTTAGES, HURSTWOOD.

almost universally accorded it,) that it provided the environment necessary to the production of so perfect a poem of nature as Spenser's "*Shepheard's Calendar*." In 1859, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton published his *Isles of Loch Awe*, giving therein a fine woodcut of the Brun at Hurstwood, and also a view of the village showing Spenser's House. He likewise quoted a verse from Spenser, and practically gave his adhesion to the new biographical theory, identifying Spenser's House at Hurstwood with the one occupied by "the friends in the north," whom he visited after leaving Cambridge.

> "Masking awhile in shepherd's weed,
> And piping on his oaten reed
> To forest folk a forest rhyme."

Rock Glen is a narrow gorge cut through the sandstone, by the wearing action of the stream. It commences from the point at which Shedden Water joins the Brun, and extends for about half-a-mile to the village. In places the rocks are precipitous, and almost a hundred feet in height, approaching each other on opposite sides within a few

feet. The bed of the stream is solid rock, and numerous rapids, mimic falls and deep pools or "jum" holes add to the beauty of the glen. Its slopes are covered with hardy mountain ashes, and a profusion of ferns and wild flowers, some of which are of rare quality. At the top of the glen is a bold headland, traditionally known as "Spenser's Seat," where the poet is supposed to have sat and mused upon the surpassing beauty of the scene.

ROCK GLEN *(upper portion)* HURSTWOOD.

"The opposite bank or bay forms almost a semicircle covered with trees, and in Spenser's time, when the surrounding hills were perhaps well wooded, one could hardly imagine a more exquisite sylvan scene than this must have been. The high and bleak moors bound the prospect to the eastward, while on a clear day the north-western horizon is filled by the lofty masses of Old Pendle, rising like a huge giant above the intervening woods and valleys." [1]

At the lower end of the glen, where the stream falls into a beautiful rock basin, stood a little romantic dwelling known as Rock Cottage, for many years uninhabited and now almost obliterated. This cottage has been identified as the home of Rosalind "the

[1] *Memories of Hurstwood.* p. 40.

widdowes daughter of the glenne," whose "conquering beautie" so completely enslaved the poet, and where she laughed his "layes to scorne." However much one could wish to believe the legend, it has to be confessed reluctantly that it rests upon no foundation of fact whatever, Dr. Grosart, with far greater probability, having assigned the residence of the beautiful Rosalind to Downham. There is little doubt, however, that near this spot Edmund Spenser, more than three centuries ago, often listened to the babbling music of the Brun, and no scene could be more perfectly identified with his "River Rhymes" than this.

> "And in the midst a little river plaide
> Emongst the pumy stones, which seemed to plaine,
> With gentle murmure that his cours they did restraine."
>
> *Faerie Queene*, Book III.

ROCK POOL, HURSTWOOD.

There is a local legend that the cottage just referred to was originally built by an eccentric hermit called "Robin o'th Rock," who selected this site for his humble cot without troubling himself to obtain the permission of the owner of the land. The master of Towneley, for he it was, hearing of this unwarrantable intrusion, sent

men to demolish Robin's little home, but as often as they pulled it down, he quietly built it up again, with such persistence that at last the great man allowed him to remain in peace upon the spot he loved so well.[1]

Our illustration shows the rock pool at this point, and the footpath on the left leading up to the now dismantled cottage.

To trace the evidence by which some of the highest literary authorities have come to identify the Hurstwood Spensers with the Elizabethan poet is somewhat foreign to our purpose and, moreover, it would be presumptuous in us to attempt to repeat what has already been accomplished so admirably by Mr. R. E. Knowles, one of the Royal Commissioners on Historical Manuscripts, and by Dr. Grosart, of Blackburn. To discuss the question when men of undoubted ability such as Professor Craik, the Rev. H. Gaskell, Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, and Mr. W. A. Abram have made contributions to the subject would be superfluous. In view, however, of the keen local interest which of necessity centres in the association of the Poet Spenser with Hurstwood, we propose to quote the excellent summary of data and evidence derived from the researches of the gentlemen named. It is taken from a Paper read before the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley, by Mr. W. A. Abram, F.R.H.S., entitled—"A review of the evidence on the suggested relation of the Poet Spenser to the Clan of Spensers in the Burnley District," which may be found in the Transactions of the Club—Vol. iv., p. 73. He said:

"The main points in the inquiry respecting the family connections of the Poet Spenser, which had been established and remained unconfuted, are the following:—

(1) That Edmund Spenser as a lad at Merchant Taylors' School, and as a scholar at Cambridge, received several gratuities from the Benefaction of Robert Nowell, at the hands of the Trustees, Dean Nowell and John Towneley, all three of them natives of this district, who also gave money to hundreds of persons in north-east Lancashire, including a number of Spensers.[2]

[1] Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson in *Memories of Hurstwood.*

[2] From "*The spending of the money of Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn.*"

Folio 25. "Gownes geven to certyn poor schollers of the scholls aboute London, in number 32, viz., St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors' . . . . Cost of cloth with making, XIXll. Xs. VIJd." First on the list of the scholars of Merchant Taylors' is the name "Edmunde Spenser."

Folio 71. "To Edmonde Spensore, scholler of the Merchante Taylor Schollers, at his gowinge to Pembrocke Hall, in Chambridge, Xs."

(2) That Spenser on leaving his University, went to live with relatives in the north of England, staying with them a year or more; that this place of abode was a region of high hills and wooded glens; that it was situated "in the middle region of the English Alps," answering to the Pennine Range, the "backbone of England," the watershed of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and one side of Westmoreland; and that his friend Gabriel Harvey wrote of the country in which these mountains were, as Spenser's shire.[1]

(3) That there existed at that time (1577) a clan of Spensers inhabiting several homesteads in the very midst of the Pennine Alps of England; that amongst them the names of Edmund and Lawrence, borne by the poet, his son and two or three descendants, were remarkably common. That the best of these local families of Spensers were of the rank of lesser gentry, cultivating their own freehold; bearing arms; and that they spelt their surname as the poet did, Spenser, not Spencer.

(4) That the first poem published by Spenser, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, written during his sojourn in this northern region, was an allegory grounded upon pastoral life amid rugged, gloomy, wood-skirted moorlands; that it was written in provincial English—the language of the country folk—and contains a vast number of dialect words, which, though archaic in some instances, bear a general resemblance as close, and closer, to the modern folk-speech of the farmers and peasantry of north-east Lancashire than to that of any other district of England, or even of Lancashire; and that his later works contain some hundreds of such words.[2]

(5) That not merely the physical features and scenery of this region, but its social characteristics in the Sixteenth Century, notably the superstitions of the natives, the belief in witchcraft, charms, spells, omens and the like are strikingly imaged in some of the colloquies of the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

[1] " . . . . The height and altitude of the middle region of the verye English Alpes amounts unto in your shier."

[2] Dr. Grosart in his classic work gives a long list of such words under the heading—Lancashire dialect, words and phrases, from the works of Spenser. Vol. I., p. 408:—

afoore, before.
brast, burst.
clout, a rag or patch.
faine, willing, glad.
flit, to fluctuate, remove from one house to another.
gang, go. *gate*, way, as "gang thi own gate"; also "water gate," a watercourse, river.
hond, hand.
lief, as soon, prefer.
maister, master.
mell, to intrude, to meddle.
narre, nearer; "a nar cut" is a nearer way.
poke, a bag, sack.
proffer, to offer.
rive, *riven*, to tear asunder, torn.
scrike, to scream.
shankes, legs; to go "on shank's galloway" means to perform a journey on foot.
shop, abode; "a good shop" means a comfortable position.
stur, a commotion, gathering, party.
taine, taken.
teld, told.
twittin, scoffing, teasing.
wark, work.
warre, worse.

The following list is taken from a large number of words, common to the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and *The Towneley Mysteries*, a MSS. volume written within a century of Spenser's time:—

dree, uninteresting, slow.
eene, eyes.
flay, to frighten.
lake, to play. Probably connected with "lark."
mon, must.
sneck, door-latch.
stark, stiff.
whick, living.

(6) That the printer selected to print the *Shepherd's Calendar*, a poem so full of dialect phrases and words that a south country printer would have been puzzled with the MS., was a Lancashire man—Hugh Singleton—who had settled in London, and who took an apprentice from Preston, in this county in the year of publication.

(7) That the poet Spenser was encouraged by the ladies of the family of Sir John Spencer, of Althorp, to avow "some bands of affinity" with that house, though no near kinship was either claimed or ever made out; that the poet boasted to have derived his name from "a house of ancient fame"; in accordance with this that the Spensers of Hurstwood (whom we have various grounds for believing were nearly related to the poet) and the Spencers of Althorp alike bore the arms of the ancient house of the Barons Despenser, in each case with an heraldic difference indicating distinct younger branches surviving the extinction of chief line. That these facts at once explain Spenser's ambiguous allusions to his family traditions, and reconcile them with the supposition that the Spensers of Hurstwood and Pendle Forest were his nearest kith and kin."

If, then, we are prepared to accept what is now almost universally admitted in the literary world, that Edmund Spenser was born in London (in 1552 or 3) of parents who had gone thence from the Pendle country; that after his university days he came to Hurstwood to recruit his health, and there, inspired by the music of the Brun, wrote the *Shepherd's Calendar*, we have one more link associating our homeland with the brightest day of our country's literary fame—one more claim to occupy an honourable position on the stage of our nation's history.

It was under the shadow of mighty Pendle, that "Dr. Whitaker, of Holme, forged his thunderbolts against Roman pretensions, and so helped to provoke the coming of the Armada; and Dean Nowell, of St. Paul's, meditated, perhaps, the finest outbursts of his thanksgiving sermon for the defeat of the Spanish invaders . . . . Round these ancient homes, so nobly peopled, on the one side of Pendle spread a noble valley, rich in every form of pastoral delightfulness; on the other a weird forest, whose scanty homesteads were favoured haunts of 'ghaists and eldrich phantasie'; and above and beyond that forest, stretching mile beyond mile in billowy heathery beauty, are the 'wild, wild moors' where sweet souls grew sweeter, nobler thoughts nobler, and healthy frameworks healthier still . . . . It was in the eternal fitness of things that from among such surroundings, the knight-errant of English song, the prince of English poets, the

ideal Christian gentleman, the noble, lofty, pure-minded singer of the *Faerie Queen* should have sprung. It was in the eternal fitness of things that between Pendle and the forest and the moors, with all their physical beauty and sentimental glamour, Edmund Spenser should have found the fair arbitress of his fate—the peerless Rosalind—and made her the idol of his young and fond affections."[1]

We conclude this chapter with a brief notice of some of the interesting superstitions, which, while not peculiar to the moors round Hurstwood, were at least as strongly rooted there as in any other part of the Pendle country.

The protection of a house and its inmates from the dreaded powers of witchcraft was secured by nailing an old horse-shoe behind the door, or by attaching to the door key a "holed stone," which was a kind of charm, consisting of a water-worn pebble with a circular hole put through it. The idea seems to have been that the protected space in the centre of the stone, or within the iron ring of the shoe was symbolic of immunity from external attack; but however this may have been, the custom prevails to this day, and though few would confess faith in the old talisman, they would be very loath to remove or destroy it. There is still the inherent belief that it is possible to:—

> "Chase evil spirits away by dint
> Of sickle, horse-shoe, and hollow flint."

In the making of bread, after the kneading of the dough, and to ensure its "rising" properly, it was protected by marking it with a cross. It was unlucky to allow a light or fire to cross the threshold on New Year's day. An old legend illustrating this particular act of folly is given by Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson, in his *Memories of Hurstwood*, where it may be found in full. A handloom weaver in one of the cottages at Fox Stones one New Year's Day, was asked by Johnny o' th' Pasture, who had called on his way to Burnley, "Wi' ta let me leet ma pipe?" Forgetful of the day, the old woman gave him a light from the candle which stood upon her loom. Now this was doubly unfortunate, for Johnny had the reputation of being a wizard; and, sure enough, no sooner had he

[1] Mr. McKay, *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*, p. 384.

departed than the poor woman allowed the candle to fall upon the warp, and the whole piece was burnt.

Associated with this belief is that which even now obtains among the people of the district, regarding the first person to enter a house on New Year's Day. It is unlucky for a light complexioned person thus to "let in the New Year," for such an one is powerless against the machinations of the evil one, and therefore cannot avert calamity. It is interesting to trace these beliefs from generation to generation, but it must be confessed they are dying out rapidly, and the men of the next generation will know them only as "Grandfathers' Tales."

Our stream, however, flows on unchanged through the ages; its song is unaltered to meet growing intelligence and culture, and it will chant to our children's children its ancient and simple strain of praise.

"And we shall sleep—and on thy side
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass,
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men."—*Bryant.*

WORSTHORN HALL.

CHAPTER II.

Ormerod, Worsthorn and Extwistle.

History of the Halls—Description of their surroundings—The Ormerods and Parkers—Philip Gilbert Hamerton and "The Hollins"—Local traditions and customs—Ancient burials.

The Brun.

"I knew her in the Spring-time
When the early buds were peeping,
When winter-bound the snowdrop
And the crocus still were weeping.

When to the heather on the hill,
The snowflakes still were clinging:
And ice-bound cresses in the stream
Were freedom's struggle winning.

When in the woods the hyacinths,
In rich confusion scattered,
We romped amidst and wanton picked,
And nothing earthly mattered.

Or when the daisies sprinkled wide
Their lids fringed red from weeping,
In magic specs of white were seen
Along the green sward creeping."—*Anon.*

THE old house of Ormerod[1] is pleasantly situated on a bank overlooking the Brun behind, and with a gently sloping sweep of meadow land in front. It is not so ancient as some of its neighbours, but in comfort and homeliness and by reason of its beautiful situation and interesting associations, it may well rank with the best of the old mansions in the locality.

The present house was built in 1595, by Lawrence Ormerod and Elizabeth (Barcroft) his wife, though it has since undergone renovation almost amounting to reconstruction. The family, however, is as ancient as any in the district, it being on record that so early as 1316 a Gilbert de Ormerode, held lands at this place under military tenure

[1] From Orme an ancient and common Saxon name; and Rode or Royd, a clearing. Lands were formerly divided into two classes, oxgang land, or ancient enclosed fields, under the plough; and Rode land, that is, land more recently reclaimed, enclosed and thrown under cultivation, or used as pasture land. The word *Rode*, or as in the Yorkshire dialect *Royd*, is from the Anglo-Saxon verb *Rid*, to clear up, to remove rubbish, to make tidy; from the same root the term Riding is obtained.

from Henry de Lacy.[1] The estate is now in the possession of Sir John Ormerod Scarlett Thursby, and afforded hospitality to the late Prince Albert Victor, on the occasion of his visit to Burnley for the purpose of opening the Victoria Hospital.

ORMEROD HOUSE.

Among the many treasures contained in the hall is a fine carved panel bearing the arms of the Spenser family, said to have been formerly in Spenser's House at Hurstwood, and some unique specimens of pre-historic urns, discovered on the surrounding moors.

There is at Mereclough, a little village about a mile away, just at the entrance to the Long Causeway, an old hostelry, known as "The Fighting Cocks," which calls to mind an interesting old legend of the days when it was customary for the local gentry to take part in the favourite sport of cock-fighting. An exciting match had been arranged between the Towneleys and the Ormerods, each of whom

[1] Baines, in his *History of Lancashire*, says Ormerod House remained in the possession of the family of that name, from 1311 until 1793, when Lawrence Ormerod died. In the De Lacy Compoti, in the return for Clivacher (Cliviger), it is recorded that one Adamson paid to Mathew de Ormerode, as rent for lands in this township, ½lb. of pepper, value 6d. Hence the origin of the term "peppercorn," or nominal rent.

Similarly in the same Account Book for the year 1295, Matthew a Barcroft is credited with the payment of ½lb. of pepper, as rent for lands in Cliviger.

George Ormerod, the famous historian of Cheshire, is a descendant of this family.

possessed a bird famous through the country side. These birds were backed for large sums of money, so much so, that tradition has it, the fate of the Ormerod estates depended upon the issue. In the presence of a great crowd of farmers and gentry, the cocks were unbagged and round after round was fought, until at length "Butterfly" the champion of the Ormerods lay on the ground, seemingly dying, whilst "Cæsar" the Towneley favourite, in little better condition, was declared the victor. Ormerod, regarding himself as a ruined man, mounted his horse and rode towards home. When some little distance away he was recalled by one of his retainers who shouted "Come back, Butterfly's won." The bird had by a spasmodic effort, driven his spur through the head of his opponent, and so gained the victory. The name of the Inn was changed that night to "The Fighting Cocks," and for years after the sign bore on one side a picture of two cocks preparing to fly at each other with the couplet—

"For heaps of gold and silver we do fight,
Death comes at every blow when it hits right."

On the other side was a cock crowing over the dead body of its rival, with the words—

"Brave Townley's Cæsar here doth bleeding lye,
Kill'd by Ormerod's gallant Butterfly."

This is a characteristic picture of "those good old days" we all profess to deplore, but which surely we need not be too anxious to bring back again. Dr. Whitaker says that in the neighbourhood of Ormerod, there used to be kept a quaint instrument called a brank, which was a kind of bridle used to repress scolding women, and by means of which they were led about, compelled to maintain an ignominious silence, until they gave promise of amendment, and though the antiquarian condemns the use of such an instrument as "disgraceful," there is a suggestion at least, that he does not regard this as the *most* pernicious of ancient customs.

Almost due north of Ormerod House, and less than a mile therefrom, lies the village of Worsthorn,[1] on the border of the wild

[1] Worsthorn is derived from, *Wrthe*, a Saxon name, giving Wrdeston or Wrtheston, the town of Wrthe. The name is reproduced in Worston, a village on the other side of Pendle.

moorland forming the watershed and boundary between Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is a quaint and ancient village, but without any of the pretentions to picturesqueness possessed by its nearest neighbour—Hurstwood. It has lost during the last ten years one of its chief features of interest, the Old Hall, which has, unfortunately, been allowed literally to tumble to pieces. The illustration given, is, we believe, one of the latest photographs taken of this fine specimen of domestic architecture. The stone slabs filling so many of the window spaces were placed there to reduce the amount of "Window Tax." This questionable method of raising revenue bore very heavily upon our old halls, for their builders were profuse in the amount of light they allowed; and it was a common practice to evade the tax by walling up as many openings as could possibly be dispensed with.

The description of this Hall, as given in the Transactions of the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club, for 1893, shortly after the Hall was taken down, is as follows:—

Worsthorn Hall was one of the best examples of substantial and ornamental domestic architecture to be found in the County, but having fallen into decay, mainly due to mining underneath, it has become a necessity to take it down. It occupied a site on a rising piece of ground on the west bank of the narrow stream which runs through the village. The windows were divided into many compartments by moulded mullions and transomes, and those of the upper storey had a label mould peculiar to a few of the old halls of the neighbourhood. The handsome round-headed doorway in the porch was surmounted with a carved stone, bearing the following inscription, partly illegible through age, but which had fortunately been sketched and thus preserved by the Rev. S. J. Allen, M.A., between 1830 and 1840, when it was in fair condition:—

GVLIELMVS[1]
HALLSTED
ETELIZABE
THA VXOR
HIVS: ANNO
DOMIN 1683.

The builder of the Hall, William Halsted, born in 1614, sprung from the Halsteds of High Halsted in Worsthorn, was the third son of John Halsted of Rowley.

[1] Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson, who has known the place since childhood positively asserts that the Christian name of the builder was "*Robertus* and not Gulielmus" as stated in Taylor's *Old Halls of Lancashire and Cheshire*.

George, the second son, died young, and William, settling on his ample estate in Worsthorn, built the Hall. By his wife he had no issue. During his life he appears to have been an active man, and to have taken an interest in public affairs. On the division of the seats within the Chapel of Burnley, in 1634, he secured for himself the next seat to the minister, Mr. Roger Brierley, and he and his brother John, amongst others, were signatories to a petition concerning burial fees at Burnley, sent to the Bishop of Chester in 1638, to which cause, the tradition of the village attributes his downfall and death.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the distinguished art critic and editor of the *Portfolio*, who once resided at The Hollins, not far away from Worsthorn, had a beautiful engraving of this old mansion in his *Isles of Loch Awe, and other poems*, from a drawing made by himself, and in a letter to the late Mr. William Waddington, of Burnley, acknowledging the gift of a large photograph of the Hall, says: "Allow me to tell you, you could hardly have offered anything more acceptable to me as the building was always a great favourite of mine, and I used to think if ever I built a house I should like to have Worsthorn Hall simply copied in stone of its own size. I am sorry the old building is falling into decay, but that is the end of all buildings sooner or later, and even as it is they last longer than the architects."

Again writing from Autun, on the 30th December, 1886, after receiving the photograph, he says: "Messrs. Seeley forwarded to me the excellent photograph of Worsthorn Hall that you have been so kind as to give me. I remember when quite a boy being struck with the simple beauty of design in that old house and with its perfect unity. After studying a great deal of architecture since, I still retain my old opinion that Worsthorn Hall is one of the most harmonious and complete houses of its size that I have ever seen. Such a house could easily be applied to modern convenience, and would be better in every way than many commonplace modern designs."

One very old inhabitant of the village has informed the author, on the authority of her grandmother, that the old Hall was a favourite resting place of the monks, who, after the dissolution of the Abbeys, were wandering about the land, and to whom the hospitable doors of the old mansion were never closed.

We cannot but look with regret upon the vacant site of this noble monument of the past; there seem to have been sufficient

grounds on the score of public safety for its demolition (our illustration shows its walls deviating considerably from the perpendicular), but it must be confessed that many an ancient landmark has been bolstered up and handed down to posterity, though less worthy of preservation than the Hall of Worsthorn.

Associated with Worsthorn is another of those barbarous old customs which prevailed until the middle of last century—that of Bull-baiting. The bull-ring was attached to a huge block of stone, generally sunk level with the ground; to this ring the bull was attached by a rope, and after it had been sufficiently infuriated, its horns being wrapped in balls of tow, the first dog was set upon it. The "sport" consisted in the dog seizing the bull by the nose and holding it in that way for a minute or two. It often happened that the dog was tossed high into the air, but sometimes the poor tortured animal broke loose and charged the spectators with fatal consequences, at which no one could reasonably complain.

Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson says the last bull-fight at Worsthorn took place in 1834, a few yards below the entrance to the churchyard. The infuriated bull on that occasion broke loose from his tormentors, and finally, "as if urged by a dumb prophetic instinct, that in education lay the surest hope of a more humane treatment of his species in the future, he took sanctuary in the yard of the village school." Bull-baiting was also carried on at the village of Extwistle, the bullstone, a ponderous mass of millstone grit, being built into the wall hard by the White Cottage.

In accordance with what has already been stated as to the knowledge of local customs possessed by Edmund Spenser, we find a reference to this cruel sport in the *Faerie Queene*—

> "Like a wylde bull, that, being at a bay,
> Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound,
> And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
> On every side, and beat about him round."—Book VI., Canto V.

Through the kindness of the President of the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club we are enabled to introduce here a photograph of "The Hollins";[1] it is a pleasing residence, on the old road from

[1] Hollin is the dialect word for Holly Tree, it is found again in Hollin Hey Clough.

THE HOLLINS.

By permission of the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley.

Burnley to Halifax, passing over "The Long Causeway," and lies by the side of the Brun, a short distance from Ormerod House. It is of interest as being for a time the residence of Philip Gilbert Hamerton.[1] From this spot, where some of his earliest and happiest days were spent, he seems to have roamed over the surrounding country of Hurstwood and Worsthorn, carrying away with him impressions which in later life manifested themselves in his distinguished career. He was for a time a pupil at the Burnley Grammar School in the palmy days of Dr. Butler, and was only debarred from proceeding to Oxford on account of his inability to subscribe to the Articles of the Church of England. His *Isles of Loch Awe and other poems*, published in 1855, contains, as already stated, engravings of river scenes and halls in the neighbourhood, marked by much taste and ability. From 1872 to 1894, the year of his death, he was the editor of *The Portfolio*, a journal of Art, published by Messrs. Seeley, and largely illustrated by etchings, in the making of which he was an adept. In 1868 he wrote a book—"*Etching and Etchers*"—and shortly afterwards a novel—*Wenderholme*, of considerable local interest. This book contains careful descriptions of The Hollins, Browsholme Hall, and other places in the neighbourhood.

EXTWISTLE HALL.

[1] For an account of his life, see a paper, "Philip Gilbert Hamerton—a man," in the Transactions of the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club. Vol. XIX., p. 37.

A mile north of Worsthorn, on the crest of a hill overlooking the Swinden Valley, stands the sturdy old home of the Parkers—Extwistle Hall—in the township of Extwistle-cum-Briercliffe.[1]

The manor of "Extwisell" belonged to the Abbey of Newbo in Lincolnshire, in the year 1193. In the tenth year of Henry IV. it is described as being in the occupation of William Parker. The Hall, a substantially built structure in the Tudor style, was erected by a John Parker about the end of the Sixteenth Century. The front elevation of the mansion faces almost due north. The main entrance is approached by a flight of stone steps leading immediately into the principal apartment, a fine dining room amply lighted by long range windows divided by mullions and transomes.

A Robert Parker was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1710; his death was the result of a singular accident which ultimately caused the removal of the family to Cuerden Hall, its present seat. Captain Parker being engaged in drying a quantity of gunpowder in one of the rooms of the Hall, an explosion of such violence occurred as seriously to damage the Hall and to inflict injuries upon him which caused his death in the following year.[2]

His son and heir, Banister Parker, appears to have been so affected by his father's accident, that he quitted the old place and took up his residence at Cuerden, to which estates he was heir, through his mother's family. Since that time Extwistle has been occupied intermittently by local farmers.

The bleak and elevated moorlands around Worsthorn and Extwistle, have yielded many traces of their early occupation by primitive races. The moors have been untouched by the hand of man since these old races peopled them, and so many of the evidences, lost in more favoured, cultivated districts, are retained to this day, on these lonely wastes. Circular camps, rings of stones with a cairn in

[1] The derivation of Extwistle is not at all obvious. Its meaning is given by Dr. Whitaker as "the boundary of oaks," from the Anglo-Saxon *Twixt* or *Twist* a boundary. There is evidence that the district was formerly well wooded, and the oak would be the most likely tree to flourish in this wild country. Twistleton or Twiston is another instance of the use of the same word. Briercliffe, is "a steep overgrown with briers," and it is significant that Spenser in one of his poems, "should select the brier to hold converse with the oak."

[2] In Mr. Wood's MSS., there is an entry dated Thursday, March 20th, 1717, in which it is stated that Captain Robert Parker and other members of his family "were much damnified by gunpowder, and two rooms much damaged." And later, April 21st, 1718, "Captain Parker died."

the centre, and round barrows, containing massive stone coffins, have been found within the last fifty years.

Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson, who is particularly well-informed on the subject of these discoveries, and who has himself unearthed in one of these stone circles, a prehistoric urn of bronze containing calcined remains, relates the history of these researches, in his *Memories of Hurstwood.*

EXTWISTLE HALL FROM THE SIDE.

The first discovery of an ancient grave near Burnley was made by the late Mr. Studley Martin in 1842, whilst on a visit to Ormerod Hall. On digging within a stone circle on the summit of a hill overlooking the village of Worsthorn, an urn was discovered containing the calcined remains of a human body, and this relic is now preserved at Ormerod.

On Extwistle Moor, in a close called Delf Hill Pasture, Mr. Spencer, an antiquarian, of Halifax, discovered in 1842 three small rudely-shaped urns containing human remains, together with a number of flint arrow-heads.

In 1886, Mr. T. Wilkinson found a well-defined circle of seven rude stones in the upper part of Hell Clough. In the centre of a smaller circle hard by, about three feet from the surface, was found a black carbonised mass of charcoal and human remains, but no urn.

Afterwards, a deep trench was dug across the first circle, and a number of loose stones, covering a large three-cornered flag-stone, were discovered. Beneath the flag was an urn, the examination of which took place in the presence of a number of antiquarians including Dr. March, of Rochdale, and Mr. Abram, of Blackburn. A great number of carbonised human bones were found in the urn, among which were the jaw bones of two persons—an adult and a child—together with the bones of an animal—probably a dog—and also a bronze pin four inches in length. This urn is now preserved at Cuerden Hall, in the possession of Mr. Townley-Parker, on whose estate it was discovered.

A few years later at Cliviger Laithe, near Mereclough, a cinerary urn containing the cremated bones of two persons—an adult and a child—was found. In this urn was a bone pin similar in size to the bronze one found in the Hell Clough urn. Two other urns, each accompanied by a food-vessel, have also been dug up at Cliviger Laithe.

In pre-historic graves, food-vessels and the bones of different animals have often been discovered, indicating the belief of the ancient races in the continued life of the spirit after death. From the two discoveries in 1886, it would appear probable that a child was sacrificed to accompany the adult into the world of spirits. This, together with the rude shape and make of the urns, would seem to assign a very high antiquity to the race which, ages ago, cremated and buried their dead in the neighbourhood of Burnley.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BURNLEY.

CHAPTER III.

Hesandford to Burnley.

The old House of Hesandford—Riverside walks—Burnley Church and Old Burnley—The Grammar School.

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

OF the many short walks around Burnley, none is more popular than that of Hesandford,[1] and none is more worthy of popularity. Within a few minutes of the centre of this busy manufacturing town, Pheasandford as it is commonly called, provides one of those charming riverside walks, which one usually finds only in remote country places.

The old House of Hesandford, is one of the most ancient in the locality. One wing is composed of deep irregular courses of rude masonry, which at least dates from the days when the house was used by Oliver de Stansfield, Receiver of the Honor of Clitheroe.

The Manor was originally held by "Henry, the Clerk of Bronley," who, about the year 1200, had possession of an estate "between the rivulet flowing through the midst of Bronley, and the field called Saxifield." It was granted to "Oliver de Stansfend"

[1] The derivation of Hesandford is obviously "the ford of high sand banks." Its more ancient form *Heysandford*, giving the local pronunciation of *High*, which in the dialect becomes "heigh." *Forth* is only an arbitrary variation of "ford."

in 1311, who was a free tenant, paying one penny per annum, and in the fifteenth year of Henry VII, it was in the possession of Geoffrey Stansfield who is stated to have held it by military service. His grand-daughter, Johanna, the last of the Stansfields, married Simon Haydock, into whose family the estates descended.

THE BRUN, HESANDFORD.

"During the times of the Lacies the 'old house at Hesandforth,' on the banks of the Brun, would be very conveniently situated for the Receiver of the Honor. It was almost at an equal distance from Pontefract and Lancaster, near the highroad connecting the two places, and within easy reach of the Manor House in the Park of Ightenhill, where the Lacies usually rested during their progresses from Pontefract to Clitheroe and thence to their stronghold of Lancaster Castle. The 'Long Causeway' was then at times something more than a bleak and comfortless road, and the extended line of sumpter horses transporting the furniture from Pontefract or Lancaster, in order to fit up the Manor House of Ightenhill for the reception of the Earls and their attendants, must have presented a curious contrast to the usual solitude of these dreary wastes." [1]

[1] From *History of the Parochial Church of Burnley*, by T. T. Wilkinson, p. 17.

Crossing the Brun at Hesandford and proceeding by the old house along the riverside, whose appearance we attempt to depict in our illustration, we soon arrive at the confluence of three streams. The Brun curves off to the south at the point at which it receives Swinden Water, the latter flowing almost due west from Extwistle and Swinden Valley, and receiving in turn a few yards from its meeting with the Brun, a beautiful, swift running stream the Don,[1] or Cockden Water, flowing from the heights of Boulsworth.

"THE OLD HOUSE AT HESANDFORD."

Retracing our steps towards Burnley, we approach the Parish Church by the road formerly known as Godly Lane, passing the site of the ancient Cross, regarded by some as one of those erected to commemorate the preaching of Paulinus, and equal in antiquity with those at Whalley and Dewsbury, the latter bearing the inscription "Paulinus hic prodicavit et celebravit, A.D. 627." Whether this old cross, now preserved in the enclosure behind the Russian Cannons, is rightly associated with the ministrations of Paulinus, or whether it is simply an ancient market cross, is a question which in all probability will never be settled, though the antiquity of Burnley as a market town lends support to the latter conjecture.[2]

Tradition has it, that the site of the Cross was the place chosen

[1] Another common Celtic river name, found in various parts of England and on the Continent, derived from the Celtic root *Don* to flow.

[2] In the 22nd year of Edward I., Henry de Lacy obtained a Charter for a market every Tuesday (or Wednesday) at his manor of Burnley; also a Fair Day yearly on the eve, day, and morrow of the Feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

for the erection of the Parish Church, but that the materials were nightly conveyed by invisible agents to the river side where the Church now stands. Instances of such supernatural interference in the selection of building sites are fairly common, and they have apparently always been too significant to be disregarded.

Standing on the spot where the old stocks formerly stood at the bottom of Godly Lane, we are in the heart of Old Burnley, under the shadow of its ancient Church. The town well, Old Shorey, which once supplied "Top o'th town" with an abundance of sparkling water, stands by the river side, but is disused and neglected. Swinden and Cant Clough have superseded Old Shorey, but the old well with the stepping-stones by which it was approached, will be a familiar and not unwelcome picture to many Burnley folks.

OLD SHOREY WELL.

The Parish Church, dedicated to St. Peter, is one of the three Chapels existing in the Parish of Whalley at the date of Delaval's Charter (Henry I); the remaining two (Colne and Clitheroe) have some remnants of the original fabrics, but Burnley has none. The Choir and East window are generally assigned to the time of

Edward III. The age of the remaining portions is exactly ascertained by an indenture dated 24th. Henry VIII, by which Thomas Sellers and Nicholas Craven[1] undertook within four years "to re-build the North and South hylings of Burnley Church, with 18 buttresses, and every buttress having a funnel upon the top, according to the fashion of the funnels upon the new chapel of our Lady of Whalley, and that the said hylings shall be battled after the form of a battling on the said chapel, having one course of achelors more than the said chapel hath, for the sum of sixty pounds." As a matter of fact the North and Middle aisles were actually re-built and the South aisle remained in its original state until 1789, when it was pulled down and re-built, with a gallery over it, at a cost of more than £1,000. This work had actually been contracted for in the time of Henry VIII, for the sum of £30.

THE BRUN, FROM BANK HALL GROUNDS. *By permission of the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley.*

After the alterations and additions of 1789, the Church was structurally much the same as it now is, with the exception of the alterations made to the north aisle and gallery, and the elevation of

[1] Probably masons employed at Whalley Abbey.

the tower in 1802-3. The general plan of the Church is cruciform, the head being formed by the chancel, and the arms by the Towneley and Scarlett Chapels on the north and south sides respectively. The Font placed at the west end of the Church is very ancient, probably of the time of Henry VIII, and is large enough to admit of the total immersion of infants. It is octagonal in form, and bears various heraldic devices upon its faces, the chief of which are two shields each bearing the arms of Towneley, Sir John Towneley having been a liberal contributor to the rebuilding of the Church at the time.

THE FONT, ST. PETER'S CHURCH. *Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.*

The Towneley Chapel or Choir, already mentioned, on the north aisle, was originally a chantry of very ancient date. In 1373, Thomas de la Legh granted the third part of the Manor of Towneley to Gilbert his son, subject to the condition of his finding a chaplain to chant for the souls of the said Leghs and their ancestors. A later foundation, dated 1469, is also on record, in which "Raufe (Holden) Abbot, and

the Convent of Whalley, grant to John Townley, Esq., three litel garthes (small enclosures) of land lying from the Brig of Browne between the water and the psh. churchyarde of Bronley, on ye north and west side of ye said churche, from 19 yeares to 19 yeares, at the rent of 3d. per an. so long as ye saide John and his heires wyll paye ye same." This grant refers to the site and garden of the Chantry House, and shows that the Chantry was endowed before the rebuilding of the Choir in 1502.

An incomplete inscription[1] in old English characters on the rails, which divided the Chapel from the nave of the Church, made clear the date of its erection or restoration. The following could be readily deciphered:—"I, John Townley, Knight, have founded and endowed this altar in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and for the good standing (prosperity) of myself and Isabella my wife, whilst living," . . . . etc.

The entire emoluments of the Chantry were diverted at the time of the Reformation into other channels, in some cases as here, to the endowment of a Grammar School, but in countless instances to less worthy objects.

A long line of the Towneleys are laid to rest beneath the floor of this Chapel, the fewness and simplicity of their monuments being entirely out of proportion to their wealth and position in the county. Unlike the Sherburnes of Mytton, for example, they rarely sought to record the merits of their most illustrious dead by the usual panegyric of monumental inscriptions or sculptures. "Many of the most distinguished possessors of the Towneley estates repose in peace in the family vaults without a single line to indicate their place of sepulture. There are here no tedious tracings of lordly lineage and high descent—no laboured catalogues of the good deeds done by those who sleep beneath—nor has the aid of the sculptor ever been required to preserve the lineaments of those who by great acquirements or valiant deeds have merited the honour and esteem of their contemporaries and commanded the admiration of posterity. Yet it

[1] "Quod ego Johannes Townley miles fundavi et ordinavi hanc cantariam in honorem beatæ Mariæ Virginis pro bono statu meo et Isabellæ uxoris meæ dum vixerimus et pro animabus . . ."

must not be imagined that the Towneley Family can produce no names worthy of being transmitted to future times by means of the sculptor's art."[1]

The Stansfield Choir, dedicated to St. Anthony, and sometimes called on account of its small size "St. Anthony's cage," now known as the Scarlett Chapel, occupies a corresponding position to the

THE SCARLETT CHAPEL, ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.

Towneley Chapel, on the South side of the Church. It contains a fine bust of General Scarlett, and formerly belonged to the Haydocks of Hesandford, as representatives of the Stansfields, Lords of Worsthorn. Within the Chapel is an ancient gravestone on which are engraved in bold relief a cross fleury and sword. Dr. Whitaker supposes it to have covered the remains of "one of the earlier Stansfields, probably Oliver de Stansfield the first grantee of the Manor of Worsthorn, since the style of it well accords with the era of Edward II. The sword marks his office as Constable of Pontefract Castle, and the quire undoubtedly belonged to his house at Hesandford and was called by his name."

[1] Mr. T. T. Wilkinson's *History of Burnley Church*, p. 12. See Chapter on Towneley.

That Oliver de Stansfield was sufficiently powerful and wealthy to erect and endow the Chapel was doubtless due to the high degree of favour which he found in the sight of Henry de Lacy, who in addition to the grant of the Manor of Worsthorn, rewarded his military achievements by making him his Seneschal or Steward, Constable of Pontefract Castle and Receiver of the Honor of Clitheroe. The family name, however, was not transmitted to a distant posterity, it became extinct after four generations, and the manorial rights passed through the female line to the Haydocks, as before mentioned.

The manorial rights seem to have been often the subject of dispute and litigation. In the reign of Henry VI, these rights were contested by the Towneleys, but the award was in favour of James Stansfield and his heirs. A century later, a similar dispute having arisen, the decision was in favour of Simon Haydock, and in compliance with the judgment "the sum of £20 was paid as an acknowledgment of seignior, rent and service, upon the fonte of Burnley Churche, to the said Simon and Johanna (Stansfield) his wife, 29th September, 1560."

No sooner was this suit disposed of than a claimant for the family Chapel appeared. In an old memorandum book belonging to the Haydocks, Dr. Whitaker found the following entry:—"Anno Domini 1603, I had a suite with my cousin Haberghame, of Haberghame, for my quier in Brunley Churche, and the suite cost me, as apperethe by the particulars which I have, at least C marks." In this case also the verdict was in favour of the original possessors.

The division railing has long been removed, the floor and the ancient gravestone have been covered, but the historic interest of the Chapel has been revived, and the marble bust of another warrior which is well placed in a niche in the wall, recalls the heroism of General Scarlett and renames the Chapel. General Sir James Yorke Scarlett made the first attack upon the Russian cavalry, at the battle of Balaclava, on the 25th of October, 1854—the anniversary of Agincourt—and completely broke and scattered them by his heavy horse, the gallant General leading the charge far in advance of his

intrepid regiments. Lord Raglan wrote of this achievement: "The Russian cavalry advanced, supported by artillery in very great strength. One portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93rd, and were instantly driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of that distinguished regiment. The other and larger mass turned towards Her Majesty's heavy cavalry, and afforded Brigadier-General Scarlett an opportunity of inflicting upon them a most signal defeat. The ground was very unfavourable for the attack of our dragoons, but no obstacle was sufficient to check their advance; and they charged into the Russian columns, which soon sought safety in flight, although far superior in numbers." The Crimean Cannons

THE CRIMEAN CANNONS.

contained in the enclosure near Bank Hall, also commemorate this valiant deed. With very tender pathos and grace, Philip Gilbert Hamerton in the story of Kilchurn among the beautiful legends of *The Isles of Loch Awe*, refers to the painful experiences of loved ones left behind, as one of the awful concomitants of war, his reference being especially directed to the long and weary period of waiting, endured by Lady Scarlett in seclusion at Bank Hall, during the Crimean campaign.

" Now as I write, it is a time of war;
And wives of soldier-peasants, soldier-peers,
Grow pale and weary with anxiety.
Some sitting in sad luxury alone,
With feet half buried in the velvet pile
Of noiseless carpets; and a newspaper,
Or the last letter from the one beloved,
Laid on the sofa—every syllable
Already grown familiar as the words
Of hollow social use.

Pause with this picture, let it do its work,
You see such sufferers in your daily life:
Perhaps the fearful pain of their suspense
Excites in you—it ought—true sympathy.
If so, you are prepared to follow me
Into the past. These sorrows are not new.
Alas! all grief is ancient in the earth—
War, absence, fear, anxiety, suspense—
Old as the story of the siege of Troy,
Old as the legend of Penelope."

Only a few other points in the history of the Parish Church can be mentioned, the reader being referred to Dr. Whitaker or Mr. T. T. Wilkinson for more complete accounts of the endowments, incumbents and records of the Parish. Previous to the Reformation, it contained a little colony of priests, who were primarily engaged to officiate at one or other of the four Chantries. At the dissolution of Chantries, in the reign of Edward VI, there was a complete confiscation of all revenues, the incumbents and priests being treated with but little distinction. Some chapels were entirely demolished, as the one at Chatburn; others dissolved and sold back to the inhabitants, as at Littleborough; others again left standing, but without endowment or minister; the Church of Burnley was stripped of everything, the incumbent receiving only a trifling pension and being compelled to occupy himself as a teacher. Sir John Aspdene, the incumbent at this time, was allowed "for his wages yearly the sum of £4 8s. 11d.," and even a century later during the time of the Commonwealth, Henry Morris, described as "an able and orthodox divine," received only about £36 per annum. The enormous increase in the value of the endowments has arisen chiefly through the growth and prosperity of the town, and through subsequent benefactions.

The history of Burnley Grammar School, dating as it does from the time of Edward VI, will amply repay attention and study. The date of its foundation is not accurately known, but is given approximately by Mr. J. Langfield Ward, M.A., in a paper published in *The Preston Herald* of August 27th, 1887, as the year 1552.

Sir Gilbert Fairbanke, one of the Chantry priests at the time of the dissolution, occupied a house near the church, which was used as the first schoolhouse, though whether he became the first schoolmaster or not is uncertain. Before the death of Sir Gilbert in 1556 several endowments were made to the school "for the maintenance of a schoolmaster in succession to teach children and young men from time to time for ever." In 1577 came a more important gift of three pounds a year from John Ingham, of Whalley, "for the supportation, maintenance, stipend and salary of a schoolmaster for ever, to instruct and teach children and young persons freely in the Free Grammar School, founded, established, maintained, erected or kept in Burnley." It will be seen that in days when a labourer's wages amounted to 3d. a day, and when beef and mutton were less than 1d. a pound, these sums of a few shillings per annum were no inconsiderable endowments. The total income from property was given in 1702 as £21 7s. 9d., but in 1825 it had risen to £137 16s., and in 1862 to £276.

There have been at least three distinct buildings since the school was founded, and it is suggested there may have been a fourth. The first was Sir G. Fairbank's house on the west side of the churchyard, the second was the building erected at the expense of Robert Parker, of Extwistle, in 1693, the third, the present building, erected from designs by Messrs. Waddington, and dated 1874. We give an illustration of this building as it is seen from the riverside near Bank Parade.

It appears from the pleadings of a lawsuit between the Governors and the Towneley Family, (the latter claiming a schoolhouse built on a plot of ground adjacent to the churchyard,) that another school had been built in 1602, in which case the present school would have to be reckoned as the fourth, and not the third. The building in question consisted of a lower room used as a store place and an

upper room used for the school. The case for the Towneleys was that "John Towneley, having a certain parcel of charity land adjacent to the churchyard in 1602, erected a dwelling-house there, and some of the inhabitants led stone and timber, desiring that the upper room might be used for a school; Mr. Towneley paid for everything connected with the building. The Towneleys

BURNLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

claimed that right of way had been enjoyed without interruption; no rent, however, was paid for the school. When the Governors attempted to challenge the Towneley claim, the latter put a padlock on the school door and the Governors broke it open. George Culcheth

proved that rent had been paid for the lower room to the Towneleys." The line of defence adopted recapitulated the history of the school, insisting upon the fact that it had trustees before the time of John Towneley in 1602. "There was property belonging to a Grammar School at Burnley, therefore there must have been a Grammar School, and the building then standing was that School, and as the Towneleys

PORCH OF THE
OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

By permission of the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley.

said that the ground was granted to them since 1600, they could not claim a superior right over a school which had been in the churchyard before that time." The Governors were hampered in their attempt to get evidence, for no Burnley resident could be a witness for them, it being held that, as they claimed the right of having their children freely taught at the school, they were interested parties. The Towneleys were victorious, and the matter was apparently ended by the building of another school in 1693, which for close upon two

centuries carried on the work of higher education in Burnley, until in 1874 it was replaced by the present building, which with recent additions and under the control of the Corporation of Burnley is more successful than ever.

Through the kindness of the President of the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club, we are able to give here a photograph of the porch of the old Grammar School (1693) taken the day before its demolition, and side by side with it we place another School, which, though not its equal in age, compared favourably with it in point of service to the community. Carlton Road School was established by,

CARLTON ROAD SCHOOL, BURNLEY.

and will ever stand associated with, its first Head Master, William Milner Grant. For a quarter of a century Head Master of St. Peter's National School, he laboured for the rest of his life in his own school, winning the esteem of two generations of pupils, who for many years to come, in Burnley and indeed all over the globe, will bear their willing testimony to his disinterésted and zealous service in the cause of Education. The Grant Memorial Scholarship, tenable at the Burnley Grammar School, will perpetuate his name, but his best and truest monument will be found in the hearts of those whose lives he

influenced, and whose characters he did so much to form and mould. With the expiring century his old school ceased to exist, not prematurely cut off, but full of years and honour, and with an educational record of which any school might well be proud. The photograph of Carlton Road School inserted here will serve to keep intact another of those links with the past, which many of us could not willingly permit to be severed.

The rapid rise of the town of Burnley during the Nineteenth Century[1] has obliterated so many features of interest, that there is ample scope for a book dealing with Old Burnley alone. Many and striking are the old tales and legends, which cluster thickly round its Church and tell of the doings of an age that is gone. We are not permitted to dwell upon these quaint stories that might well find a chronicler, but must with diligence pursue the course of our stream, so soon to lose itself in the Calder.

The old mill-stream or "goyt," which for so long turned "King's Mill" has been superseded by innumerable steam engines, but it still flows on with all its old willingness and ability to serve. The long lines of "Galloways" are seen no more, their picturesque carrying trade has entirely disappeared, and both they and their contemporaries the stage coaches, have fled before an enterprising Railway Company. The days of the handloom weaver too, who never dreamed of an eight hours' Bill, have also gone, and the roar of modern machinery in huge factories, now sings his requiem. The simple lives and beliefs of our grandfathers, their superstitions and hopes and fears, have likewise been dissipated before the onward march of education and progress—

> "The silent pace with which they steal away,
> No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay."

It is only the muddy stream that pursues unchanged its devious old course, and even that has been marked out by a paved channel.

After almost encircling the Parish Church, it hastens on its sinuous way as though anxious to anticipate its end, and soon loses both individuality and name. In the district known locally as Salford,

[1] The population of Burnley (with Habergham Eaves) in 1801 was 5,200, in 1853 it was 33,000, and at the end of the century almost 100,000.

it takes its final plunge, and mingling its waters with those of the Calder, has no longer a separate existence.

Our pilgrimage by the banks of bonnie Brun may not be further extended. We have traced its course from beginning to end; we have followed its pleasant windings and lingered upon its old-world associations, so full of the glamour and charm of romance; but we can pursue it no longer, it eludes our grasp, and ends our theme,

"For the mill cannot grind with the water that is past."

CALDERDALE.

PART III.

THE PENDLE COUNTRY—PENDLE HILL.

Pendle Water, Pendle Forest and Pendle Witches.

CHAPTER I. - PENDLE FOREST.

„ II. - THE WYCOLLER STREAM AND COLNE WATER.

Around these dark and dreary moors,
Without one gleam of light,
    Grim superstition dwelt;
Enthralling with his cruel blood-stained hand
Our hapless fathers, lost in hopeless gloom;
None caring to relieve their night of pain,
Nor seeing yet the dawn of brighter day.

Across these wild and rugged moors,
Heedless of winter storms,
    John Wesley rode;
Disdainful both of weariness and toil,
He counted labour rest, and sorrow joy,
Serving his Lord (whose glory here he saw,)
By striving some benighted soul to cheer.

By permission of the Literary and
Scientific Society.

THE WITCHES' HALL, ROUGHLEE.

CHAPTER I.

Pendle Forest.

Source and course of the stream—Pendle Hill—Pendle Forest—Witchcraft—The Lancashire Witches—Newchurch-in-Pendle—Roughlee—The Witches' Hall—Old Laund Hall—"The Duckpits"—"The Water-Meetings."

> "As we travelled we came near a very great high hill, called Pendle Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it, which I did with much ado, it was so very steep and high. When I came to the top, I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire. From the top of this hill the Lord let me see in what places He had a great people to be gathered."—*George Fox's Journal.*

> "Pendle Hill and Penygant, and little Ingleborough,
> Are three such hills as you'll not find, by searching England thorough."

FROM the earliest times, indeed ever since the occupation of the country by our remote Celtic ancestors, Pendle Hill has been an object of veneration and worship. Its very name, according to one of the most likely derivations, indicates "the hill of idols"[1] and it must be admitted that in varying form and degree it has cast its spell upon succeeding generations of dwellers beneath its mighty shadow. Cold indeed and callous must be the heart, which does not burn with emotion as the well-remembered form once again comes into view after long absence and separation.

[1] Two or three theories have been advanced to account for the derivation and meaning of Pendle. One of the most pleasing invented by Dr. Whitaker, in conformity with the well known practice of reduplication, regards it as *Penhull*, making the second syllable Saxon and a mere repetition of and addition to the Celtic *Pen*, the head, a generic hill name in Britain. Undoubtedly this suggestion has its difficulties, as pointed out by Mr. McKay, but the local pronunciation, and the parallel cases of bi-lingual repetition in such words as Hurstwood, Hag Wood, give to it at least a measure of probability; moreover the occurrence of the single name *Pen*, is found in a prominent hill in Wensleydale, known as Pen Hill. Another suggestion connecting the second syllable with *Dale* or *Dal* has always found supporters, notably Dr. Spencer Hall, but it must be confessed that "the hill of the dale" is contradictory and somewhat meaningless, for every hill must necessarily be the hill of a dale. Mr. McKay inclines to the belief that *Dle* is *Dil* the Celtic word for an image, the word in Welsh is *Delw* pronounced like the last syllable of Pendle. This derivation has much to commend it, in view of the fact that our pagan fathers invariably made the hills their temples of worship.

How often have we renewed our acquaintance with this "Wooer of storms and parent of streams," and ever with increased rapture and joy! When the light snow has crunched beneath our feet, we have panted up its steep sides; when the hedgerows were assuming their Easter garb, we have made our spring pilgrimage; under a burning summer sun we have toiled up "the big end," and sought with willing feet the cooling mountain spring upon its high tableland, and even before the rising of the sun on some balmy June morning, in goodly company, have we reached its purple summit to behold the first streaks of ruddy light illumine the eastern sky; in gentle rain and mist and fog, in hurricane of wind, and fanned by gentle summer breezes have we beheld it in all its moods and phases. From every side, from end to end, we have explored and re-explored its every corner, and never have we returned without new visions "upon which the eye, the memory and the imagination repose with equal delight."[1]

PENDLE FROM NOGGARTH. *Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.*

Pendle is an enormous mass of matter, five or six miles in length and with an average breadth of over a mile. The highest point marked by the Ordnance cairn is 1830 feet above sea level.

[1] In Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*, Nicholas Assheton, the noted diarist, is made to say—"I love Pendle Hill, and from whatever side I view it—whether from this place (above Read) where I see it from end to end, from its lowest point to its highest; from Padiham, where it frowns upon me; from Clitheroe where it smiles; or from Downham, where it rises in full majesty before me—from all points and under all aspects, whether robed in mist, or radiant with sunshine, I delight in it. Born beneath its giant shadow, I look upon it with filial regard."

Like so many of the Pennine Hills its bold headline is towards the north, due doubtless to the denuding action of the sun upon the southern slopes. From no point in Lancashire is a finer and more extensive view to be obtained. Let us glance towards the horizon and take in the more distant objects which stand out in the clear air with almost startling distinctness. "Towards the west the sea is very distinguishable, and the Isle-of-Man, the busy town of Barrow-in-Furness, and the vast ranges of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Hills, with other of the British Apennines lying further north, come under our observation. Then we have the keep of Lancaster Castle, the towers of York Minster, and the land stretching towards the German Ocean, as far as the powers of the eye can extend, while in a north-easterly direction, Ingleborough, Whernside, Penyghent, and the whole of the West Riding of Yorkshire, with the numerous interesting objects that dignify that wild and romantic region, come under review."

Pendle is remarkable as having been subject to mighty discharges of water causing great inundations in the valleys below. One of the most notable is mentioned by Camden; it occurred in the year 1580, and made a clough in the side of the hill which is known as "Brast" (or burst) Clough. In the year 1669 Mr. Charles Towneley describes in a letter "a mighty torrent" which issued from the north-west end on the 18th of August of that year. He says: "The water gushed out from the top of the hill in such quantities and so suddenly that it made a breast a yard high and continued running for about two hours. The houses in the village of Worston, a distance of two miles from the point of irruption, were so completely inundated that the furniture in the lower rooms was set afloat by the turbid stream." These phenomena are due to the accumulation of water in a large subterranean cavern, the pressure of which gradually increases until at length it bursts through the surface and makes a way for itself down the hill side.

From time immemorial Pendle has been a Beacon Hill, and is so mentioned in an old work of the time of the Spanish Armada.[1]

[1] Copy of letter from the Council to the North in Yorkshire, "The Beacon of Sharpe, in Staincliffe, near Skipton, receiveth light of a beacon in Lancashire, *called Pendle Beacon*, near Clitheroe."

The eastern side of the hill is coursed by no less than eight or ten cloughs, through each of which a small stream flows; five or six of these at the northern end unite to form the river known as Pendle Water, which flows through the village of Barley, and then in a circuitous course through Roughlee, Barrowford, where it receives Colne Water, and onwards to Nelson and Brierfield, washing the foot of the hill upon which Old Laund Hall stands, beyond which it joins the Calder at a point locally known as the "Water Meetings," near Royle Hall. In its almost semi-circular course of ten or twelve miles it encloses one of the wildest, most sequestered, and romantic tracts of country in Lancashire, known as the Forest of Pendle. Until quite recent times it was almost impenetrable, the roads were in an almost impassable condition, and the scanty inhabitants in a deplorable state of ignorance and lawlessness. In 1311 the value of the Forest containing some twenty to twenty-five square miles was put down at £5 10s.—eleven cow pastures at 10/- each. It was held to be dangerous for travellers to cross the Forest, and for centuries it was shut out from the world.[1] We need not wonder, therefore, that it was the fruitful parent of superstition, and the favoured home of witchcraft and devil-worship. A veritable reign of terror overshadowed its lonely recesses, and no more fitting scene for the enactment of the sad tragedies depicted in Harrison Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches* could have been found throughout the length and breadth of the land. The courage of John Wesley is strikingly attested by his visits to Roughlee between 1747-57,[2] and the nature of "the Forest barbarians" is equally well shown by the fact that they mobbed

[1] Dr. Whitaker says of Pendle Forest, "It still bears the marks of original barrenness and recent cultivation; it is still distinguished from the ancient freehold tracts around by want of old houses, old woods, high fences (for these were prohibited by the forest laws); by peculiarities of dialect and manners in its inhabitants; and lastly by a general air of poverty, which all the opulence of manufacturers cannot remove. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of this district must have been with few exceptions a wretchedly poor and uncultivated race, having little communication with the occupants of the more fertile regions around them, and in whose minds superstition must have had absolute and uncontrolled domination."

[2] John Wesley's visits to remote Lancashire villages. The wonderful activity of John Wesley is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the long fatiguing journeys which he took to remote country villages. So far as the district on the Lancashire and Yorkshire border is concerned his Journal records many visits. To Colne alone, he came no less than nine times between 1759 and 86.

July 29th. 1759. "We went to Colne (formerly I suppose a Roman Colony) situated at the top of a high round hill, at the edge of Pendle Forest. I have seldom seen a more attentive or decently behaved congregation. How is the scene changed since the drunken mob of this town used to be a terror to all the country!" He had been to Barrowford and Roughlee in 1748, and

and maltreated him, and raised a serious riot on at least one of these visits.

The origin of witchcraft is to be attributed to the erroneous teaching and belief upon the personal form and presence of an evil entity in the world, and as one of the early tenets of the Christian faith was a belief in the personal form of a devil, it was undoubtedly the clergy and ministers who first made possible the grotesque and pernicious belief in witchcraft. No less a man than John Wesley himself firmly believed in witchcraft, and boldly declared that "giving up witchcraft was in effect giving up the Bible." Clergymen of every degree from popes to presbyters, kings, legislators, judges, scholars and private citizens of every rank and profession, shared the popular notion that certain men and notably women were possessed by Satanic power to the injury and mischance of their fellows. The popular fancy attributed the origin of such powers to a bargain more or less voluntarily made with the evil one, by which the soul of the unholy "trafficer with the powers of darkness," was, after some period, inevitably forfeited and claimed by him, so that it would appear upon the conviction of the unfortunate witch, both soul and body were condemned, hope both in this world and the next being forfeited with equal certainty.

Like all popular manias, the witch delusion had its paroxysms, and when one of these reached its height, innocent victims by the score were made to suffer, either incurring the suspicion and hatred of their neighbours, or being submitted to one or other of the

had been most roughly treated, but this was during the life of the Rev. George White, the incumbent of Colne. See account in next chapter. He also visited Haworth, and preached in the Church there in Mr. Grimshaw's time, the Rev. Patrick Brontë was subsequently Vicar of this Church.

July 12th, 1761. Sunday. "I had appointed to be at Haworth, but the Church would not near contain the people who came from all sides; however, Mr. Grimshaw had provided for this by fixing a scaffold on the outside of one of the windows, through which I went after prayers, and the people all likewise went out into the churchyard. What has God wrought in the midst of those rough mountains!"

From Halifax, he came to Todmorden and preached both there and at Heptonstall in the open air, then over the moors to Widdup, where he preached in a private house. The bleak moorlands of the water-parting must have been well known to this intrepid preacher.

On two occasions he went to Padiham, of one of these visits, he says, "I preached at Padiham, another place eminent for all manner of wickedness. The multitude of people obliged me to stand in the yard of the preaching house. Over against me, at a little distance, sat some of the most impudent women I ever saw; yet I am not sure that God did not reach their hearts; for they roared and would have blushed if capable of shame."

recognised tests, or denounced and brought to trial and in no small number of cases to execution. During such epidemics, no one however reputable was safe from attack, and immunity was only secured by becoming an informer and boldly denouncing some ill-fated wretch, whose trial and sufferings effectually shielded the informer and established his orthodoxy. Thus it became possible, and alas frequent, for personal malice to vent itself upon many an innocent and helpless victim.

There was no more damaging proof of complicity than disbelief in witchcraft itself, or refraining from giving information when some opportunity for so doing presented itself. Any sudden or unforseen calamity, any case of illness, real or imaginary, any failure in the churning of milk for butter, sickness or plague among the cattle were sure signs of diabolical agency, and informers were never at a loss to fix the responsibility upon some unoffending and more or less likely victim. There was no appeal against such an accusation, the witch was seized and submitted to some ordeal, which under the guise of a test, was generally a cruel device intended to make her confess under torture, and whether she did so or not the trial was usually of such nature as either to convict her or to kill her outright. One of the surest and most satisfactory of such ordeals consisted in floating the suspected witch, with hands and feet tied, upon some pond or river, and if she floated for ever so short a time, she was indubitably a witch, whilst if happily for her she sank and was drowned, her innocence was established, and though her life had been forfeited, it was held that her chances in the life to come were not impaired. There existed a curious notion that a witch was lighter in weight in consequence of her ethereal nature, and thus a more humane test was devised, that of balancing her against the ponderous Church Bible, and woe betide the unhappy woman who did not succeed in outweighing the huge and often metal bound volume. Other equally enlightened ordeals consisted in forcing the unhappy victims to weep,[1] which gave ample scope to the inventive faculties of their tormentors, the results in this case being equally conclusive,

[1] James I, in his *Demonologie* says "Not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears, albeit the womenkind especially be able otherwise to shed tears at every light occasion when they will, yea, though it were dissemblingly like the crocodile."

for if the subject was unable to shed tears, she was unhesitatingly condemned.

A very favourite method of arriving at the truth was to bind the victim upon a stool, and for the space of twenty-four hours, suffer her neither to eat nor sleep. This method generally elicited a confession, but in case of failure there were always other methods by which justice might be satisfied.

> " Some only for not being drowned,
> And some for sitting above ground
> Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
> And feeling pain, were hanged for witches."

Inability to repeat the Lord's Prayer; failure to draw blood, by pushing needles into the suspected witch; any singularity of appearance either on the side of unusual ugliness or beauty; any mark or mole on the body; unwillingness to submit to any of the recognised tests, and a hundred other things at which a child would only smile to-day, were accepted by learned judges as evidence upon which they were prepared to pass the capital sentence, and fortunate indeed was the witch who was condemned merely to be hanged, for burning was the regular and orthodox penalty, and hundreds of victims in England and Scotland and also in France and Germany, were burned at the stake upon evidence insufficient to convict of the most trivial offence.

Perhaps the saddest feature of the whole tragedy was the actual encouragement given to young boys and girls, to profess a power of discovering witches, and it was no uncommon thing for them to be taken round by unscrupulous persons, and set in some prominent place, even in Church, where they might point out and accuse whom they choose. The fact that such persons were always well paid for their nefarious business by fanatics who made witch-hunting a sport, assured an abundant and unfailing supply of witch-finders, who in their turn were never at a loss to discover enough witches to satisfy the demands of their misguided patrons.[1]

[1] Edmund Robinson, son of Ned o'Roughs, a boy eleven years of age, made a deposition on the 10th day of February, 1633, stating upon oath that he had witnessed a meeting of the witches of Pendle, and giving enough detail to warrant his elevation to the honourable post of witch-finder. In this capacity he was taken about from church to church, accusing any who might strike his childish fancy, and sending them off to prison. He was taken, among other places to the Parish

Among the earliest victims of the execrable statute against witchcraft, framed by James I, were two infamous old women who lived in the Forest of Pendle. They were known by the names of Demdike and Chattox, and both reached an advanced age, probably bordering upon eighty. They were wretchedly poor, and subsisted by begging, enforcing their claims by the assumption of Satanic power, which the ignorant and prejudiced foresters too readily credited to them, believing that any refusal of their importunities would be followed by the most dire consequences.[1]

Bitterly jealous of each other, each claiming superior powers over the other, and striving to undermine and counteract the influence of her rival, they were at length committed to Lancaster Castle by Roger Nowell, of Read Hall, a zealous and determined Justice of the Peace, who had vowed to stamp out witchcraft in Pendle Forest. Old Demdike, whose infamous career was thus terminated, had inhabited with her daughter a ruined and dismantled tower near Roughlee, known as Malkin Tower. This place was the headquarters of the Forest witches, as Demdike was their undoubted leader, and many a witch orgy was reported to have been held within its unhallowed walls.

Demdike was not brought to trial; she anticipated her sentence, and worn out by age, disease and worry, died in prison at Lancaster before the fatal Assizes opened, at which her old rival and nine other of her accomplices were condemned to death.

Old Chattox, so named on account of the habit she had formed of "muttering and chattering to herself," was arraigned before Sir Edward Bromley at the Assizes held in the summer of 1612, at

Church of Kildwick, of which John Webster, the dramatic poet was then Curate, and during the afternoon service, was put upon a stall "to look the better about him and discern the witches more clearly." After service, Webster went to him and found him with "two very unlikely persons, that did conduct him and manage the business." These men would not permit the boy to be privately interrogated, nor would they suffer him to answer the Curate's question as to whether he had been instructed to report the strange things relating to the witch meeting, or whether he had actually seen them himself. Many persons were arrested on his accusations, no less than seventeen at one time in Pendle Forest, and though the judge was not satisfied with his depositions, the jury promptly returned a verdict of guilty. Dr. Webster, in his *Display of Witchcraft*, says "The boy Robinson, in more mature years, acknowledged that he had been instructed and suborned to make the accusations by his father and others, and that, of course, the whole was a fraud."

[1] One of the charges against Chattox was that she had caused the death of one John Device, who had agreed to give her a yearly dole of meal on condition that she would not hurt him or his family, and that when he ceased to pay his annual tribute, he at once took to his bed and died.

Lancaster. Her hideous appearance and decrepit old age, were the most damning evidence against her,[1] but a number of charges were forthcoming: "She had exercised various charms, enchantments and sorceries, and by wicked and devilish arts had feloniously killed one Robert Nutter, of Greenhead in the Forest of Pendle." The sickness and death of John Device and Hugh Moore, of Sabden Dean,[2] were also laid to her charge. She had produced a quantity of butter from skimmed milk without the use of a churn, and it was the opinion of a man not in court that she had turned his beer sour; and moreover she had been present at several witches' meetings at Malkin Tower. In face of this accumulated testimony, and careless of her life, she confessed her guilt and was condemned to be hanged.[3]

The sentence was carried out at Lancaster on the 20th August, 1612, when with nine other victims Chattox was hanged for having bewitched to death "by devilish practices and hellish means" no fewer than sixteen inhabitants of the Forest of Pendle.

The case of Mrs. Alice Nutter of Roughlee Hall, a lady of education and repute, affords an even more startling illustration of the terrors of the witch inquisition. This lady, related to Eleanor Nutter of Pendle Forest, the grandmother of Archbishop Tillotson, is described in *The late Lancashire Witches*, by Heywood and Broome (1634) as

> . . . . "A good woman and well bred,
> Of an unquestioned carriage, well reputed
> Amongst her neighbours, reckoned with the best."

[1] Potts, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, says of one of the witches, Elizabeth Device: "She was branded with a preposterous mark in nature; her left eye standing lower than her right; the one looking down and the other up at the same time."

[2] The report of the trial of the witches in 1612, prepared by Thomas Potts, Clerk of the Court, contains the following deposition "Six or seven years ago, Chattox the witch, had fallen out with Hugh Moore, of Pendle, about certain cattle of the said Moore's, which she, the said Chattox, had bewitched. Chattox cursed and 'worrited' the said Moore, and said she would be revenged, whereupon the said Moore fell sick, and presently died, which Moore upon his death bed, said that the said Chattox had bewitched him to death."

[3] The *learned* judge in passing sentence, said that "They of all people, had the least cause of complaint, since on the trial for their lives there had been much care and pains taken, and what persons of their nature and condition were ever arraigned and tried with so much solemnity? The court had taken great care to receive nothing in evidence against them but matter of fact. Their fate would rather move compassion than exasperate any man: for whom would not the ruin of so many poor creatures at one time touch, as in appearance simple, and of little understanding? The blood of those little innocent children, and others His Majesty's subjects, whom cruelly and barbarously they had cut off, cried unto the Lord for vengeance. It was impossible that they who were stained with so much innocent blood, should either prosper or continue in this world, or receive reward in the next. His Lordship concluded by urging the wretched victims of superstition to repentance, and sentenced them all to be hanged.

In spite of character and social position Mrs. Nutter was convicted of practising witchcraft and unlawful arts, and like the meanest of the Forest vagabonds was condemned and hanged. Tradition ascribes her hapless fate to the vindictiveness of Roger Nowell, with whom she had a dispute as to the boundary between their estates, and whom in a law-suit she defeated. The charge of witchcraft was a retaliatory act on his part, and chiefly on the ground that she had studied "curious books and manuscripts," attended witch meetings and identified herself too closely with the poor folk of the Forest, whose wants she often generously relieved, she was ruthlessly condemned and executed.

Though visited with merciless and rigorous punishment, witchcraft endured for long years in this corner of Lancashire. What Demdike and Chattox had done in their day, their children and grandchildren were ready to perpetuate, and from time to time batches of witches were seized and brought to trial. Sir William Pelham writing in 1634 says, "The greatest news from the country is of a huge pack of witches, which are lately discovered in Lancashire, whereof 'tis said nineteen are condemned, and that there are at least sixty already discovered, and yet daily there are more revealed; there are divers of them of good ability, and they have done much harm. I hear that it is suspected that they had a hand in raising the great storm wherein His Majesty (Charles I) was in so great danger at sea, in Scotland."

The latest execution for witchcraft in England was in the year 1716, when a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter aged nine were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil. It must not be supposed, however, that the popular belief in witchcraft came to an end with the repeal of the penal statutes in the reign of George II, for in 1825 the "sink or swim" ordeal was employed at Wickham, in Suffolk, and until this day, with modifications, the essential elements of the superstition endures.[1]

[1] Witchcraft, as practised by the Lancashire maiden, is by no means a lost art, nor is it ever likely to become so. With modifications, it has all its ancient power, and if the broomstick has ceased to be used as a means of locomotion, the Lancashire witch of to-day can ride a bicycle instead of a broomstick, and as to the casting of spells and the weaving of charms there is no doubt she is as adept as ever.

Mr. T. T. Wilkinson writing some thirty years ago, says "Witchcraft still keeps its hold on the minds of our peasants. They never doubt its reality, although their conceptions of its effects, and the powers of those who practise the art, have undergone much modification since the time when witchcraft was made a capital crime. . . . . Sickles, triple pieces of iron, and horseshoes may still be found on the beams and behind the doors of stables and shippons, which are supposed to possess the powers of destroying or preventing the effects of witchcraft; and self-holed stones, termed lucky stones are still suspended over the backs of cows, in order that they may be protected from every diabolical influence."

Superstition always dies hard, but it is not too much to say that another generation of universal education will see its final extinction from even so remote a corner as the Forest of Pendle, when it may be said with truth—

"The air blows free on Pendle now,
Black Hameldon is clear,
And Trawden from its triple brow,
Throws off the ancient fear."

AT BARLEY.

Pendle Forest Hamlets.

Following the course of any of the streamlets from the northern end of Pendle, we are brought to the village of Barley, at their confluence. Lying in its sheltered valley, overshadowed by the hill whose summit is only about a mile distant, and watered by numerous, bright, rapid streams, it always provides a convenient halting place before the ascent of the hill is made. A short distance to the south, and separated from it by a range of hills, is the village of Newchurch-in-Pendle,[1] the metropolis of the Forest.

NEWCHURCH-IN-PENDLE.
"The Cathedral of the Forest."

By permission of the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley.

The first Church in the Forest was erected here by the inhabitants of five booths, dedicated to St. Mary, and consecrated by the Bishop of Chester in 1544.[2] In the inquisition of 1650, it was stated to be parochial, embracing 150 families. It was rebuilt in

[1] The name Newchurch-in-Pendle, (not on Pendle) is cited as one of the grounds for the derivation *Pendale*, that is "The new Church in the *Dale*, known as *Pendale*." It is more probable that the name is only intended to distinguish this Newchurch from Newchurch-in-Rossendale.

[2] Previously a cross had been erected near the site of the Church, from which open-air preaching took place. It is on record that Ralph, Abbot of Whalley, preached to the Foresters from this Cross so early as 1451.

1788, but the low squat tower, dated 1712, was allowed to remain. The Church is sometimes spoken of as "The Cathedral of the Forest." The next sanctuary erected in the Forest was the Inghamite Chapel at Wheatley Lane in 1750, which was followed by the little Wesleyan Church at Roughlee, built on the spot made memorable by the preaching of John Wesley.

Newchurch stands in one of the most open and elevated positions in the Forest and is exposed to storms on every side. It is recorded in the Braddyll MSS. that in 1698, "the Clerk of Newchurch had a portion of the corn of his glebe, to house as late as the 12th of February in that year." In 1791 the first wine license for Pendle Forest was granted to John Whittaker, innkeeper, Newchurch-in-Pendle, wine having become the popular drink through the great prosperity of the handloom-weavers, "a weaver commanding wages from 2/6 to 3/- per day."[1]

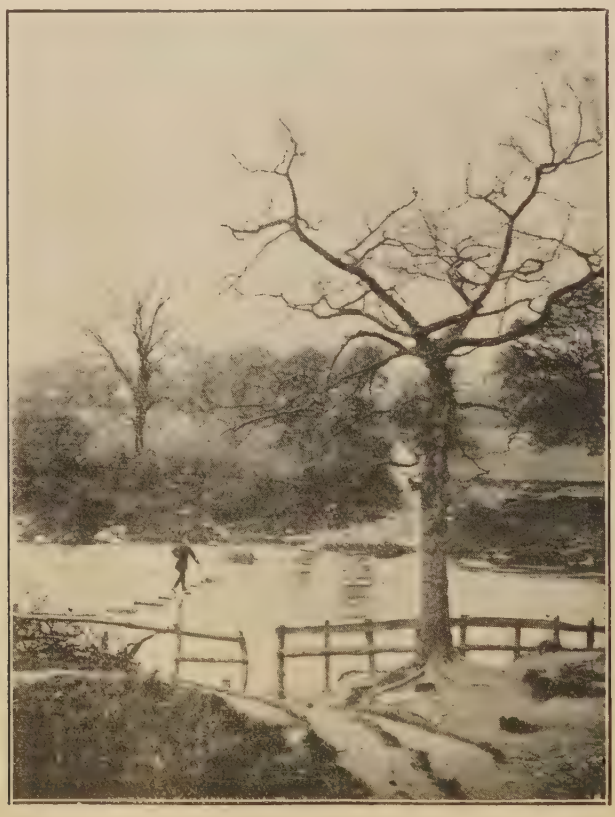
OLD LAUND HALL.

Returning to the stream at Barley and following its course downwards through Thorneyholme, we soon reach the village of Roughlee, with its famous Witches' Hall, now, unhappily, almost in ruins. This old-fashioned mansion with two gables was built by the Nutters in 1536, and was the home of the reputed witch Mrs. Alice Nutter, to whom we have previously referred. An

[1] Mr. William Waddington, in a paper entitled "The Forest of Pendle," Literary and Scientific Club Transactions. Vol. XIV, p. 59.

almost indecipherable inscription at the end of the north gable contains the words "This house was builded by M.N. (Miles Nutter) in the year of our Lord 1586."

Following the course of the stream for some miles through Barrowford, near the Borough of Nelson, we reach Carr Hall, originally the property of a branch of the Towneley family, from whom it passed in 1754 to John Clayton by his marriage with the daughter of Richard Towneley. A mile further on there stands on a high bank above the river the ruins of a house supposed to be the oldest building in the neighbourhood, Old Laund Hall.[1] It was the



"DUCKPIT HIPPINGS." *By permission of the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley.*

[1] The dwellings erected here and there in the Forest for the herdsmen were known as Booths, which accounts for several well-known local place names. In connection with the booths there were generally enclosures, so constructed that the wild deer might be chased into them with facility, these enclosures were called Launds, hence the name Old Laund Booth, New Laund Booth, etc.

home of the Robinson family and is said to date from 1500. In the reign of Charles I, Edward and John Robinson of Old Laund paid a penalty of £10 each rather than assume the status of knighthood, to which the value of their estates entitled them. The same penalty was also paid by Thomas Barcroft of the Lodge, an old mansion, formerly standing off Byerden Lane, the site of which is now occupied by a farm house bearing the same name, and containing some of the ancient windows which adorned the older house. The family of Robinson of Old Laund espoused the cause of Charles I, and in 1652 their names were found on the list of malignants, and their estates sequestrated.

A short distance from the point at which Pendle Water empties itself into the Calder, at a point now crossed by a footbridge, there existed formerly a ford and stepping stones known as "The Duckpit Hippings,"[1] which are illustrated here by the kind permission of the Literary and Scientific Club, Burnley.

THE "WATER-MEETINGS."

Our concluding illustration shows the joining of Pendle Water with the Calder at a place well known locally as the "Water-

[1] The Duckpits has doubtless reference to the ancient custom of "ducking" refractory or scolding women, who were first bound to the "ducking stool" and then immersed in some convenient pool of water. It may also have been a place where the "sink or swim" ordeal for witches was put in operation. Hippings is from the Anglo-Saxon, *Hype* to heap up, to make humps, and so indicates the periodic heaps of stone built up in the river bed, and utilised for the purpose of easy crossing.

Meetings." Of the two streams, Pendle Water is the larger by reason of its tributary flowing from the Wycoller Valley. We now proceed to the description of that tributary, and once more retrace our steps to the high moorlands, forming the border between Lancashire and Yorkshire, from which Colne Water takes its source.

FIREPLACE IN WYCOLLER HALL.

CHAPTER II.

The Wycoller Stream and Colne Water.

Wycoller Dene—The Brontës—Wycoller—The Hall—The Cunliffes—Local Stories—Colne, a Roman Station—Its Church—Associations with John Wesley—Ancient customs.

"About these well-beloved moors,
Rich with the purple bloom,
The Brontës roamed;
Their spirits high with childish fun and glee,
Or mute and sombre as their native hills,
Inspired ever by the vision, they
Wrought with the finest fibre of the soul."

OLNE WATER, the river which joins Pendle Water at Barrowford, is formed by the union of four streams. The most northerly is the Laneshaw River, flowing from the side of Emmott Moor and Combe Hill through Laneshaw village, where it receives the Wycoller stream, which has its source on the slopes of Boulsworth and flows through the forest of Trawden and the village of Wycoller. About a mile lower, at Winewall, Trawden Beck, with its source only a few yards from the Wycoller stream on Boulsworth, flows in, and forms with the other two a considerable stream, which, after passing through the lower part of Colne, receives the Foulridge stream, and soon reaches its confluence with Pendle Water.

The most interesting, as well as the most beautiful, of these valleys is that drained by the Wycoller stream, and to the description of that valley and the deserted village of Wycoller, together with some remarks upon the ancient and historic town of Colne, we devote the present chapter.

Wycoller[1] is easily reached from Colne. Taking the road to Laneshaw Bridge, from which we diverge to the right at that village, and passing Emmott Hall, we enter an almost disused country lane which leads pleasantly into the secluded hamlet.

"TWO-ARCHED" BRIDGE, WYCOLLER. *Photograph by Miss Dorothy C. Gregson, of London.*

The appearance of the village is at once striking and melancholy, for the houses are almost all deserted and roofless. In the days when handloom weavers and wool combers were at the height of their prosperity, it was a flourishing village, its remote situation proving no barrier to the successful pursuit of its staple industry. We can imagine the weaver plodding his peaceful weekly journey to Colne or Keighley, bearing the roll of finished cloth on his shoulder, and returning with his next week's work and a sovereign in his pocket, a modest competency in those days of slender needs. The competition of the power loom, however, and the rise of the factory

[1] Wycoller is derived from Wic-Colder or Wy-colder, the dwelling on the Calder. The Anglo-Saxon *Wic* (long i) is defined in *Bosworth and Toller's A.S. Dictionary* as a collection of houses, a village, a street, and also as a residence or dwelling place. Originally this stream was named the Colder and the erection of Wycoller Hall or the formation of the village would naturally give to one or both of them the name Wycolder—the residence or hamlet by the side of the "narrow water." This in turn would be applied to the valley and finally to the stream itself.

system soon made havoc of his means of subsistence, and left both him and his village desolate. At the present time there are only six or seven inhabited houses, with a population of about a score, and yet the village is one of the most interesting in the whole district. The stream runs through the midst of the hamlet, the road crossing and re-crossing it many times by means of quaint, little bridges.

Our illustration shows a picturesque two-arched structure at the entrance to the village, evidently the approach to the Hall, and often selected by artistes as a suitable point of view. It is from a photograph by Miss Dorothy C. Gregson, whose family is connected with the Cunliffes, the former possessors of Wycoller Hall, and by whose kind permission we are enabled to insert it here.

The remaining bridges consist mostly of huge single blocks of stone, one or two of which, including the one known as the Hall Bridge (directly opposite the Hall) are illustrated.

"THE HALL BRIDGE" AND WYCOLLER HALL.

There has never been a public house in the village, the permission of the Cunliffes having been always withheld; but a little Methodist meeting house was erected soon after Wesley's visits to neighbouring villages.

Passing through the village, the road enters the well-wooded Wycoller Dene (Hollow or Valley) and soon leads out on to the moors which adjoin those of Haworth, and which have been for all time converted into classic ground by the talented sisters, who doubtless in their wanderings often explored this very place. They

IN WYCOLLER DENE.

certainly knew it well, for it was they who related to Mrs. Gaskell the story of the last of the Cunliffes having caused a cock-fight to take place in his bedroom just before his death, and which she in turn relates in her life of Charlotte Brontë as illustrating the character of the natives of this neighbourhood, and the effects of such character upon the lives and writings of the Brontës. Their references to the moorlands afford, as one might expect, an exact and most graphic description of the wild and desolate region around Wycoller.[1]

[1] Their references to "the well-beloved moors" are both numerous and interesting and will supply a better description of them than any long and laboured account possibly could. A few only of the many are selected :—

"The moors were a great resource this spring; Emily and I (Charlotte), walked out on them perpetually, to the great damage of our shoes, but I hope to the benefit of our health."

A short distance from Wycoller along this road are some huge boulders on the moor known as "Foster's Leap"; they commemorate a most daring leap by one of the Cunliffes named Foster. The rocks are quite in keeping with the numerous examples of isolated groups of glacial rocks found scattered over the moors.

Returning to the village we proceed to a more careful inspection of the Hall. It is now in a most deplorable state of ruin, the victim of neglect, certainly not of faulty construction. With ordinary care it would doubtless have stood for another four or five hundred years, but it is more than likely that the ordinary forces of disintegration have in this case been powerfully assisted by some neighbourly folk of an economic turn of mind, who have been in need of cheap building materials. During the last twenty years, however, the condition of the Hall has become greatly changed for the worse, as a comparison between the two views here reproduced will show. The general view taken from the hill-side facing the Hall, and placed at my disposal through the kindness of Mr. W. F. Cunliffe, a descendant of one of the branches of the Cunliffe family, is the work of Mr. L. Dixon, of Colne, almost twenty years ago. The view of the Hall and cottage adjoining, shows its condition very much as it is to-day.

Mrs. Gaskell, writing about the postponement of a visit to Haworth, says, "I did not regret that my going was delayed till the season when the moors would be all glorious with the purple bloom of the heather; and thus present a scene about which she (Charlotte) had often spoken to me."

"All round the horizon there is this same line of sinuous wave-like hills; the scoops into which they fall only revealing other hills beyond, of similar colour and shape, crowned with wild, bleak, dun and purple moors– grand, from the ideas of solitude and loneliness which they suggest, or oppressive from the feeling which they give of being pent in by some monotonous and illimitable barrier, according to the mood of mind in which the spectator may be."

The above are from Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. One or two extracts from Mr. Clement Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, may also be included:—

"On the top of a moor, or in a deep glen Emily was a child in spirit for glee and enjoyment." Letter from Miss Ellen Nussey.

"The rude and rough, the mute and sombre, yet well-beloved moors."

"The moors are in glory, I never saw them fuller of purple bloom."

"I know nothing of such an orchard country as you describe. I have never seen such a region. Our hills only confess the coming of summer by growing green with young fern and moss, in secret little hollows. Their bloom is reserved for autumn; then they burn with a kind of dark glow, different, doubtless, from the blush of garden blossoms."

"The wind is very high up in our Hills of Judea." "The cold here is dreadful. I do not remember such a series of North-Pole days, England might really have taken a slide up into the Arctic Zone; the sky looks like ice; the earth is frozen; the wind is as keen as a two-edged blade." From various letters of Charlotte Brontë.

Wycoller Hall was built about 1550-60. It was a fine specimen of the massive and substantial mansion of the period, being composed chiefly of huge blocks of freestone and millstone grit. The style of architecture was related to the Gothic and may best be judged by the ancient porch which has been taken down and removed entire to

IN WYCOLLER DENE.

Trawden, where it was carefully re-erected, and where it may still be seen attached to a house on the road leading from Trawden to Winewall. It is a two-storied structure with a gable and finial at the top. In its complete state, and in its palmiest days, Wycoller Hall must have been one of the stateliest mansions in Calderdale.

The great hall was a fine apartment lighted by twelve long mullioned windows, and contained one of the finest specimens of the old fireplace extant. Surrounded by stone seating, with the iron fire grate in the centre, it must have been an ideal place for comfort,

and apparently the family were noted, even in those hospitable days, for lavish hospitality. They kept open house for twelve days every year at Christmas. "Their entertainment was—a large hall of curious ashler work, a long table, plenty of furmenty like

WYCOLLER HALL AND COTTAGES. *Photograph by Mr. L. Dixon, of Colne, about 1880.*

new milk in a morning, made of husked wheat. Boiled and roasted beef, with a fat goose and a pudding, and plenty of good beer for dinner. A roundabout fire, surrounded with stone benches, where the young folks sat and cracked nuts, and diverted themselves; and in this manner the sons and daughters got matching without going much from home."[1]

The antiquity of the family is undoubtedly great. There is a tradition that the first grant of land was made to one of their ancestors in Saxon times, by a King, to whom he had rendered some signal service. The form of words used in making the grant is supposed to account for the name Cunliffe, it is generally given

[1] This quaint quotation is from the MSS. of Henry Owen Cunliffe, the last owner and occupier of the Hall, and is taken from a most useful little handbook entitled, *The descendants of the elder branch of the Cunliffes of Wycoller*, by Major General C. H. Owen. Clowes, 1887. This book containing much of the above information was kindly placed at the author's disposal by Mr. W. F. Cunliffe.

thus—"I *con* you this land to *live* upon," hence Conlive or Cunliffe.[1] Several members of the family fought in the Great Civil War, different branches of it being found on opposite sides.

WYCOLLER HALL AND COTTAGE.

The Cunliffes obtained Wycoller through marriage with the Hartleys of Winewall, and lost it through the extravagance of the last owner, Henry Owen Cunliffe, who died childless, and was buried in Colne Church, November 14th, 1818. In a letter to Mr. Matthew Gregson, dated 1816, speaking of the house and family, he says: "It has the reputation of being the most ancient Hall in this part of the country. It commands a good extent of land in domain, as well as good farms. . . . . Our ancestors have been fortunate in marrying good fortunes and heiresses, as well as in marrying their daughters in good houses, with fortunes of £300, £400 or even £500 apiece, as we have vouchers to show."

This eminently practical man was a typical country squire of a hundred years ago. An enthusiastic sportsman, he was especially devoted to cock-fighting, which was regularly carried on in the cockpit in the wood adjoining the Hall. It is reported that he offered a standing reward of half-a-crown to every farmer who should

[1] On referring to *Bosworth and Toller's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, the author is inclined to think the better derivation would be *Con*, from the A.S. cunnan, to have power, to be able (always used with the infinitive), and *Lifan*, to give leave, to permit, in which case the meaning would be "I am able to give, etc," that is "I con lifan, etc."

bring a cock that would vanquish one of his; and few traditions have taken firmer hold of the popular mind, than the one which ascribes to him the ingenious idea of solacing his dying hours by having the cockpit transferred to his room, and of arranging mirrors so that he might with little fatigue watch the progress of the fight.

An unusually large number of superstitious stories are associated with the house and family, but this need not excite surprise, for surely no more romantic situation, or more favourable basis of tragic legend could be well imagined; and it is certain that the physical characteristics of a locality have a very important bearing upon the traditional beliefs of its people.

There is the story of the murder of the lady of the Hall,[1] succeeded by the yearly visits of a spectral horseman, supposed to represent the murderer, who was thus doomed to revisit the scene of his crime. This is followed by a very circumstantial story of the appearance of the lady herself, who was inconsiderate enough to disturb the confidences of a pair of young lovers at the Hall, by appearing to them in a black silk dress, which "made an ominous rustling." This lady, it is further said, had with wonderful prescience foretold the extinction of her race and the ruin of her ancestral home. Upon the literal fulfilment of her prophecy, she was supposed to be at rest, for neither she nor the spectral horseman has been seen, even on the stormiest of nights, since the expiation of the crime by the death of the last of the Cunliffes, and the ruin of their once fair mansion.

One other romantic and rather pretty story remains to be told. It relates to the marriage of Joseph Owen and Sarah Scargill (daughter of Elizabeth Cunliffe) which took place on January 2nd, 1746. The last squire was their son. The parents of Miss Scargill were strongly opposed to the marriage, and forbade all intercourse between the unfortunate couple, therefore Miss Scargill wrote a

[1] The legend of the death of this lady is as follows:—"One of the wild roystering Cunliffes of the time of Charles II, was out fox hunting one day, and the fox led them across the moors until he came to Wycoller, and crossing the stream between the straight bridge and the double-arched, he ran straight through the open door of the Hall, and up the stairs into the lady's room. The hounds followed and after them the Squire, leaving the marks of his horse's hoofs upon the stone stairs. The wife screamed aloud in terror—for the hounds' teeth were already in the fox, and the music of the hunt was deafening—and Simon Cunliffe swore a great oath, and cursed her chicken-heartedness and raised his hunting crop as if to strike her. That and the fright together killed her."

letter to her lover telling him the state of the case, and vowing eternal fidelity. The difficulty was to find the means of delivering the letter for she would not openly disobey the wishes of her parents. However, Providence took the matter in hand for her, and one day as she was riding pillion behind her father the letter fell from her pocket into the stream and was lost, so she imagined. This was not the case, however, for her lover who was consoling himself, by fishing lower down the stream, saw the letter floating towards him and very naturally picked it up. The sequel may be easily imagined, it would have been impious after such an occurrence for the parents to offer further opposition, and they consented to the marriage forthwith.

A characteristic novel by Halliwell Sutcliffe dealing with this country side was published a few years ago, and contains some very graphic descriptions of the Dene and the Old Hall, with two or three of which we conclude our survey of the Wycoller Valley.[1]

A true Dene, this bonnie Wycoller—narrow, moor-rimmed, yet with a wealth of softness in it, the greater for the contrast with the bleak uplands that shut it in.

The path by the side of the stream was spanned by as many bridges almost as there were houses in the hamlet. Here was a solid length of stone, so long it seemed at first sight it must be a trunk of beech or ash; then came a dainty bridge with a double arch, with wall-flowers growing in every crannny that could harbour soil; after that a one-arched bridge, and so all down the streamway till the road ran free of houses out to Lanshaw Brigg.

Then of the old Hall itself—The main gate and the main door with its two holly trees overtopping the house-gables, stood open, and they passed into the great dining-hall. A hall for wassail and for feast, with its twelve windows looking towards the south, its height and length and breadth. The dogs still stood within the fireplace, under the great chimney and fronting the stone seat where twenty folk could foregather of a winter's even, and listen to the trumpet of the wind high up among the moors, and pass the bowl with ever gaining speed. The little oven on the right hand side of the hearth—the door to the inner room with the date 1596 upon it—all was familiar. . . . .

Colne is undoubtedly one of the most ancient towns in Calderdale, whether its name be regarded as Celtic, in which case it would be *Colaun*, the town by the narrow water,[2] or as the

[1] *Mistress Barbara Cunliffe*, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. Fisher Unwin.

[2] This would accord well with the numerous instances in which the name occurs all over England, and in all cases in connection with a small stream. The following instances among many may be noted: Earl's Colne, Colne Parva, and Wake Colne in Essex; Coln-Rogers in Gloucester; Colne in Huntingdon; and Lincoln, Colchester, etc.

Roman *Colunio*, from the Latin *Colonia*, there is ample proof of its antiquity.

COLNE PARISH CHURCH. *Photograph by Mr. L. Dixon, of Colne.*

Colne occupies a commanding situation on an eminence between Boulsworth and Pendle, and was doubtless an important Roman station. Caster Cliff, about a mile to the south, is a fine specimen of a Roman camp. It was fortified by both rampart and ditch, and was further protected by a deep gully on the southern side. Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, in a paper on "The Battle of Brunanburgh," says: "Being almost inaccessible on all sides except the east, where they are skirted by the Roman road, these defences when complete, must have constituted one of the strongholds of the north, since they overlook the whole of the Forest of Trawden, Emmott Moor, a great portion of Craven, together with the valley of the Calder, and terminate the eastern limit of the ridge on which Saxifield is situated. Caster Cliff has evidently been the *key* of this portion of Lancashire in the hands of the Romans, and its importance would undoubtedly not be overlooked by the Saxons and Danes." The glory then of "Bonnie Colne upon the Hill" lies more in the past than the present. It can hardly be doubted that Rome's proud legions once traversed its hills and dales, and,

according to the Saxon Chronicle, King Athelstan concluded a treaty of peace between the Welsh, Scots and Northumbrians "at a place called Eamot, on the fourth before the Ides of July, A.D. 926."[1]

The Parish Church of Colne, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, is worthy of more than passing notice. Its date has been placed somewhat later than the Norman Conquest,[2] "there is no evidence that it was founded before that event; it is known to have existed soon after." In the reign of Henry I, the "eccles in de Calna" was granted to the Priory of Pontefract by the Charter of Hugh de la Val. In 1296 the advowson of Whalley Church, with its Chapels (including the Chapelry of Colne) was granted by Henry de Lacy to the monks of Stanlaw, who subsequently removed to Whalley. In 1296 the Rector of Whalley was bound to find a Chaplain for Colne and to pay him £2 13s. 4d. a year.

The Church contains two private Chapels, the one on the north side is known as Bannister's Choir and Chancel, within which is a most interesting Latin inscription in Saxon lettering on oak. It is a prayer to the Virgin, and the mention of William Herd, one of the Chantry priests, fixes the date about the beginning of the Sixteenth Century.[3]

The Barnside Chapel or Towneley Choir is on the south side of the Church and adjoins the Chancel. There was in the thirty-second year of Henry VIII, a lawsuit with regard to the possession and use of this Choir; voluminous pleadings are preserved in the Duchy Records of the complaint of Lawrence Towneley, of Barnside, and the answer of Thomas Towneley, of Greenfield, which were of so complicated a nature that the Court refused to enter into the matter, quaintly declaring that it had "noo convenyent tyme to here and fully examyn the said variaunce."[4]

[1] See *Annals of Colne*, p. 21, *Eamot* is undoubtedly *Emmott*, which is derived from *ea*, water, and *mutt*, the mouth, in reference to the well of water called Saint's Well, which is close to Emmott Hall.

[2] There is in connection with the building of the Church a legend of supernatural interference, similar to those in relation to the Churches at Burnley, and St. Chad's, at Rochdale. The site originally fixed upon was at Church Clough, about half-a-mile from the town, and as fast as stones were laid there in the daytime, they were removed at night and skilfully relaid upon the present site.

[3] The inscription is thus translated by the author of the *Annals of Colne*: "O Mary, mother of Christ, I earnestly entreat thee to succour and aid the world, by the recital of such prayers to heaven as gladden the heart and banish all illusions in the hour of death, and that William Hyrd may find favour with thee. And, O virgin mother, I beseech thee to have me in thy holy keeping, lest the powers of death prevail against me."

[4] Duchy of Lancaster Decrees, Henry VIII,

The Towneleys of Barnside remained in possession, and the owners of Greenfield were provided with a pew or "kneeling place" in close proximity.

Of the long line of incumbents, the most notorious was George White (1741-51), whose history is of interest only because of his association with the days of John Wesley's visits to Colne. Bitterly opposed to Methodism, and conceiving it to be inimical to the Church, he did not scruple to hire bands of ruffians to attack the Methodists and to break up their meetings. "Whenever he heard of the arrival of any of the Methodists in his neighbourhood, it was his usual practice to call the people together by beat of drum, issue a proclamation at the market cross, and enlist a mob for the defence of the Church." A copy of one of his proclamations is given below.[1] It is a masterpiece in its way, and reveals a deep knowledge of the world.

There is no doubt that the riot at Roughlee was caused by White's mob, and the brunt of the early opposition to Methodism in the district seems to have come from the same quarter. One can hardly blame the ignorant men who were bribed into the belief that they were serving the Church by half killing Wesley and his followers. A letter, dated August 26th, 1748, written by Wesley and reproduced in his *Journal*, has reference to the persecution at Roughlee. A few sentences of this letter are copied below.[2]

Wesley writes bitterly of this clergyman, who was so negligent

[1] "Notice is hereby given, that if any man be mindful to enlist in His Majesty's service, under the command of the Rev. Mr. George White, Commander-in-Chief, and John Bannister, Lieutenant General of His Majesty's forces for the defence of the Church of England, and the support of the manufactory in and about Colne, both of which are now in danger, let him repair to the drum-head at the Cross, where each man shall have a pint of ale in advance, and all other proper encouragement."

[2] The letter is addressed to Mr. White, and relates how Wesley was apprehended by a deputy-constable who had orders to bring him to Mr. White. "I went with him, but I had scarce gone ten yards when a man of his company struck me with his fist in the face with all his might, quickly after another threw his stick at my head. I then made a little stand, but another of your champions, cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner, and flourishing his club over his head, cried out 'Bring him away' . . . . Soon after you and your friends came in, and requested me to promise I would come to Roughlee no more. I told you I would sooner cut off my hand than make any such promise . . . . You seemed a little satisfied with my saying 'I will not preach at Roughlee this time.' You then undertook to quiet the mob, to whom you went and spoke a few words, and their noise immediately ceased . . . . The other quiet, harmless people who followed me at a distance to see what the end would be, they treated still worse . . . . They made them run for their lives amidst showers of dirt and stones, without any regard to age or sex. Many they beat with their clubs without mercy. One they forced to leap down from a rock, ten or twelve feet high into the river . . . . All this time you sat well-pleased close to the place, not attempting in the least to hinder them."

of duty, that he frequently abandoned his Parish for weeks together, and on his return read the burial service more than twenty times over the bodies of those who had been interred in his absence. He was a scholarly man, educated for the Church of Rome at Douay, and afterwards recanting. He was a clever writer and though charged with writing worthless rubbish[1] was able to put his ideas clearly and forcibly.

He preached at Colne and Marsden in 1748 a sermon against Methodism, which he afterwards published, with a dedication to the Primate. This Epistle Dedicatory contains some interesting local allusions; after speaking of "the many bold insurrections which threaten our spiritual government," he adds, "We are surprised, my Lord, to see religion become as savage as the hills around us," and he feels impelled "to withstand such growing impositions, in that very neighbourhood which produced in one century, a Tillotson,[2] a Sharp, a Potter . . . ."

The publication of this sermon called forth a cutting reply from the minister of Haworth, Mr. Grimshaw, who placed on the title page of his pamphlet such passages of Scripture as the following :—

"Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs; like a sharp razor, working deceitfully."
"Thou lovest all devouring words, O thou deceitful tongue."

Very naturally this reply is bitter in tone and most personal in its mode of attack. Speaking of Mr. White's notorious neglect of duty, and contrasting it with the faithfulness of their labours, he says, "These dear servants of the Lord (the Methodists) laboured night and day for you, without a penny from your purse, whilst you

[1] Rev. L. Tyerman's *Life and Times of John Wesley*. This writer calls him "a popish cheat" and further speaks of him as "the author of about half-a-dozen worthless, ungrammatical productions."

[2] The Tillotson here referred to is of course, Dr. John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of William III. He was born at Sowerby Bridge of poor parents, (his father being a tailor) and in the year 1640 came with his mother to Colne for a time, she having relatives in Pendle Forest. Whilst here, he attended the old Colne Grammar School for a little time, and thus, one more famous Englishman became linked on to Calderdale. "Though basking in the sunshine of Royalty, he who commenced life a poor boy, ended it a poor man, for his charity was so unbounded, that had not a copy of his posthumous sermons sold for £2,500, his debts must have been unpaid and his family unprovided for . . . . Reverently and tearfully they laid aside, at the age of 65, the good Archbishop with whom Colne streets and Colne hills must have been familiar sights, and though Halifax fittingly honours his memory by inscribing his name in golden letters on the walls of its fine old Parish Church, not a line, not a vestige of anything in Colne Grammar School, reminds the scholars of him to whom it owes what fame it possesses." *Annals of Colne*, p. 176.

boarded at Chester Castle, and for three years together since, whilst you have been raking about in London, and up and down the country."

Mr. White was a scholar, an author, and a poet, and Dr. Whitaker, though severe upon his delinquencies, declares him to have been "neither devoid of parts or literature." He tells how, after one of his excursions, he made his appearance with an Italian governess, Helen Maria Piazza, whom he afterwards married. He died in 1751 and was buried in his own Church.

Thomas Thoresby Whitaker, M.A., a son of the Historian, was a non-resident Vicar, who died in consequence of a fall from his horse at Ribchester in 1817, and is buried in Holme Church, where a tablet of white marble is erected to his memory.

The first Rector of Colne was John Henderson, who for the long period of fifty-seven years held the office, winning the esteem and respect of all sections of the community.

Ancient Customs and Traditions of Colne.

So ancient a town as Colne must have witnessed many quaint customs and is rich in traditions and records of the past. The author of the *Annals of Colne* mentions the following—The ringing of the Curfew bell morning and night; the tolling of the Church bell by apprentice boys on Shrove Tuesday, at eleven in the morning, as a signal to cease work, a signal neither they nor the boys of the Grammar School were loath to obey; blanket tossing, a rough sport often indulged in, of which jilted lovers were generally the victims, though anyone who had incurred popular displeasure was liable to be subjected to this rather exhilarating treatment; an annual girls' race, the prize being a new dress for the winner, which was discontinued in 1824; bull-baiting (discontinued about 1812); the flogging of prisoners at the Cross and the sale of a wife by auction at the Market Cross. There was the usual traditional batch of beliefs in witchcraft, the evil eye, the walking of the spirits of murdered or injured persons and the helpful ministrations of brownies or fairies. A

century ago these were common occurrences and beliefs in and about Colne, but the new order has taken possession there, as in so many other places. In spite of this, however, a pronounced feeling of local patriotism seems to have persisted, and the links with the historic past are not wholly severed. This feeling is well voiced in the lines, entitled "Bonnie Colne," a verse which we quote in conclusion—

> "Who's he that with triumphant voice, so loudly, sings in praise
> Of his dear native hills and vales—his home—his early days?
> More loud by far than he I'll sing, in praise shout higher still,
> Of native home most dear to me, Old Colne upon the hill."

CALDERDALE.

PART IV.

THE LOWER CALDER,

From Burnley to its confluence with the Ribble.

CHAPTER I. - ROYLE and GAWTHORPE.

„ II. - PADIHAM to WHALLEY.

„ III. - WHALLEY, its Church and Abbey Ruins.

"Monks in their cowls, Barons in their armour, all the pomp and pride of chivalry, and all the gorgeous ceremonial of the old religion in its palmy state, pass in review before us; image after image succeeding each other until the fancy is fairly wearied out, and we live again in the very press and bustle of the 'olden time'"—From *An illustrated Itinerary of Lancashire.*

"Oh! could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

GAWTHORPE HALL.

CHAPTER I.

Royle and Gawthorpe.

Defensive arrangements of the old Halls—Royle and the Parkers—Ightenhill Castle—Gawthorpe Hall—Colonel Richard Shuttleworth—Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth.

"The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land."—*Hemans.*

N the introductory chapter of Mr. Taylor's *Old Halls of Lancashire and Cheshire*, a list of the methods of defence employed for protection of Manor Houses and Halls is given. These methods include such devices as the selection of an elevated ridge, or the summit of a hill, as a building site; the protection afforded by a stream of water, or a specially constructed moat; the erection of fortifications, or the creation of terraces, which in time of emergency might be readily transformed into defences. Royle Hall is cited as a unique instance of a house built upon a tongue of land between the confluence of two streams, leaving only the base of the triangle unprotected by such a natural moat, the required defence on that side being supplied by artificial terraces. It is situate at the junction of the Calder and Pendle Water, and was for many years the home of a branch of the Parker family.

The name of the Hall and that of the patrician family associated with it, at once recall its proximity to and connection with the Park and Castle of Ightenhill. The Castle, now entirely demolished, was in its day of Feudal might, the legal capital of the Forest or Chase of Pendle. It belonged to the lordly De Lacies,

and witnessed their almost kingly state and rule. Ightenhill was once a Royal *equitium*, and occupied a conveniently central situation for the oversight of Pendle Forest. Within sight of the "meeting of the waters," and on the Border of the extensive and well stocked deer forests it must have commanded a delightful prospect of sylvan beauty. The periodic visits of the Lords of the Manor, in their progresses from Pontefract to Lancaster, would enliven and make gay this ancient castle with minstrelsy, pageantry and sport. "Even when the Lords of the Honor of Clitheroe were not in residence there, the fastness was the dwelling of the 'Parker' of Ightenhill—at first only the official designation of an individual, but by constant application to members of the same family, gradually transmuted into the surname of the race to which, among others, the Parkers of Royle trace their origin." [1]

ROYLE HALL.

Photograph by Mr. A. Greenwood, of Burnley.

The name Royle may therefore be regarded as a corruption of Royal, in view of the close association between the home of the Parkers and the Royal Manor of Ightenhill; and when, at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, Ightenhill Manor House became an utter ruin, Royle Hall in a sense sprang up and replaced it.

[1] Mr. McKay, *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*, p. 506.

Our illustrations give a general view of the Hall, and a view from the upper terrace showing the fine mullioned windows of the front.

ROYLE HALL, FROM THE TERRACE.

Royle will stand closely associated in the minds of the present generation, with the late Rector of Burnley, Canon Townley-Parker, who made it his home for so many years. Some notice of the family has already appeared in the account of Extwistle, and branches of it have long been found at Cuerden Hall near Preston, and at Browsholme near Clitheroe.

Following the course of the united streams through what was once a lovely valley, we reach the grounds of Gawthorpe Hall, the seat of Lord Shuttleworth. For stateliness, beauty of situation and homeliness, there is no house in the district to compare with Gawthorpe. Our descriptions of Gawthorpe Hall are chiefly extracted from two or three well-known works.

In his great work on landscape, Philip Gilbert Hamerton says: "Our forefathers often failed to perceive the necessity for a landscape margin, in consequence of their excessive desire for

shelter. Gawthorpe Hall, one of the most perfect old mansions in England, looked with all the numerous windows of its noble front upon an upward sloping piece of ordinary wooded ground; and when Sir Charles Barry enriched and renovated the building, he enlarged its margin by excavating a level garden on that side, and by creating a great artificial terrace on the other, the effect being a remarkable increase of stateliness and dignity in the house itself."

Mr. Taylor, in the work already referred to in this chapter, thus describes the Hall—"Gawthorpe Hall stands near the banks of the Calder, in a fine park, about half-way between Burnley and Padiham. It is a stone house, chiefly built at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the stately fashion of that period. Like Astley Hall, Chorley, a building which it much resembles, Gawthorpe Hall has its chief entrance in the middle of the facade, flanked by two lofty bay windows. The two houses also agree in having a long gallery, probably intended as a dancing room, at the top of the building. The opposite side of the house, overlooking the valley towards Padiham, is somewhat castle-like in appearance, and was no doubt built for defensive purposes; the sturdy old tower, like that at Harden (near Stockport) in a similar position commanding a valley, being doubtless used for watching. The other sides of the building are irregular in design, and the whole effect is extremely picturesque. The windows are large, and of the same substantial mullioned character as in the other old Halls of the district. The restoration of this building was entrusted to the late Sir Charles Barry, in the year 1849, as we find from his memoir."

The chief alterations made, in addition to the creation of the artificial terrace already noticed, were the raising of the tower and chimneys, to produce greater boldness in the skyline, and the construction of a pierced parapet, in characteristic Elizabethan style, around the building.

Speaking of the interior of the Hall, Mr. Taylor continues: "The great hall is very interesting, as representing the transitional

arrangements between mediæval and modern times. The apartment is about thirty-six feet long, and twenty-one feet wide. It has a flat ceiling with 'passage' screens and minstrels' gallery, much as in earlier times. Its height being only about fourteen feet, there must have been scanty head-room for the musicians. The fine ingle nook is in the usual place in the middle of one side. The high table stands on a step, and is at the opposite end to the screens. There is, however, no chamber or lord's apartment at the back of it, but high up in the wall is a fine seven-light window, from which the apartment is mainly lighted. This arrangement is admirably contrived for the comfort of the occupants of the high table, as the light comes in at the back of their heads, instead of dazzling their eyes, as in so many thoughtlessly planned modern buildings. The bay is square in plan, and is about nine feet deep. The ceilings of the withdrawing room and other apartments are of plaster, with the rich style of ornamentation which prevailed in the early Jacobean period."

GAWTHORPE HALL, (SIDE VIEW).

Our illustrations include the front view of the house, showing

the ornamental gardens, a side study, and a view of the main entrance.

The Shuttleworths are certainly one of the oldest and most interesting of the patrician Pendle families. Though it is somewhat foreign to our purpose to trace family history and pedigree, we may, however, point out that the Shuttleworths held an estate near Hapton, and resided in the old hall there, bearing their name, so early as 1375.

Colonel Richard Shuttleworth succeeded to the family estates in 1608, and held them until his death in 1669, thus living through the stormy period of the Revolution, the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Like all the members of his family, he took sides with the Parliament, and along with his friend and fellow magistrate John Starkie, of Huntroyd, acted as military agent for the Parliamentary forces in the neighbourhood. The Rev. Canon Raines, in the *Journal of Nicholas Assheton*, says of him: "In 1641, being M.P. for Preston, he was enjoined by the House of Commons to see the ordinance of the militia put in force in Lancashire. In 1646 he was one of the laymen of the Third Lancashire Presbyterian Classis;[1] in 1650 an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, a Colonel for the Parliament, and an active Magistrate for the County, which latter office he filled in 1615. He was also one of the sequestrators of the estates of the notorious delinquents in Lancashire, and an auditor of the County treasurers' accounts." The Burnley Parish Church registers show that he was one of the Justices appointed for the solemnisation of civil marriages, and that "he officiated in that capacity to bind couples together in matrimony."[2]

He was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1617, the year of the progress of James I, through Lancashire, whom he attended on the memorable visit to Hoghton Tower, and subsequently held the office of Sheriff in 1618 and 1638.

[1] A synod, or meeting of the elders of many congregations, for judicial and advisory purposes.

[2] "In the Oliverian times this Richard Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, and John Starkie, of Huntroyde, were two leading magistrates for the Hundred of Blackburn, and their names as hymeneal priests, according to the prevalent usage of the period, frequently occur in the parish registers of neighbouring Churches."—*Whitaker's Whalley*. Four such entries appear in the registers of Burnley Church.

He was apparently unpopular in the district, and as Whitaker records, was known by the name of "Old Smutt," but this is hardly to be wondered at, for as an active Magistrate, a member of Parliament, a Puritan in power, a military commander, and above all a sequestrator, he must have incurred the displeasure of many sections of the community.

ENTRANCE TO GAWTHORPE HALL.

Another member of this family was Bishop of Chichester at the beginning of last century. He was an accomplished scholar, an eloquent preacher, and a man of the highest character. "Those who have read his writings will acknowledge that his extensive learning, his sound judgment and persuasive eloquence were both in the press and in public, dedicated to the service of God and to the best interests of mankind."

Sir James Phillips Kay-Shuttleworth, M.D., D.C.L. (1804-1877) was the founder of our English System of Elementary Education,

and in various other ways during his long and strenuous life, conferred great benefits upon his fellow-men. He was educated for the Medical Profession, in the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated M.D. in 1827. Shortly after this he took up his residence in Manchester, where, as a physician in the heart of the City, he had ample opportunity for observing the lives and condition of the poor. As the result of his labours he wrote in 1832, a valuable pamphlet entitled: *The moral and physical condition of the working classes employed in the Cotton Manufacture in Manchester.* This period marked the beginning of his public life of social service, and he threw himself with characteristic vigour into the Reform and Anti-Corn Law movements. In 1834, he wrote a book on the *Treatment of Asphyxia*, for which he afterwards received the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society. It may be mentioned that this book is still the standard work on the subject.

From 1840, forward, his life was devoted to the introduction and development of a national system of education, and he was appointed the first Secretary to the Government Committee, which afterwards became the Department of Education. He established, partly from his own private means, the first training college for teachers at Battersea in 1839-40, living for a time in the house and superintending the whole working of the institution. The experiment proved eminently successful, and the plan was afterwards adopted and its working extended by Government aid. In an article on the life of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, by Mr. C. W. Sutton, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he says: "The existing system of public education rests wholly on his methods and principles. Trained teachers, public inspection, the pupil-teacher system, the combination of religious with secular instruction and with liberty of conscience, and the union of local and public contributions, were all provided for or foreseen by him." In the dark days of the Cotton Famine (1861-5), Sir James threw himself with fervour into the administrative work of relief. This was a labour entirely after his own heart, and he served with marked ability as Vice-Chairman (under Lord Derby) of the great organisation at Manchester, known as the Central Relief Committee.

In 1863 he was High Sheriff of Lancashire, and in 1870 the University of Oxford honoured itself and him by conferring upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. He occupied himself in the later years of his life with the reform of the administration of some local Grammar Schools, especially those at Burnley and Giggleswick.

In 1842 he married the daughter and heiress of Robert Shuttleworth of Gawthorpe, whose name and arms he then assumed by Royal License.

In addition to the medical work already mentioned, he wrote many pamphlets dealing with the administration of the Poor Law, the Education Question, and other Social and Economic Problems. He also wrote two books dealing in masterly fashion with the lives and customs of the Lancashire people—*Scarsdale, or Life on the Lancashire Border thirty years ago*, published in 1860; and *Ribblesdale, or Lancashire sixty years ago*, published in 1874.

It is interesting to note the friendship which existed between this family and Charlotte Brontë, who on several occasions was an honoured guest at Gawthorpe, and who gives an interesting impression of one of her visits.[1]

In summing up the life of Sir James, one cannot fail to be struck with the intensity and reality of his desire to serve mankind, and few men have accomplished more than he in public service to his own, and succeeding generations. Those who call Calderdale home, and take delight in the achievements of Lancashire men, will remember with pride and will fully endorse the words of Matthew Arnold, who, speaking of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's educational suggestions and their results, said: "when at last the system of that education comes to stand full and fairly formed, Kay-Shuttleworth will have a statue."

[1] Mrs. Gaskell records in the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, how in her days of fame she was visited by Sir James and Lady Kay-Shuttleworth, who gave her a kindly invitation to their home. In relating her impressions of Gawthorpe in a letter, she says: "I took great pleasure in the quiet drives to old ruins and old halls, situated among older hills and woods. The dialogues by the old fireside in the antique oak-panelled drawing room, while they suited me did not too much oppress and exhaust me. The house, too, is much to my taste; near three centuries old, grey, stately, and picturesque."

The elevation of Sir Ughtred J. Kay-Shuttleworth to the peerage is an event of quite recent occurrence. Lord Shuttleworth has inherited from his father a large measure of that public spirit which marked his life, and its recognition has brought universal satisfaction to the somewhat clannish people of Pendleside.

COCK BRIDGE, NEAR READ.

CHAPTER II.

Padiham to Whalley.

Huntroyd and the Starkies—Read Hall—Dean Alexander Nowell—Sabden and its associations—Richard Cobden—Sir Jonas Moore—Altham Church.

> "The highest part of the Sabden Valley runs up into the famous haunted forest of Pendle, and, notwithstanding the tall chimneys that may be seen dimly in the distance of the plain, the visitor to this sequestered spot may well feel as if the old world of white monks and forest witches still lingered on the bleak hillsides."—*Morley's Life of Richard Cobden.*

> "And the good old man (Dean Alexander Nowell) though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor hard questions, like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism."—*Izaak Walton's Complete Angler.*

FROM Padiham to Whalley is one of the most delightful rambles afforded by a district rich in charming walks, and whether the journey be taken along the highroad or by the country lanes behind Huntroyd and Read, the way abounds with objects of interest enshrined in a profusion of sylvan beauty.

Leaving Padiham by the Sabden road, and passing the lane leading to Higham and Fence on the right, we reach the point where the road divides, the right hand taking us over the hill to Sabden, and the left over Read Old Bridge to Portfield Bar and Whalley. At this point of division one of the lodge gates of Huntroyd, the home of the Starkies, will be found, and we may well pause for a few moments by the side of this well wooded estate to make some enquiries into its history and features of interest. It is believed to have derived its name from having been a hunting lodge of John o' Gaunt. The Hall was rebuilt by Inigo Jones on the site of a very old house "in the midst of richly diversified and picturesque grounds, the oaks in the park being

famous for their size and age, some of them being known by records to have been planted in the reign of Elizabeth. Huntroyd is in Simonstone, and a family of that name—though never possessed of the manor—had lands there from 1310 until the death of John Simonstone whose daughter and heiress married in 1664 Edmund Starkie, and thus brought into the Starkie family the principal part of Simonstone and the mansion and estate of Huntroyd."

HUNTROYD. *Photograph by Messrs., Lupton Bros.*

Colonel John Starkie was a prominent figure in Lancashire during the civil wars of Charles I. His activity as a magistrate and his association with Colonel Richard Shuttleworth in the Parliamentary interest, have already been mentioned. When in 1642 Lord Strange invested Manchester with a force of two or three thousand men, it was to these two gentlemen that he applied for ammunition and additional forces, and despite the attempts of Roger Nowell, of Read, who was a Royalist and who with many other of the Pendle gentry desired to avert the miseries of intestine strife, they responded with a small force of men and money.[1]

[1] There was a pretty equal division of the families of the neighbourhood in the time of the Civil War, the Towneleys, Nowells, and others taking the Royalist side, and the Shuttleworths, Starkies, and Asshetons, the Parliamentary side.

Nicholas Starkie was present at the storming and taking of Hoghton Tower, a fortress held by the Royalists and counted almost impregnable. He received in consequence his commission to a captaincy, but was killed through an accident shortly afterwards, when the central tower of Hoghton was blown up.

Continuing our walk along the Whalley Old Road through the upper and more picturesque portion of the village of Read, we soon reach Read Hall, the ancient seat of the Nowell family, though like Huntroyd rebuilt within comparatively recent years. The Nowells of Read, trace their descent from times shortly succeeding the Norman Conquest, they were early followers of the De Lacies, and held lands at Read as their Feudal dependents. The name Nowell is derived from *natalis*, indicating the festival of Christmas, and afterwards employed in the form Noel to indicate the cry of festal joy appropriate to that season, in which sense it became a convivial cry in common use in Chaucer's time.[1]

"Of the occasion on which the name was assumed, or imposed perhaps on some one eminent for his festive talents, there is no tradition; but whether the Christmas cry, or the Christmas cup, like the Wassail bowl, was the distinct meaning, there is no doubt that the covered cups in the family arms allude to the circumstance."

The derivation of Read is stated by Churton in his *Life of Dean Alexander Nowell* to have been Rivehead or Riverhead, a conclusion equally unsupported as unintelligible. It is far more likely to be a corruption of *royd*, a clearing, as in the neighbouring name Huntroyd, and also in Ormerod.

Three famous brothers of the Elizabethan age made the name of Nowell resound through the land in an age when the throne was surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant, scholarly, and courtly men, unsurpassed if not unequalled in any period of

[1] "He drinketh of his bugle horn the wine,
Beforne him stant brawne of the tusked swine,
And *nowel* crieth every lusty man."—*The Canterbury Tales.*

* * * *

"The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor Shepherds in fields as they lay."

English history. Alexander was Dean of St. Paul's, and Laurence was Dean of Lichfield whilst Robert was Attorney General of the Court of Wards. The will of the latter is famous as having identified the school at which the Poet Spenser was educated, already referred to in our chapter on Hurstwood, and is also noteworthy for its many and thoughtful bequests so generously disposed throughout the district under review, and administered by his brother Dean Alexander, and his uterine brother John Towneley, of Towneley, and which are fully set forth in Dr. Grosart's most valuable work on *The spending of the money of Robert Nowell, of Read*, edited from the Towneley MSS.

READ HALL.

The eldest brother, Alexander, is the one who chiefly shed lustre upon the family name, and any account of Calderdale would be incomplete without the recital of his achievements. Born at Read Hall in 1507 or 8, his life embraces one of the most stirring periods of our religious and national history. Dr. Whitaker, in a letter to Mr. Churton, thus speaks of him: "Of all men who have held any distinguished station in the English Church, our Dean of

Paul's must have had the longest personal acquaintance with its history. . . . What had been told him by Cranmer he could have related to Laud; what he had heard in his childhood from the partisans of the House of Lancaster, he could have recited to those who were to bear a part in the troubles of Charles I."

He was educated at the grammar school of Middleton, near Manchester, and became a member of Brazennose College at the age of thirteen. He resided there for thirteen years; was a public reader of logic to his University; was elected to a Fellowship of his College in 1536 and proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1540. On leaving the University, he became Master of Westminster School, then the most famous public school in the land. William Harrison, the topographer, who attended that school, says he was "sometime an unprofitable grammarian under him." Nowell was appointed Prebendary of Westminster in 1551, and soon began to establish his fame as a preacher, occupying some of the best known pulpits in the land. With the advent of the Marian persecution he was in great danger of arrest, and only after strenuous efforts, and at imminent peril was he conveyed to Germany. Thomas Fuller, in his *Lancashire Worthies*, quaintly relates the story: "It happened that he was fishing upon the Thames,[1] an exercise wherein he much delighted; and while he was intent upon catching fish, Bonner, understanding who he was, was intent upon catching him; in which he had succeeded, and had sent him to the shambles, had not Francis Bowyer, (an old pupil of his, at that time a merchant, afterwards Sheriff of London), safely conveyed him beyond the seas."

With a goodly company of English Divines, he remained in Strasburgh and Frankfort until the death of Mary and the re-establishment of Protestantism in England. On his return he was made Dean of St. Paul's, an office which he held for no less than forty-four years. He was created a Doctor of Divinity, with precedence over all the other Doctors of his University.

[1] Connected with his practice of fishing in the Thames is an amusing legend, related by Fuller, which may perhaps be taken *cum grano salis*. It is as follows: Having taken with him one hot day a bottle containing beer, he deposited it in a hollow tree and forgot it in his eagerness to catch fish. On a subsequent day he found it "no bottle, but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof." From this discovery Fuller derives the origin of bottled ale in England.

He was a frequent preacher at the Pulpit Cross of St. Paul's, and was often called upon to preach on great occasions. "If the relentless hand of death has deprived the nation of one of its brightest ornaments, an Ascham, a Sidney, or a Cecil, he is requested to convert the common loss into a common example and benefit. If a sermon on some great emergence is to be preached at the Cross, at Court, or before Parliament, Nowell is the preacher. When the beautiful and lofty spire of St. Paul's, by a stroke from heaven (lightning) is laid in ashes, the Dean is the man who successfully exhorts the generous citizens to a speedy reparation of the sacred edifice.[1] When the proud Armada has been defeated, he is selected to announce in the House of God the unparalleled victory, and to prepare the public mind for public thanks."[2]

But it was not only as a preacher that the unique personality of Dean Nowell asserted itself. He was the author of a Catechism which is at least the basis of that "form of sound words" contained in the English Prayer Book. He had, it appears, originally prepared a Catechism for the boys of Westminster School, and was requested by Cecil, the Secretary of State, to revise and extend it, a duty which he readily undertook, and his larger Catechism became the acknowledged basis and standard of Anglican doctrine for ages.

On two occasions he was sharply reproved by his capricious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. He had placed a newly bound Prayer

[1] Dean Nowell, and the Fire at Old St. Paul's. From *Churton's Life of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's*:—

In 1651, the spire of Old St. Paul's suddenly caught fire, during a violent thunderstorm, and was completely destroyed. "The next Sunday, Dean Nowell, preached an excellent sermon at the Cross, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and most of the Companies being present, and a great audience besides. Whose subject was the rueful spectacle of their Cathedral lying in ashes; and he exciting them with all his rhetoric, to set upon the reparation of it. Accordingly, two days after, the Lord Mayor and Common Council appointed a Committee, men of ability and vigilance, to overlook the work, in pursuance of a previous resolution to grant a levy of three-fifteenths, to be raised within the City, towards the rebuilding of the Church and steeple, with all convenient speed."

[2] In *Miss Strickland's Life of Queen Elizabeth* the following passage occurs:—"A series of public thanksgivings took place in London to celebrate the late national deliverance, but it was not till November 24th that Her Majesty went in state to St. Paul's for that purpose . . . . . she was brought to a closet made for that purpose out of the north wall of the Church, towards the pulpit cross, where she heard a sermon by Dr. Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury, from the appropriate words, 'Thou didst blow with Thy winds and they were scattered.'"

The reason why the Dean did not preach this sermon was that he had twice previously preached in the Cathedral on the subject of the national victory; on the first occasion in August before "the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and City Companies, in their scarlet robes and richest liveries;" and on the second in September, "when eleven ensigns or banners, taken from the Spanish ships, were displayed before the preacher and the audience."

Book on the Queen's cushion at St. Paul's, as a New Year's gift. The book had bound up with it a number of pictures of saints, angels and the like, and the Queen took offence at what she regarded as a flagrant violation of her wishes with regard to popish pictures and images. "After sermon, whereas she used to get immediately on horseback, or into her chariot, she went straight to the vestry, and applying herself to the Dean thus spoke to him :—

'Mr. Dean how came it to pass that a new service book was placed on my cushion?'

To which the Dean replied, 'May it please your Majesty, I caused it to be placed there.'

'Wherefore did you so?'

'To present your Majesty with a New Year's gift.'

'You could never present me with a worse.'

'Why so, Madam?'

'You know I have an aversion to idolatry, to images and pictures of this kind. These cuts resemble saints and angels, nay grosser absurdities, pictures resembling the Blessed Trinity.'

'I meant no harm; nor did I think it would offend your Majesty.'

'You must needs be ignorant then. Have you forgot our proclamation against images, pictures, and Romish reliques, in the Churches? Was it not read in your Deanery?'

'It was read. Be your Majesty assured, it was my ignorance.'

'If so, Mr. Dean, God grant you His Spirit, and more wisdom for the future.'

'I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures? who engraved them?'

'I know not who engraved them: I bought them.'

'From whom bought you them?'

'From a German.'

'It is well it is from a stranger. Had it been any of our subjects, we should have questioned the matter. Pray let no more mistakes of this kind be committed within the Churches of our realm for the future.'

'There shall not, Madam.'"

On the second occasion it was his misfortune to offend Her Majesty when he preached at Westminster, on Ash Wednesday. Some book had lately been published which the Dean described as 'lewd and unhonest' which the writer was not 'abashed to dedicate to his most Gracious Sovereign,' '*et*

Principi et Virgini.' Moved by the "unreverent impudency of the author," and by his own due reverence to his gracious sovereign, the Dean at once and with some vigour attacked the book, and expressed his "misliking of the book and of the judgement of some indiscreet subjects" who had commended it. He condemned its advocacy of popery, and doubtless considering himself on safe ground, expressed dislike to the sign of the cross, upon which the Queen called aloud to him from her closet window, to retire from that ungodly digression and to return to his text. The worthy Dean was so utterly dismayed, that the Archbishop, who appears to have been one of his auditors, "for pure pity took him home with him to dinner," as he informed the Secretary Cecil the next day.[1]

The Dean enjoyed the confidence of all classes of citizens; his unbending rectitude and his knowledge of public affairs, often causing him to be selected as arbitrator in weighty matters of dispute.

The *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1826, contains an extract from Heywood's Play, "If you know not me, you know nobodie, or the troubles of Queen Elizabeth," first published in 1609. The scene is where Dean Alexander Nowell plays the part of reconciliator between Sir John Ramsey and Sir Thomas Gresham, in a dispute about the purchase of a plot of land, which led to the erection thereon by the latter of The Bourse, afterwards called the Royal Exchange by command of Queen Elizabeth. He commenced the building in 1566, and upon the same site in Cheapside, the present Royal Exchange stands.

Nowell was repeatedly made Executor or Trustee for the administration of public bequests, and at the special and earnest request of his kinsman the Duke of Norfolk, attended him both during his imprisonment in the Tower, and on the scaffold at his execution.

[1] Rebuke by Queen Elizabeth. From the *Dictionary of National Biography*—"When preaching a Lenten Sermon before Elizabeth, he spoke slightingly of the Crucifix. On this she called aloud to him from her seat 'To your text, Mr. Dean, leave that, we have heard enough of that.' Nowell was utterly dismayed and was unable to go on. Parker took him home with him and comforted him, and next day Nowell wrote to Cecil defending his sermon in a manful letter."

See Wood's, *Life of Parker*, and Froude's, *History of England*, Chap. 43.

With an interesting extract from Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, which throws a pleasing light on the Dean's character, we shall conclude our survey of his life. Speaking in praise of the art of angling of which we have seen the Dean was an enthusiastic exponent, he says :—

"This good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of angling, as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer, a tenth part of his time in angling; and also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often 'that charity gave life to religion,' and at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlessly and in a recreation that became a churchman. That he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless. 'Tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man."

Dean Alexander Nowell, D.D., was the last of the Reformation Fathers. He was closely associated with the Martyrs Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, and only barely escaped their fate. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his portrait hangs in the Hall of Brazennose College.

Lancashire may be pardoned for taking pride in one of her sons who became so great and distinguished a Divine. He chose for his motto the words "Piscator Hominum," and pointed with satisfaction to the pre-eminent position occupied in the lists of the Apostles, by those who were fishermen. We may well linger with more than passing interest upon the site of his old home, on the gently sloping banks of the once pellucid streams in which he exercised with consummate skill, the piscatorial art.

Leaving Read Hall, we soon reach the Old Bridge over Sabden Brook. The scene compels our attention and arrests our walk, giving us an opportunity of going up the stream for a mile or so, in thought at least, to the ancient and remote village of Sabden, and dwelling upon its associations with another great Englishman, Richard Cobden, who spent there a few years of his early life.

In 1828, Richard Cobden came to Manchester and with his two young partners, introduced themselves to Messrs. Fort Brothers, a rich firm of calico printers, who impressed by their straightforwardness and business capacity, at once entered into negotiations with them stating "that they would always prefer to trust young men with connexions and a knowledge of their trade, if they knew them to possess character and ability, to those who started with capital without these advantages."

READ OLD BRIDGE.

In 1829, they took over from the Forts (of Read Hall) an old calico-printing factory at Sabden, and here in partnership with Mr. George Foster, who had been manager under the Forts, Cobden commenced his career as an employer of labour, and laid the foundations of his fortune. But of even greater interest is the fact noted by Mr. John Morley, in his *Life of Cobden*, that "at Sabden we first hear of Cobden's interest in the affairs of others

than himself and his kinsfolk. There, in a little stone school-house, we see the earliest monument of his eager and beneficent public spirit, which was destined to shed such prosperity over his country, and to contribute so helpfully to the civilization of the globe."

"It was in this far off corner of the world that Cobden began his career as an agitator, and for a cause in which all England has long since come round to his mind. His earliest speeches were made at Clitheroe on behalf of the education of the young, and one of his earliest letters on what may fairly be called a public question, is a note making arrangements for the exhibition at Sabden of twenty children from an infant school at Manchester, by way of an example and incentive to more backward regions."

Sabden and Higher Whitlee in Pendle Forest, are likewise associated with Sir Jonas Moore, the accomplished Mathematician of Charles the Second's time. He was born at Whitlee in 1617, and was in early life studiously inclined, receiving considerable stimulus from the works, and later from the personal help and guidance of the Rev. W. Oughtred, whom he describes as "his most kind friend and courteous favourer in Mathematicall Studies." The patronage of Mr. Christopher Towneley, of Carr Hall, was also of value to him, for he says in the introduction to the chapter on "Conicall Sections" in his *Arithmetic*: "About the beginning of these late Distractions and Troubles amongst us, (*i.e.*, the Civil War) I being then in Lancashire had the favour from Mr. Chris. Towneley, of Carr, not onely the use of his Library, but copies of such Mathematical manuscripts as he then had by him." He was even favoured by more distinguished patronage, for his *Algebra* is dedicated to Col. Gyles Strangeways, a royalist prisoner in the Tower, whose loyalty is said to have cost him £30,000.

Sir Jonas, unlike all the other members of the family in Pendle Forest, was a royalist. He had the encouragement of Charles I in his studies, and the second edition of his *Arithmetic* is dedicated to James, Duke of York, 1660.

Charles II appointed him Surveyor General of Ordnance. In this capacity he drained the Fens of the great Bedford level, reclaimed much waste land on the Sussex coast, built a sea wall at Tangier, and the Observatory at Greenwich, superintending its equipment with astronomical instruments.

He became a member of the Royal Society in 1674, having been knighted a year or two previously.

The three editions of his *Arithmetic* were published between 1650-90. John Hawkins, the editor of *Cocker's Arithmetic*, also edited the third edition of Moore's, and there is little doubt that the famous *Cocker's Arithmetic*, was not Cocker's at all, but "a patchwork collection, much of which is taken verbatim from Moore."

Hugh Moore built Sabden Dene, which bears the oldest inscription in Pendle Forest, reading thus:—"This house was builded by Hugh Moore son of Chrestover Moore Auldest brother son and Letis Hugh wife in the yeare of oure Lord God 1574."

PORTFIELD BAR.

John Moore,[1] of Whitlee, was a strong Parliamentarian, and in the Calendar of State Papers, 1649-50, the following Order

[1] For further particulars of this interesting Pendle family, see a Paper by Dr. J. A. Laycock, of Sabden. Transactions Literary and Scientific Club. Vol. xix.

for the dismantling of Derby House and Clitheroe Castle occurs:—"To John Nowell, John Moore and Henry Hargreaves. The powder, ammunition and guns now there to be conveyed to Liverpool and safely laid up."

A new charm is thus imported into this bleak valley nestling beneath the shadow of Pendle, by its associations with the early mathematician and the early educationalist, and once more the Pendle Country is brought into prominence by the men who have walked its rugged moors, and made history in its remote corners.

From Read Old Bridge a short walk onward brings us into the Sabden Road, which joins the Whalley Road at Portfield Bar. Here a charming picture of the Calder Valley and Whalley Nab, dotted with white cottages, bursts upon us, and anon the village of Whalley and the tower of its ancient church. To the study of this truly classic ground we shall shortly proceed, and in its historic environs take leave of the Calder Stream, now so soon to be engulfed in the broad waters of the Ribble.

Altham Church.

The township and chapelry of Altham is on the Calder, about a mile to the south of Huntroyd, and has a fine old Church, dedicated to St. James and dating from 1140. A painted window at the east end of the Church is in memory of J. Hacking, the inventor of the Carding engine. Near the Church a branch of the Cunliffes of Wycoller formerly lived, and within the Church there is a brass plate with the following inscription:—

"At the foot of this pillar lie buried in one grave in hopes of a blessed resurrection, John Cunliffe, of Woodhead, and Mary his beloved wife . . . . He died March 30th, 1695, aged 80 years, who prayed without ceasing. She died August 28th, 1677, aged 57, her price far above rubies."

This John Cunliffe fought under Colonel Lambert for the Parliament. He was appointed in 1649, with his father Nicholas Cunliffe of Wycoller, a member of one of the Lancashire Classis, and was also one of the Sequestrators for the County of Lancaster. When he ceased to favour the Parliamentary side, his own house and estates at Woodhead were sequestrated. He subsequently received pardon from Charles II.

Robert Cunliffe, of Sparte House (near Church and Clayton-le-Moors) was a staunch Cromwellian. He was returned in 1653 as one of the three Lancashire members to Cromwell's Parliament. Mr. Jollie, the minister of Altham, recorded of him in the Parish Book the same year:—

"Died Mr. Robert Cunliffe, Member of the High Court of Parliament, Justice of the Peace, and member of this church; he valued himself more on the last account than the other and first; lived desired and died much lamented."

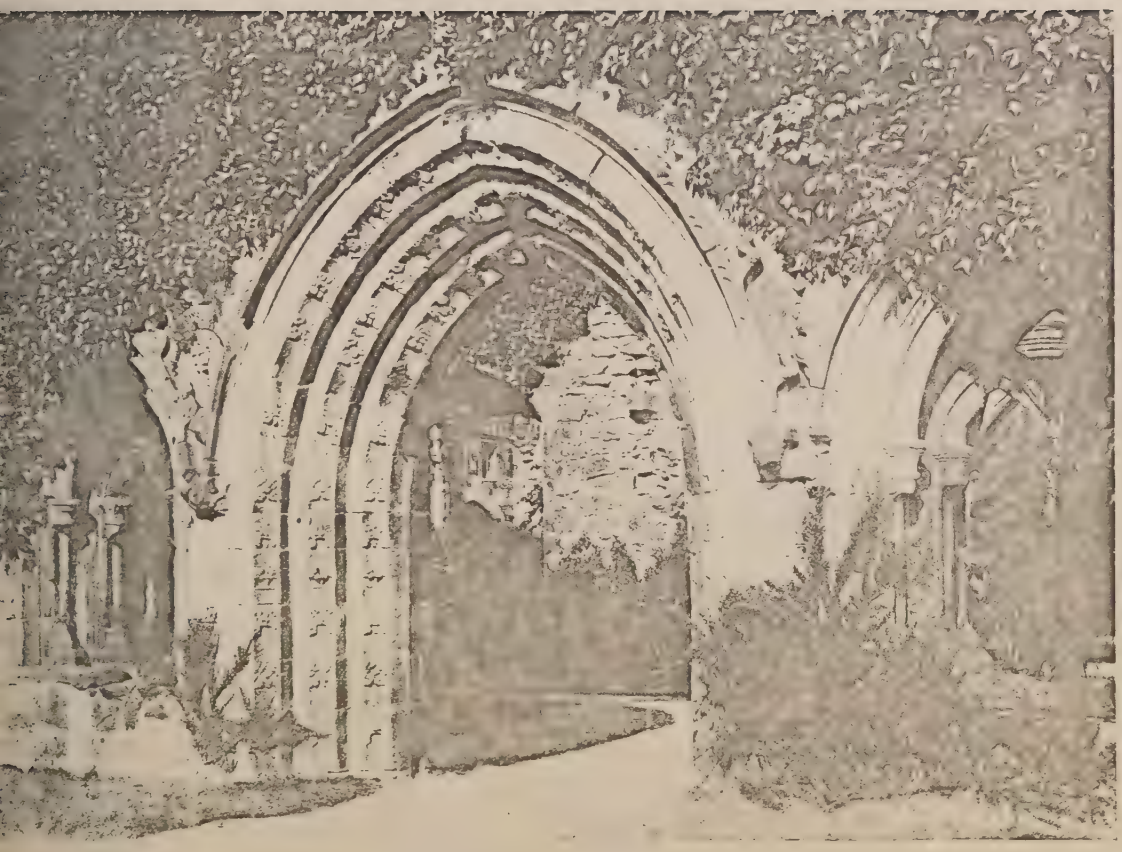
That this family were generous and wealthy, is shown by two extracts from *Nobilia Cæstrensis*, edited by Canon Raines. Under Altham Charities, the following entries appear:—

"The Rev. Mr. (Ellis) Cunliffe, 20 nobles, the interest to be paid to the poor every Good Friday.

Miss Catherine Cunliffe, £5, the which to buy a Bible, to be given on New Year's Day to that Parish child, which can read best."

This fine pre-Reformation Church, by the banks of the Calder is a favourite study of artists, and by virtue of its long history, beautiful situation, and fine presentment is reproduced as one of the most interesting Churches in Calderdale.

ALTHAM CHURCH.



ENTRANCE TO CHAPTER HOUSE,
FROM THE CLOISTER COURT, WHALLEY ABBEY.

CHAPTER III.

Whalley, its Church and Abbey Ruins.

Name, situation and history of Whalley—The Saxon Church—Celtic Crosses and Churchyard memorials—Interior—Pews, Stalls, and Monuments—The Abbey—Migration from Stanlaw—Building of Abbey and Conventual Church—The functions of a Monastery—The "Pilgrimage of Grace"—Dissolution and demolition—The last Abbot, stories and legends—Hacking Hall—End of the Calder.

"Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise in heart, in wood and stone,
Who raised with firm and trusting hands
The dark grey towers of days unknown.
They filled those aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth recall,
The pillared arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall."

Inscription on all Cistercian Abbeys—

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incredit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, prematur capiosus." [1]—*Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux.*

THE most generally accepted derivation of the name Whalley, is that which refers it to the Anglo-Saxon words, *hweall*, a well or spring, and *laeg* or *ley*, a field, from which we obtain Hwelleage (pronounced Whall-age), the field of wells. It must be admitted that this derivation has much to recommend it, for the Township of Whalley is indeed abundant in wells. Dr. Whitaker, in support of this view says: "No term more strikingly descriptive could have been chosen, for situated as Whalley is, upon a skirt of Pendle, and upon the face of those vast, inverted, mineral beds,

[1] This is rendered by *Wordsworth*, thus :—

"Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown."

popularly denominated the Rearing Mine, the earth if drained, bleeds almost at every pore; and there are no less than six considerable springs within the immediate precincts of the village."[1]

Other local names in which the same root occurs are Walshaw, the well in the wood, and Walsden, the valley of wells.

It must be borne in mind, however, that there are other places bearing some form of the name Whalley, and it is germane to the question to enquire if the same derivation suits them, or if one more fitted to all may be found. Whaley on the mountain border line between Cheshire and Derbyshire, Wallasey near Birkenhead, and Walley in Northumberland, do not as a matter of fact bear out the derivation given above, but one or all point to a common circumstance, that these places were among the last strongholds of the ancient Britons, and that for long after the advent of the Saxons, they were peopled by the old Celtic races, and hence were termed generally by the conquerors "Wall-eys" or Wales, the dwellings of the strangers or foreigners.[2]

The field of the Walla, or foreigners, for such were the Britons to the Saxon invaders, would be a most appropriate description to apply to those places or districts which continued to be held by the old race. If this be the correct derivation, we have in the name Whalley, a picture of the ancient Britons clinging to their mountain fastnesses around Pendle, and refusing to be driven out by the Saxons for so long a period as to cause their place of settlement to be called in the language of the invaders, the dwelling of the foreigners, a name which they gave to the whole country of Wales, and for the same reason.

A third derivation has been suggested which connects the name with a certain Saxon chieftain, Hwala, but so far as Whalley in Lancashire is concerned, there is no known association with this particular chieftain, and the suggestion may be dismissed, as at least improbable.

[1] One of these wells is called High Wall Well (an interesting example of the reduplication of a name in a later language), another is found in Bramley Meade, and others in Wiswell Lane, Hellicliffe and the Archbishop's Wood.

[2] Walney Island, Walford in Hereford, Wall-ditch in Dorset, and Wallsend in Northumberland seem to strengthen and further to illustrate this hypothesis.

The situation of Whalley is ideal. Viewed from the heights of Easterly, the winding, silvery stream of Calder gleaming in the sunlight, directs the vision to the village and the tower of its Church, nestling among luxuriant trees; to the left the heights of Whalley Nab (or Neb), fertile and well-wooded, with here and there a whitewashed farm or group of cottages to break the continuity of living green; to the right the mass of Pendle, gently

MORETON HALL, AND THE CALDER.

sloping down to Whalley, and adding the needed touch of rugged grandeur to the landscape; beyond the village and the railway viaduct (which was constructed so lately as 1850, and which does *not* add to the beauty of the scene) the valley of the Ribble with its flanking hills of Longridge Fells and Kemple End, completes and harmonises one of the most lovely views in Lancashire.

Approaching Whalley by the footpath from Great Harwood, the view from the left bank of the Calder, as seen in our

illustration, with Moreton Hall across the valley and the stream winding through well-wooded slopes, is not less charming.

The town of Whalley itself could hardly have occupied a more delightful position. By the side of what was formerly a pure, silvery, trout stream, embosomed in a profusion of patriarchal trees, in the midst of rich pastures and sheltered from the biting north and east winds, it is one of the most favoured resorts of

WHALLEY CHURCH, FROM S.W. *Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.*

the people from neighbouring manufacturing towns, to which, though so near, it presents so marked a contrast. In addition to its natural beauty and advantages, Whalley has other claims upon our attention, for it possesses an ancient Saxon Church and the ruins of a noble Cistercian Abbey, both of which are rich in historic associations.

Whalley Parish Church,

formerly called by the picturesque name "The White Church

under the Legh," was originally dedicated to St. Wilfrid, subsequently to the Virgin, and finally, in the Fifteenth Century, to All Saints. Its history takes us back to the beginning of the Seventh Century. The ancient Celtic Crosses in the churchyard were preaching stations anterior to the foundation of the Church. The date generally assigned to these Crosses is about A.D. 630.

WHALLEY CHURCH, FROM N.W.

The first Saxon Church, probably a wooden structure, (as according to Bede most of the Saxon Churches of this date were) was replaced in 1100 by the Alba Ecclesia subtus Legh, of which few, if any, fragments remain. The present Church, built during the incumbency of Peter de Cestria, the first and only Rector, dates from some period between 1225 and 1284, and so far as its form and structure are concerned is practically the same as when it was completed, more than six hundred years ago.

The early clergy were styled Deans,[1] and were not only incumbents but also Lords of the Manor. They occupied the "Old Hall" or Deanery, which formerly stood in the north-eastern corner of the churchyard, and of which no vestige is left save one octagonal stone pillar, which probably formed part of the great dining hall, in which the monks of Stanlaw were lodged when first they came to Whalley in 1296.

In a valuable little book just published, entitled, *Whalley Church and Abbey*, by the Rev. S. T. Taylor-Taswell, M.A., an excellent summary of the facts relating to the early history of the Church is given on the authority of the Status de Blackburnshire, from which we quote the following:—

> The Rectors of Whalley were also called Deans, possessing the right of presentation and jurisdiction in all minor cases, only the more difficult ones being referred to the Bishops of Lichfield. The reason for this privilege is assigned to the inaccessibility of the place, the remoteness of Whalley from Lichfield, and the wildness of the place and people. In this manner, Churches were ordained down to the time of William the Conqueror, viz: through 470 years, and after his time to the Lateran Council, A.D. 1215. The Deanery of Whalley was held by hereditary succession, and son succeeded father, brother brother, etc. When a vacancy occurred, the next in hereditary succession presented himself to the Lords of Blackburnshire, who furnished him with letters to the Bishop of Lichfield, certifying who he was and that he would keep certain priests for the Chapelries connected with the Parish Church. The first Dean of Whalley was Spartlingus and the last Rogerus, who desirous of pleasing his kinsman, Henry, Earl of Lincoln, and in deference to the order of the Lateran Council, which enjoined celibacy upon the Clergy, ceded his right of patronage and the whole of the Estate, including the Deanery, to that Nobleman, retaining to himself only the Vicarage and a portion of the revenue during his lifetime. Henry de Lacy then presented the living to Peter de Cestria, who thus became Rector of Whalley, a position which he held for fifty-nine years, until in 1296 he was succeeded by the Abbot and Convent of Whalley, to whom the Patronage of the living was transferred. Upon the suppression of the Abbey, the right of presentation passed into the hands of the Crown, and subsequently to the See of Canterbury, where it remained until in 1846 it was alienated to the Hulme Trustees.

The ancient crosses of Whalley Church, as already indicated, are by far the oldest religious monuments under the shadow of

[1] The Deans were mighty hunters, not only on their own estates, but in other demesnes adjoining them and in the forests. They sometimes styled themselves Dec. de Hwalle, or Quallay.

Pendle, as the Church is admittedly the most ancient ecclesiastical foundation. These crosses commemorate the labours of the men who introduced Christianity into Calderdale. They are popularly ascribed to the great missionary priest, Paulinus, Archbishop of York, and are frequently spoken of as the Paulinus Crosses; but almost every student of Anglo-Saxon history prefers to attribute them to the band of Celtic missionaries, who went forth from

CELTIC CROSSES,
IN WHALLEY CHURCHYARD.

Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

their primitive monastery at Iona ("an assemblage of lowly structures, formed of rough-hewn wood thatched with reeds") to evangelise the north-western portion of Britain, A D. 565. Wherever they preached they erected crosses, and these crosses became the centres around which the early converts met for instruction and worship, long before they conceived the idea of providing covered churches.

The Rev. S. T. Taylor, M.A., in *Whalley Church and Abbey*, p. 102, thus speaks of the Whalley Crosses:—

"These three crosses were undoubtedly erected to commemorate a mission to these parts of Lancashire. The monks of Whalley Abbey, in the exuberance of their imagination, attributed them to S. Augustine of Canterbury, and called them the Crosses of S. Augustine. But there is no historical evidence to show that S. Augustine penetrated so far north. Another theory is that they commemorate the mission of Paulinus to Whalley, and hence they are popularly known as the Crosses of Paulinus. This is a more plausible theory than the other, but again direct historical evidence is wanting. Paulinus certainly accompanied Ethelburga, daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent, to the north when she married Edwyn, King of Northumbria, A.D. 625. He remained in the north till Edwyn was killed in battle by the terrible Penda, King of Mercia, A.D. 633, when he fled south to Rochester with the widowed Queen, carrying the sacred vessels with him. During this interval—625 to 633—he certainly preached in the neighbourhood, in Yorkshire, and a Celtic cross at Keighley,[1] commemorates that event. It is not improbable that he visited Whalley during that time.

With a strong sentimental desire to associate the crosses with Paulinus, their Celtic form of ornamentation would seem to associate them more closely with the Scottic monks from Iona, who were prosecuting a mission in the north at that period."

The editor of *An Itinerary of the County of Lancashire*, associates these crosses with Paulinus, whose noble work he describes by quoting the following lines:—

"There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme Divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear;
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders: and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace."

Paulinus appears from the description left of him by the Venerable Bede, to have had the power to alarm as well as to soothe, to terrify as well as to conciliate. "He was," says the graphic old chronicler, "a man tall of stature, slightly bent, with black hair, emaciated countenance, a curved and very slender nose, alike venerable and terrible in his aspect." Paulinus,

[1] The cross referred to, is probably the one previously mentioned in our chapter on Burnley Church (p. 121). This cross is at Dewsbury.

measured by his contemporaries was a great man, and the work which he performed was likewise great.[1]

As to the form of these crosses, which is a question closely associated with the date and cause of their erection, we cannot do better than hear what the Disney Professor of Archæology has to say respecting them in a paper on *Pre Norman sculptured stones in Lancashire* (Lanc. and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, 1886). "Whalley churchyard is a place of which Lancashire Archæologists may well be proud. There are few places in

ANCIENT DOORWAY, WHALLEY CHURCH. *Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.*

[1] The Rev. R. N. Whitaker in his excellent *Handbook of Whalley*, says with regard to the date of Whalley Church, and its association with the crosses: "We are assured that the personal ministry of Paulinus was not immediately succeeded by churches or oratories, so that the first church here might not be erected during his ministry; but, though churches were not forthwith erected on the site of memorable events, crosses were, and there is authority for saying that where there were crosses, there the clergy and the people assembled together for the purpose of devotion, and even for celebrating the Holy Communion. This practice in all probability prevailed here for a century before the erection of any Church. It was always said that Paulinus baptised several thousands of pagans in the river Calder, on the south side of the churchyard, as he had done previously in the river Tees, near Richmond, in Yorkshire."

England to rival it in the interest of its sculptured stones. The great shaft which stands about the middle of the churchyard must take us back a long way into our early Anglican history. I know of no stone anywhere which really resembles it in the remarkably bold spirals with which it is ornamented bold alike in their design and in their relief. . . . . The spiral scrolls at Whalley are much like those on the roof of the alcoves in the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, at Ravenna. The whole question of the occurrence of classical scrolls on Anglican stones is one of the deepest interest; my own belief is that we owe it to Wilfrith of Ripon and York and Hexham, who found in Rome not only an abundance of that interlacing ornament which a short-sighted view gives as a monopoly to Hibernian designers and their imitators, but also beautiful scrolls, either scrolls pure and simple, or scrolls each with an animal or a bird involved in it, eating the fruit with which each member of the scroll ends." This view agrees approximately with the date already assigned, as Wilfrith was the Saxon Abbot of Ripon in A.D. 664.

STONE COFFIN, WHALLEY CHURCHYARD.

Whoever may have erected these Crosses, whether they may be assigned to St. Augustine, as the Monks of Whalley Abbey imagined, or to Paulinus, or to the Celtic Monks of Iona, or to

some other band of Celtic missionaries, of whom we have no record, it is certain that they have stood for close upon thirteen Centuries, giving their silent but powerful testimony to the antiquity of this Church. During the time of the Commonwealth they were overturned by some misguided fanatics, and thrown into a ditch, but the energetic Vicar of Whalley, William Johnson, had them restored and securely fastened into their original bases about 1738, and forbade the digging of any new graves which might tend to imperil their safety.

In addition to these Crosses, the churchyard contains some very ancient gravestones, a stone coffin and a sun-dial. The stone coffin probably belongs to the Thirteenth Century, and the sun-dial bears an inscription, Lat. 53 : 40. A.D. 1757.

SUN-DIAL, WHALLEY CHURCHYARD.

The lime trees, which add so much to the seclusion of this churchyard, were planted by the Historian, Dr. Whitaker,

during the period of his vicariate at Whalley (1809-1822). Before this it was treeless, and still earlier it was unenclosed, an open burial ground, necessitating the services of a "dog-whipper." [1]

THE CHANCEL, WHALLEY CHURCH. *By permission of the Publishers of "Whalley in 1902."*

The interior of the Church is not less historic in its way than the exterior. It abounds with interesting memorials of the past and well repays the most careful and exhaustive study. Edwin Waugh well expresses the feeling of veneration which cannot fail to be evoked by such a study, he says :—"The interior of this ancient fane is singularly and impressively rich in its details and in its memorials of the past. Much of the quaint and delicate carved work it contains is spoil from the ruined Abbey close by. With the exception of the fine old Collegiate Church at Manchester, this was the most beautiful

[1] See note on the Churchwardens' Accounts (p. 221.)

and historically interesting church I had seen up to that time, and I remember how, whilst the solemn service was going on that forenoon, my eyes travelled in a kind of dreamy rapture over sculptured monuments, and quaint brasses, ancient chapels, richly carved screen and tabernacle work and old monastic stalls, up to the arched roof, and back again to the mystic altar and the great east window above it, whose gorgeous heraldries seemed to tinge the whole light of the interior with a weird dream, in which the romance of history mingled softly with the romance of devotion." In the necessarily brief description of the Church we shall follow the cultured and well-informed author of the *Handbook of Whalley*, who was Vicar of the Parish for many years.

The chief ornaments in the chancel are the oak stalls brought here at the demolition of the Conventual Church. The original number of these stalls was eighteen. The canopies, though not highly adorned, are very light and elegant. On the miserere[1] of the Abbot's stall is a wreath of vine enriched with clusters of grapes—emblems of the plenty and good cheer attached to his office; and underneath, this sibilant hexameter—

"Semper gaudentes sint ista sede sedentes."
(May they be always joyful, who sit in this seat.)

On the Prior's stall is a very ludicrous sculpture—a satyr armed with a club, and covered with rough hair, in the posture of supplication, and weeping oaken tears before a pert, broad-faced girl, who is evidently laughing at his suit. The sapient inscription in Norman French reads—

"Penses molt, et Parles pou."
(Think much, and speak little.)

We are able to give an illustration of this curious carving. On another appears a grave bearded man, with his sword and buckler cast away, kneeling with uplifted hands, before a female who is

[1] The misereres are the adjustable seats in the choir stalls. They are hinged, and when put down form an ordinary seat, but when lifted up the carving on the under side is seen, and in that position they were intended for the monks to lean against when weary, and still retain the standing posture. In addition to the carvings which are most skilfully done, they have inscriptions in Old English, Norman French and Latin, and in this respect they are unique, for so far as we know, there are no other examples of misereres with inscriptions upon them.

beating him about the head with a ladle. These are probably intended to console the monks for the privations of love and

CARVING ON THE PRIOR'S STALL, CHOIR, WHALLEY CHURCH.

Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

marriage. On another is the whimsical carving of a man attempting to shoe a goose, with the motto in old English—

"Whoso melles hym of yt al men dos, let hym cum hier & shoe ye ghos."
(Whoso meddles himself of that all men do, let him come here and shoe the goose.)

The satirical picture these stalls present furnish an amusing specimen of the dexterity with which the ecclesiastics rendered the weaknesses of the cloister subservient to the decoration of their buildings, both in wood and painted glass, and proves that the simple piety of our ancestors was not unalloyed with vanity and ostentation, if not with grosser vices.

Recessed in the north wall of the chancel, is a recumbent figure of the late Thomas Dunham Whitaker, LL.D., the historian, placed there by public subscription a very striking likeness of what he was when about forty-two years of age.

In the vestry on the north side are iron-clasped oak chests, in which are kept valuable local documents, and also one of the most complete sets of parochial registers in the kingdom. They

commence in 1538, when the first act was passed for the keeping of parish registers, and with the exception of a short gap of about three years, during the time of the great rebellion, they are complete. They, together with the wardens' accounts, and the chained books, form a small library of unique interest and value.[1]

MONUMENT TO DR. T. D. WHITAKER, CHANCEL, WHALLEY CHURCH.

By permission of the Publishers of "Whalley in 1902."

The chained books, just mentioned, are enclosed in a glazed oak case, placed in the Chancel. They are all first editions, in their original bindings, and are almost priceless in value. They include the following volumes:—*Jewell's Apology*, 1567, Queen Elizabeth ordered "that a copy of the English translation should be chained in every Parish Church in England"; *Foxe's Book of*

[1] The churchwarden's accounts date back to the seventeenth century, and contain many curious entries, such as payments for whipping dogs out of the church and churchyard, sums paid for "mossing" the church, that is presumably covering the roof with moss; the payment of 1s. 4d. for "a quart of sack for the Committee" refers to the Committee appointed to superintend ecclesiastical business during the Commonwealth, and which met on this occasion at Preston in 1647.

Martyrs, 1563; *Book of Homilies*, 1563, "Certain Sermons or Homilies appointed by the King's Majesty to be declared and read by all parsons, vicars and curates, every Sunday where they have cure." This volume was not chained as it was to be read from the pulpit.

THE NAVE, WHALLEY CHURCH.

By permission of the Publishers of "Whalley in 1902."

On entering the nave from the chancel, the first pew on the left-hand side belongs to the Manor of Hapton, and was constructed prior to the Reformation. A dispute having arisen with regard to sittings in the Church, Sir John Towneley, as the principal man of the Parish, was sent for to decide it, when in giving his award he made use of these remarkable words:—"My man Shuttleworth, of Hacking, made this form (pew), and here will I sit when I come, and my cousin Nowell may make one behind me, if he please, and my son Sherburne shall make one on the other side, and Mr. Catterall another behind him; and for the residue the use shall be, first come first speed, and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to Church." The

Nowell Pew was actually placed in the situation allotted to it by Sir John Towneley, but not for upwards of a hundred and twenty years after. This magnificent old pew, belonging to the Manor of Read, has this inscription—

"Factum est per Rogerum Nowell, Armigerum, Anno Domini, MCCCCCXXXIIII."

There is a story that when Roger Nowell brought this pew from Read, Sir John Assheton then resident at Whalley Abbey, refused to allow it to be placed in the Church, upon which Mr. Nowell had it put in a neighbouring barn where it remained for seventy years, after which his descendant quietly brought it into its present place, where it has remained ever since.

The Chantry at the head of the south aisle was appropriated to the Abbey, and was known as St. Mary's Cage, that on the north side, to the Manor of Little Mytton, and was called St. Nicholas' Cage.

Within the chapel belonging to Mytton is a brass plate with the kneeling figures of a man and a woman; the father has nine sons behind him, and the mother eleven daughters. The inscription reads thus—

"Of your charyte pray for the sowllys of Ralfe Catterall, Esquire,
and Elizabeth hys wyfe, whyche bodies lyeth before this pellor,"

with the date 1515. This quaint tablet had been lost for years, when it was discovered by the Historian of Whalley, in the parlour of Catterall Hall, near Garstang, and promptly restored by the possessor, who doubtless did not know whence it had come.

In this chapel was the pew of the Paslews of Wiswell Hall, and the last Abbot of Whalley is buried near it. The stone which marks the spot, bears a floreated cross, the upper and lateral limbs terminating in *fleurs de lys*, with provision at the foot for two initial letters. The first is I, the second is gone, the stone being fractured at the corner, but it was doubtless P, for John Paslew. On the dexter side, under the arm of the cross is the chalice, the symbol of an ecclesiastic, placed as nearly as possible over the breast of the corpse. The slab bears the simple and pathetic inscription—

"Jhu fili dei miserere mei."

In the north aisle also lie the remains of John Braddyll, of Portfield, the great trafficer and speculator in the forfeited estates of the Abbey. It is a strange coincidence that the last Abbot and he should lie almost in a common grave.

TOMBSTONE TO ABBOT PASLEW, WHALLEY CHURCH.

By permission of the Publishers of "Whalley in 1902."

The east window is a genealogical one, on which may be traced the descent of property through the great families of the parish, from early Saxon times. There are represented the arms of Towneley, the Ducal arms of Buccleugh, the arms of the Abbey, the See of Chester and of Lichfield. The arms of the Whitakers, the Parkers, the Braddylls, the Nowells, the Petres, the Holdens, the Starkies, the Shuttleworths and the Halsteads. "The window has witnessed many changes, and exemplifies the perils which estates pass through from gambling, misfortune, sales, improvidence, and marriages of heiresses with fortune-hunters."

Before leaving the Church, attention must be called to the font, which is a fine, octagonal specimen of yellow grit stone from the neighbouring township of Read. It is generally supposed to have been the gift of Abbot Paslew, the more ancient one which it replaced having been removed by him to Wiswell Hall. On the demolition of Wiswell Hall in 1895, this font was brought back to Whalley Church, where it is now preserved.

Whalley Abbey.

Adjoining the Church are the Abbey grounds and ruins, to which we now direct attention. The space at our disposal admits only of an outline of the history of this great monastic establishment, but as far as possible we shall deal with:—The site chosen, the abandonment of Stanlaw, the building of the Abbey and Conventual Church, the work of the Cistercian Monastery, its confiscation and demolition, and the story of the last Abbot. The present condition of the ruins will be constantly referred to and illustrated, as the text and basis of our theme.

"Whalley Abbey was one of a group of four beautiful Cistercian sisters in the North of England, which for a period of three hundred years continued to exercise unbounded hospitality and charity, to adorn well-chosen sites by magnificent buildings, to employ, clothe and pay many labourers, herdsmen and shepherds and to exercise the arts and cultivate the learning of the time."

The four Abbeys were Fountains, Kirkstall, Furness and Whalley. Sawley Abbey was one of the smaller of the Cistercian houses, and was founded almost a century before Whalley. The Cistercians were a branch of the Benedictines. They obtained their name from Cistertium, the Latin for Cisteaux in Burgundy, where the order was instituted by Robert, Abbot of Molesme, in 1098. They were also called the White Monks, on account of the colour of their garment, which consisted of a white cassock, and over that a black gown for travelling abroad, and a white one when they attended church. Their order was the strictest of all the monastic fraternities, both in regard to the rigid discipline imposed upon the brethren, and the rules affecting the

internal economy of their houses, the selection of their sites, and even the nature of their buildings. The site was to be far from the haunts and habitation of men, in a low, sheltered position. Their buildings were to be severe and simple: no carvings of the human figure, no stained glass, no lofty towers, no architectural display; but solid and substantial and as far as the site would permit, in conformity with a plan laid down for their guidance.

It will be seen that the site selected for Whalley perfectly fulfilled the regulations of their order, and well merited the name bestowed upon it "Locus Benedictus de Whalley," but whether they found it in the beautiful condition so well described by Edwin Waugh,[1] or whether by their fostering care they contributed largely to its fertility and sylvan loveliness, is not easy to determine, but at least, it is certain they had the wisdom which enabled them to select a site capable of being so transformed.

The parent house of Whalley was Stanlaw in Cheshire, founded by John, Constable of Chester, on the eve of his Pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1176. It was situate near the confluence of the Gowy with the Mersey, in one of the most miserable and sterile parts of Cheshire. Here the monks never seemed to prosper, one misfortune after another dogged their footsteps. In 1279, the sea broke in upon them—for their Monastery was built upon a small rock rising from a marsh, formerly covered by the tides—did great damage to the Abbey, and washed away the bridge leading from Stanlaw to Chester, thereby cutting off their communications. In 1287, the great tower of the Church was blown down, and in 1289 they were first flooded by the river and then the greater part of the Abbey was consumed by fire. All these misfortunes would add to their dismay, and tend to make them further dissatisfied with their dreary abode, and even to doubt the fitness of the name "Locus Benedictus" (The Blessed

[1] Edwin Waugh says:—"The site of the Abbey, embosomed in the green hills, and close by the side of the smooth-flowing Calder, is naturally beautiful, and it must have been even more so in ancient days, when the waters of the river were clear and full of fish, and the woods around were thick, and when the monkish chants of sacred song arose at morn and eve in a quiet scene, where they mingled with no ruder sounds than the wild voices of nature."

place), bestowed upon it by their founder. Accordingly, with true native instinct, the monks began to look abroad for a better site, and Whalley was the final object of their choice, and a most judicious selection it was. "A copious stream to the south, a moderate expanse of rich meadow and pasture around, and an amphitheatre of sheltering hills, clad in the verdant covering of their native woods, beyond; these were features in the face of nature which the early Cistercians courted with instinctive fondness; where these combined it does not appear that they ever abandoned a situation once chosen, and where these were wanting it is certain they never long or willingly remained. Thus Tulket, which was abandoned for Furness, Stanlaw for Whalley, and Barnoldswick for Kirkstall, though not deficient in general fertility wanted all these peculiarities of situation and beauties of landscape."

Accordingly, in a petition addressed to the Pope, the Monks of Stanlaw applied for authority to transport their House to Whalley, to appropriate the revenues of Whalley Church on the death of the then Incumbent, and to avail themselves of the generous provision which had been made for them by their patron Henry de Lacy. In their petition for the appropriation of the parent Church of Whalley, they describe it as "Locum habitationi admodum idoneum" (a place highly convenient for habitation). "The glebe was fertile, warm, and spacious; the tithery extensive; the incumbent aged; themselves importunate; and their patron bountiful." Accordingly their request was granted, and a bull was issued by Pope Nicholas IV, sanctioning their translation from Stanlaw to Whalley. In 1294, Sir[1] Peter de Cestria, the first and only Rector of Whalley, died, and on April 4th, 1296, the festival of St. Ambrose, Gregory de Norbury, eighth Abbot of Stanlaw, and his convent took possession of the old Deanery of Whalley which was to be their abode during the erection of the new Monastery.

[1] The appellation 'Sir' was applied to all priests who had not taken a Degree at College. "Such Priests," says Fuller, "as have the addition of Sir before the Christian name, were men not graduated at the University, being in *Orders* but not in *Degrees*."

At this time they were about twenty-four in number, and must have suffered considerable inconvenience in the straitness of their new dwelling. They would be naturally anxious to provide themselves with better lodgings, and instead of increasing their number to sixty, as they were bound by their Charter to do, they proceeded to apply their superfluous income to the erection of a spacious and

THE N.W. GATEWAY, WHALLEY ABBEY,
FROM THE E.

magnificent Abbey, which was to cost, upon their own estimate, £3,000 sterling, an enormous sum in those days, equivalent to at least £50,000 at the present time. It must be remembered that the wages of an artisan were only two-pence a day, and that the greater part of the timber required was obtained from the neighbouring woods, and the whole of the stone from the quarries at Read and Simonstone.[1]

[1] "Nic. Del. Holden and John De Simonstone license the Abbot and convent to dig for stone in Symondstone, pro fabrica monasterii sui. A.D. 1336."

The foundation stone of the new Abbey was laid in June 1296, by Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln; but not until one hundred and fifty years later was the work completed under Abbot Eccles. Speaking of the reasons for the protracted and long delayed operations of the monks, Dr. Whitaker says: "The Abbey of Whalley with great revenues, was never rich, and though the monks had not only neglected to increase their number to sixty, as they were bound to do by the Bull of Pope Boniface, but had even reduced their numbers beneath the original establishment of forty, yet they appear to have been usually in debt. Their founder had indeed bestowed upon them, in addition to their other possessions, a valuable rectory, and a rich and extensive glebe; but this was not all. He permitted them to take possession of the old parsonage house, and to provide for themselves better accommodation at their leisure, and thus circumstanced, they judged wisely to adopt a magnificent plan and to pursue it, though slowly, yet with uniformity, rather than to disgrace themselves and what they conceived to be the cause of God, by mean and hasty erections." The hundred and fifty years during which these noble buildings were gradually, if slowly, growing in size, beauty and perfection, would be years of financial stress and strain for the monks, and they would doubtless in these times justify the complaints so often urged against them "that they were importunate, and never satisfied beggars, who found an easy access to the beds of the great at seasons when guilt and fear precluded the possibility of a refusal." [1]

In justice to them we must, however, remember that the claims upon their hospitality were boundless. Hospitality was a virtue common to all the religious houses, but the peculiar

[1] The importunity of the monks is thus divertingly represented by Chaucer in *The Canterbury Tales*—

"Yeve me then of your gold to make our cloistre,
Quod he; for many a muscle and many an oystre
Whan other men han ben full wel at ese
Hath ben our food, our cloistre for to rese;
And yet, God wot, unneathe the fundament
Performed is, ne of our pavement
N'is a tile yet within our wones,
By God, we owen fourty pound for stones."—*Sompnour's Tale.*

Thanks to the abundance of good quarries at Read, the monks of Whalley never owed a penny for stone.

situation of Whalley, almost at an equal distance between Manchester and Lancaster, in the centre of a barren and inhospitable tract, and in the great route of the pilgrims from north to south, rendered these demands singularly oppressive here. There was an uncertain and irresistible influx of guests of every rank from the sovereign to the beggar, whose stay, "if it exceeded not three days, was never considered oppressive." Their liberality in money too was great. The nobility and gentry of the county had pensions; the preaching Friars, travelling from place to place, were not only housed but sent on their journey supplied with money; the minstrels, the officers of the Ecclesiastical Courts in their visitations, and even the servants of ordinary visitants partook of their bounty. Then further, their novices were often educated in the universities, and if hopeful were encouraged to proceed to higher degrees. The heavy cost of this is seen by one entry in their accounts, which reads as follows:—

1521. "Scolari pro gradu Bac. £9 6s. 8d.," a sum equal to over £100 to-day.

An instructive extract from the same account book is given by Dr. Whitaker, from which, and from his comment thereon, we obtain an insight into the management of the Abbey revenues. It is headed "De donis":—

Quat. ord. fratrum.			IVs.		(4s.)
Minstrallis			XXXVJs.	VIJd.	(36s. 7d.)
Thomas Duo Stanley	VI. L	:	XIIIs.	: IVd.	(£6 13s. 4d.)

"Of these three articles, it would perhaps be harsh to observe that the smallest is for charity, the next for pleasure and the largest for ambition. The four orders of begging friars have a small and stated contribution of 4/-, the minstrels from £1 16s. 7d. to £2 4s. and Lord Stanley £6 13s. 4d. From the amount of the sum paid to the minstrels, more considerable than paid to the organist of the church, and larger by nearly one half than the Earl of Northumberland paid to 'his minstraills that be daily in his household,' it would seem that they were part of the regular establishment of the Abbey; that these fathers could relish the heroic romance, or the pastoral ballad, and that the refectory of Whalley often resounded with the rude but affecting minstrelsy of the times."

As to the pensions to Lords Stanley and Monteagle, it is difficult to see why they were given in times of perfect tranquility, or what services these noblemen were expected to render to the Abbey in return for them. The complaint of Piers Plowman seems perfectly just—"And of them that haveth not they take, and giveth them that haveth, and clerkes and knyghtes and communers that be ryche." There is something pathetic and perfectly explicable in the pension granted by Abbot Paslew to Thomas Cromwell, useless though it proved to be, for then the times were critical, and only a few months later Paslew was hanged and his Monastery dissolved.

THE N.E. GATEWAY (EXTERIOR), WHALLEY ABBEY.

To return to the causes of the scarcity of funds, which seems to have been one of the main reasons for the long period of time over which the building of the Abbey was spread, it must be borne in mind that the regular maintenance of the Abbey residents including monks, novices, servants and workmen of various kinds, was a constant and heavy drain upon its resources. It is estimated that about one hundred and sixty persons were fed daily at the Abbot's table. The establishment consisted of the Lord Abbot, the Prior, about twenty monks, an uncertain number

of novices, say about ten, twenty servants belonging to the Abbot, and seventy in the general service of the Abbey, in all no less than one hundred and twenty. The provision for these inmates can only be described as profuse in variety and lavish in quantity. The mean consumption of the Abbey in wine was nine hundred and sixty gallons per annum, in addition to white wine of which each monk was allowed a bottle a day. Of malt, one hundred and fifty quarters annually were brewed. Of wheat, two hundred quarters per annum were baked into bread. For the Abbot's table alone they slaughtered each year seventy-five oxen, eighty sheep, forty calves, twenty lambs and four porkers. For the refectory and inferior tables fifty-seven oxen, forty sheep, twenty calves and ten lambs. In addition to all this they obtained great supplies of venison from the forests over which they had jurisdiction, and abundance of fish from the rivers, the Calder providing them with trout and the Hodder with salmon.

Fasting would indeed be necessary from time to time, not only as a religious duty, but for other weighty reasons; and it cannot be denied that so large a proportion of animal food must have been detrimental to health; indeed, skin disorders were of common occurrence, and where cleanliness of person was a matter regarded with much indifference, the state of things naturally became worse. Dr. Whitaker speaks with great plainness when dealing with this unpleasant subject, he says:—

> "A total inattention to cleanliness, exposed them to putrid and cutaneous disorders, which is to be imputed to the absurdity of their rule; for they had no sheets to their beds or shirts to their backs; they slept in their ordinary dresses of woollen, and never availed themselves of a practice from which they do not appear to have been prohibited, and which alone rendered the same habits tolerable in the ancients, namely, a constant use of warm baths. In us, it would produce a strange mixture of feelings to be repelled from the person of a man of learning, or elegant manners, by stench and vermin."

The first monks after leaving the Deanery, in which they were sheltered for a short time only, resided in temporary dwellings near the sumptuous edifice which was being raised for their successors. Many of the buildings were consecrated in 1306, ten years after their first settlement. These included the dormitory,

the quadrangle, and the refectory; the whole of the precincts receiving a general benediction from the Bishop at the same time.

ENTRANCE TO STAIRCASE, LEADING TO DORMITORIES AND SCRIPTORIUM, WHALLEY ABBEY. *Photograph by Mr. G. F. Duckett, of Burnley.*

In 1308, the foundations of the Conventual Church were laid by Henry de Lacy the Patron of the Abbey, but for quite twenty years no further progress was made, until in 1330 Robert de Topcliffe commenced the actual building. He sent over into Gaul to collect masons skilled in working stone; he sent into Italy to secure skilled carvers in wood, with what success may be seen in the oak stalls now in the chancel of Whalley Church, and he sent also for glaziers, whose painted glass windows were at that time

unknown in England.[1] The importance of stained glass windows may be realised when we remember the scarcity of books and manuscripts as means of instruction. When the whole library of a great Abbey like Fountains could be contained in a chest, the use of picture instruction conveyed through the medium of painted glass, must have been of the highest value.

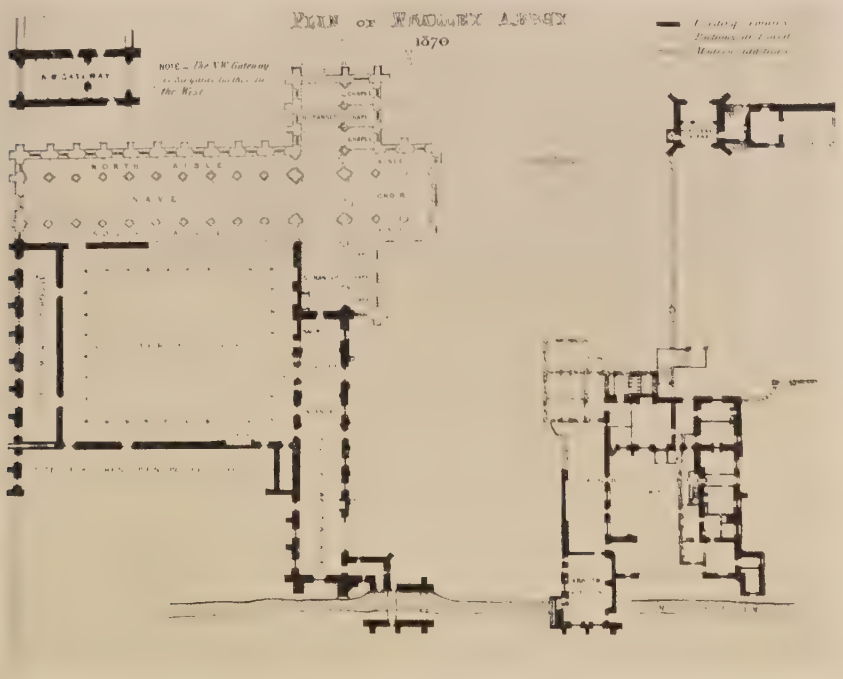
The work progressed slowly but without interruption, until in 1340, license was granted by Edward III to face the walls, and in 1380, under Abbot John Lindlay, the first Mass was celebrated in it, thus giving approximately the date of completion. The cost of the Church is estimated to have been as great as that of all the remaining Abbey buildings put together, and in size and magnificence it would rank amongst the finest of the Cistercian order in Europe, rivalling many Cathedrals in extent and grandeur; and yet when in 1798 excavations were made by Dr. Whitaker and others, they were only able to find the foundations of some of the pillars and a few encaustic tiles which had formed part of the pavement!

In the tower of the Conventual Church were five bells, three of which are at the present time in the tower of Downham Church, and the following legend is attached to them. As shepherds pass over Pendle Hill on calm nights in "Ashen-Dean-Clough" or at "Ravensholme," they fancy they hear the soft, low chimes of distant bells, "the monks' bells," and they believe that the chimes come from the old bells at Downham, still calling the monks to prayer as formerly, at midnight hours.

"Oft on Pendle's side one hears, a passing sound of distant bells;
No legend old, nor human wit, can tell us whence this music swells.
'Tis thought that they, by Assheton brought from Whalley's convent towers,
Still call at times the drowsy monks to prayers at midnight hours."

[1] The subsequent history of this stained glass is almost incredible, when one remembers its rarity and value. It possessed wonderful optical qualities, and its prismatic effects and colouring cannot now be reproduced, in spite of all the modern triumphs of chemical science. When the Church was pulled down, the glass from the windows was thrown in heaps into one of the Abbey storerooms. A few years later, an abundant harvest filled to their utmost capacity all available storage, and still more space was needed. Accordingly, the painted glass was removed from the storeroom, taken in wheelbarrows and *thrown into the Calder*. After many years, a heavy flood caused some fragments of it to be washed up, and this suggested to Dr. T. D. Whitaker the idea of making diligent search for more, which resulted in his finding a sufficient quantity to provide the greater portion of the glass in the staircase window at Holme, as stated in a previous chapter. (See p. 38).

The general design of the Abbey, which closely resembles that of all Cistercian Monasteries, may best be understood by reference to the plan here reproduced. It is the work of Mr. W. A. Waddington, and is taken from the Fourth Edition of Dr. Whitaker's *History of Whalley*. It will be seen that the



PLAN OF WHALLEY ABBEY, BY MR. W. A. WADDINGTON.

SCALE 120FT. TO 1 INCH. *By permission of Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.*

Abbey consisted of two courts; they were surrounded by a wall which enclosed the whole of the consecrated ground, forming the Clausum. The Cloister Court occupied the very centre or heart of the Monastery, and around it the principal buildings were arranged. On the north side was the Conventual Church, on the west was a house often designated as in our plan, the Hospitium or Guest House, but more probably the Domus Conversorum,[1] that is, the house of the Conversi, a class of persons subordinate to

[1] Mr. Waddington himself, in a paper on Whalley Abbey, read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, a few years after the publication of this plan, stated his belief that the portion of the Convent in question ought more probably to be regarded as the Domus Conversorum. It was most unlikely that the monks would have put their guests in such quarters that their bedrooms would overlook the Cloisters, the most private and sequestered part of the Monastery.

the monks, who were employed in the menial duties of the Abbey. This once beautiful building, simple and severe in style as it undoubtedly was, is now, alas, used as a cow-house. On the south side of the Cloister were the Refectory and Kitchens, and above them the chief Dormitory.

The Refectory would overlook the Calder. It is reported to have been a fine, vaulted chamber, supported by stone pillars. Only the lower walls of the inner side remain, and they are now covered by luxuriant ivy, and shaded by giant sycamore trees. The general kitchens were near the Refectory, but no traces of them remain.

LAVATORY, AND S.E. CORNER OF THE CLOISTER,
WHALLEY ABBEY.

Adjacent to the Refectory and within the quadrangle, is a beautiful shallow arch with a recess beneath it, which formed the monks' Lavatory. It had an abundant supply of water, conducted by two-and-a-half inch lead pipes, from one or two of the excellent wells in the neighbourhood.

On the east side of the Cloister were a long suite of buildings, connecting the House with the Church, and containing in the following order, (commencing from the Church)—the Sacristy, the Chapter House, the Penitentiary, and the Day

Room or Fratry, with the Scriptorium above. The Sacristy communicated with the South Transept of the Church, and was used to contain the vestments and sacred vessels. The Chapter House would be a fine apartment, large enough to contain the whole religious community. The entrance to it, opening on the Cloister Court, is a fine embellished archway, in a good state of preservation, the reproduction of which forms the frontispiece to this chapter.[1]

THE CHAPTER HOUSE AND FRATRY, WHALLEY ABBEY.

The Penitentiary was a small apartment in which monks who had infringed the rules of the Convent were confined previous to their appearing before the Chapter for judgment. The Day room was intended for the monks to engage in conversation,

[1] Western Doorway of the Chapter House, from the Cloister. Mr. W. A. Waddington in a paper read before the Historical Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, in January 1874, on "Cistercian Architecture, as illustrated by the Remains of Whalley Abbey," says:—"In this instance we find the usual arrangement of a central doorway, flanked by two smaller arched openings, the sills of which are some two or three feet from the ground. These openings were never glazed, and are a standing proof of the austerity of the Cistercians, who were thus unprotected in their deliberations, from the severities of our climate. This western triple arcade is exceedingly beautiful, the moulds of the central doorway being enriched by numerous carved patterns of a very spirited character, the hood-moulds being foliated.

The side arches contain tracery of an early perpendicular character, and are deeply moulded, having treble shafts." (See p. 205.)

and to enjoy some slight relaxation from the usual severity of their order. The walls of these rooms remain, ivy clad, and showing even in their ruins signs of former grandeur. They are pierced here and there by doors and windows, graceful in form,

EASTERN DOORWAY OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE,
WHALLEY ABBEY.

and in some cases enriched by beautiful tracery. One of these doors (the eastern entrance to the Chapter House), with a portion of the wall showing the corbels which supported the floor of the storey above, is illustrated here. On the floor above were a second Dormitory, the Infirmary, and the Scriptorium.

"In this room (the Scriptorium) were monopolised the arts, the learning, and the religion of the times. Here was carried on the art of illuminating; and missals, which were frequently written in letters of gold upon a purple ground, had their bindings ornamented with gold and precious stones. The view from the windows of the Scriptorium must have commanded a lovely prospect over the river Calder. The oak, the ash and the sycamore thrive well in this part of Lancashire, being sheltered from the sea breezes; and at the period we are writing of, when the woods descended from the summit of Whalley Nab, in thickets and glades of natural growth, there is no doubt that the whole was as solemn and sequestered a scene as any that were selected for a residence by the Cistercian order."

THE LONG GALLERY, ABBOT'S HOUSE, WHALLEY ABBEY. *Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.*

The Second Court lay eastward from the Cloister Court, and was bounded by a portion of the Choir of the Church on the north side, and by the range of buildings just described on the west. On the south side was the Mill Stream, over which

were a series of arches and upon them certain Conventual buildings, and on the east the Long Gallery, a portion of the Abbot's Lodgings. These buildings were erected by Abbot Paslew between 1507 and 1536, and were probably barely completed before his dethronement. They contained the Hall, the Long Gallery, the Abbot's Oratory[1] and Kitchens. The Long Gallery

ARCHES OVER THE MILL STREAM, WHALLEY ABBEY.

Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

or Banqueting Hall, one hundred and fifty feet in length, would be the finest apartment in the whole structure, and was doubtless used for the entertainment of the most distinguished of the Abbey guests. Beneath it were the Abbot's Kitchens, which contained no less than three fine specimens of the ancient arched fireplaces of enormous size.

[1] Pointing out the Abbot's private Chapel, the Author of the *Lancashire Itinerary* says :— "This was the Abbot's private chapel. Good man! he performed his devotions very near his kitchen, for there it is. Pray pace the length of those three splendid fireplaces. What smoking hecatombs were here offered up!"

The Abbot's private Chapel is one of the most picturesque remnants of the ruins, and was the scene of the interview between Paslew and the Monk, which Harrison Ainsworth, in his stirring and brilliant romance of *The Lancashire Witches*, describes, and to which reference is made on a subsequent page.

THE ABBOT'S LODGINGS, N. FRONT, WHALLEY ABBEY.

Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

The two noble gateways of the Abbey claim our brief attention. The North Western Gate is the older, and is situated about eighty yards further to the west than is indicated in the plan. It was erected about the year 1350, and contains some beautiful windows of the late decorated style. The upper storey is supported on stone groining, and was probably used as the Grammar School for many years after the dissolution of the Abbey. In its earlier days, it probably served the purpose of Hospitium or Guest Chamber to the Abbey. The North Eastern Gateway, now the entrance to the Abbey grounds, was built by the Sixteenth Abbot, William Rede, in 1486. It is perpendicular in style, and has the letter R occurring many times carved upon the masonry. The niche on its northern side, contained a figure of the Virgin, to whom all Cistercian Abbeys were dedicated.

Such is the brief account of all that now remains of what was once a perfect and majestic monastic establishment. A few ruined walls and windows and doors, moss clad and overgrown with ivy. Of the Church not a vestige. The remnants of the Abbey, of the most meagre description.[1] We now proceed to explain the various steps by which this state of things came to pass.

FIREPLACE IN THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN, WHALLEY ABBEY.

Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

For two centuries this Monastery had been a centre of culture and learning. It had been a hospital in which the sick and poor received daily ministration and relief. It had been a public house of entertainment, from whose hospitable doors none were ever sent empty away. The noble buildings had been an

[1] "They pluckt Communion Tables down,
And broke our painted glasses;
They threw our Altars to the ground,
And tumbled down the Crosses."—*Jordan.*

ornament to the country, and constant employment had been provided for workmen of all kinds. But now wealth and luxury gradually introduced loose and vicious habits;[1] revenues were not employed according to the intent of the donors; there was much pageantry, empty state and frequent travelling abroad for mere pleasure. The day of reckoning was drawing near.

THE N.W. GATEWAY, FROM S.W.
WHALLEY ABBEY.

Photograph by
Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

Coming down to the year 1500: fifteen abbots had worn the sacerdotal cope and borne the pastoral staff since the foundation of the monastery, and the sixteenth, William Rede, was soon to be called away to join his predecessors. At his death, which occurred in 1506, John Paslew was chosen by the Convent to occupy his place. It is clear that nature never intended him for any such position. Of a wary and cautious

[1] Near the monastery, and in consecrated ground, there once existed a little hermitage, where votaries of both sexes were at different times accommodated. Scandalous conduct on the part of these recluses was often reported, and at last became so notorious that a petition for its dissolution was presented to Henry VI. The result was the hermitage was abolished by letters patent, and two chaplains appointed in its place to say daily mass in the church hard by for the soul of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, who had founded and endowed it. The petition recited in terms too descriptive, it is feared, of monastic life in general—"That divers of the wymen that have been servents there in the hermitage, and attending to the recluses afortym, have byn misgovernyd, and gotten with chyld withyn the seyd plase halowyd, to the grete displeasaunce of hurt and diclander of the abbeye aforeseyd." The last votaress was Isold de Heton, who is reported to have broken her leg in climbing Whalley Nab, when making her escape from the unwelcome attentions of the monks.

bearing, he was yet too restless and ambitious a man for the office; imperious, impetuous, implacable, he ruled with a rod of iron, and was never as popular as his predecessor, whose charities were greater, whilst his personal expenses were about half those of Paslew. Brought up on the slope of Pendle, in the old Hall at Wiswell,[1] his local associations did not lessen, in the slightest degree, the severity of his rule, though he seems never to have forfeited the respect and latterly the sympathy of his neighbours.

WISWELL HALL.

"The first twenty years of this abbot passed like those of his predecessors in the duties of his choir, in the exercise of hospitality, in attention to the extensive possessions of his house, or in the improvement of its buildings; but a storm was now approaching, before which either conscience or bigotry prevented him from bending, and which brought quick and premature destruction to him and his house."

[1] Wiswell (or Wiswall) Hall was demolished in 1895. Its condition shortly previous to that date is shown in our illustration. Mr. W. A. Waddington says of it:—"Wiswall Hall possesses but few features worthy of notice. It has a porch of two storeys on the north side; over the door is the date 1636, under the arms of Paslew, with the letters F.P. The windows are low and have mullions. There are bold, projecting chimneys to the west." The more ancient font of Whalley Church, now restored to the Church, was formerly preserved here. The Hall, no doubt, occupied the site of an earlier structure, which was the birth place and home of John Paslew.

In March, 1531, Henry VIII proceeded with the help of his Parliament to substitute Royal for Papal supremacy over the Church. This act was followed by the appointment of a Commission to make a visitation of all the religious houses in the kingdom, to report upon their pecuniary resources, and upon the life and character of their inmates. This visitation was made in 1535, and upon the report of the Commission, an Act was passed suppressing the lesser monasteries, and providing for the reversion of their revenues to the Crown.[1] This measure led to the wide-spread rebellion known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," for, whatever the monasteries were, they had certainly obtained a strong hold upon the popular imagination and affection. They had been the helpers of the sick, poor, and needy; they had provided the means of instruction when no other institution would or did, and rightly or wrongly, they were regarded as the very bulwark of religion; hence the insurrection.

For a long time, Paslew, with characteristic caution held aloof from the rising, and returned evasive or dilatory answers to the frequent and peremptory demands to join the insurrection addressed to him by the Archbishop of York. The story of the firing of Pendle beacon, which was the sign of his acquiescence, forms the basis of one of the most thrilling of the traditions related by Roby,[2] in which he tells how a messenger from the Archbishop, first has an interview with Paslew in his oratory, and then proceeds to the Pendle beacon, and in the temporary absence of the watchers sets it alight, calling forth the answering fires from the neighbouring hills, and causing an armed band to assemble at the Abbey on the following morning, when the distracted abbot, torn by conflicting interests, decides at last to give his support to the insurgents.

[1] The preamble of the Act recites as the chief reason for the suppression of these monasteries, their own corrupt condition, it says: "That manifest sin, vicious, carnal and abominable living is commonly committed in the small abbeys and priories, whereby the governors and servants spoil and waste the churches, farms and lands and although continual visitations have been held, by the space of two hundred years and more, for reformation of such unthrifty, carnal and abominable livings, yet none amendment is hitherto had, but their vicious living shamefully increaseth and augmenteth." It is remarkable that this Act was passed in a Parliament where twenty-six mitred Abbots sat as barons, and that the whole number of spiritual lords was at that time greater than the whole number of lay peers who had seats in the Upper House.

[2] See *Roby's Traditions of Lancashire*, Vol. 1. "The last Abbot of Whalley."

Few insurrections have ever been more ill-fated or more easily suppressed than the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Harassed by floods, cajoled by specious promises, and in reality defeated before a blow was struck, their forces melted away and their leaders were left defenceless. Paslew returned to Whalley a broken and ruined man. By many a vain contrivance, he sought to avert the King's displeasure and his own doom, but without avail. The following pathetic and humiliating document shows that a bribe or pension was offered to the King's Secretary, Thomas Cromwell, but like every other expedient employed it was useless. The extract is from the Towneley MSS. :—

"To all estates due honour and reverence, and to all other commendacioun in our Lord everlastying. Know ye that we John, Abbot of ye monasterie of our blessed Ladie of Whalley, in com. Lanc. by assente and consente of the convente have freely granted ye right honourable Mr. Tho. Cromwell, secretairie, general visitor and principal official to our most Sovereign Lord Kyng Hen. VIII, an annual rent or fee of VI : XIII : IV : yerely, to be paid at ye nativitie of St. John Baptiste untoe ye saide maister Thomas Cromwell. We ye saide abbot and convente have put to ye same our handes and common seale

Yeven at Whalley, 1st Jan. 28 Hen. VIII (1537)."

Within three months of the date of this document there was neither Abbot nor Abbey of Whalley. A troop of horse was despatched to Whalley Abbey, and Paslew, Eastgate and Haydock were arrested and sent to Lancaster, as were also William de Trafford, Abbot of Sawley, his Prior, and some of his monks, all being charged with high treason. The trial took place on the 10th of March, 1537, and Abbot John Paslew, Abbot William de Trafford, the Prior of Sawley and the monks Eastgate and Haydock, of Whalley, were found guilty of capital offences and sentenced to death. Abbot de Trafford and his Prior were executed at Lancaster on the same day, and Paslew and his brethren were conveyed to Whalley Abbey under the escort of Lord Derby. On the morning of the 12th of March a sad procession left the great North Eastern Gate ; the central figure was the late Abbot, a condemned prisoner, who had so many times ridden through the same gate in state little less than royal. The country folks crowded round, hardly to be restrained

from violence by the strong guard of soldiers, craving the last blessing of the Abbot, whose bitter lot they deeply commiserated, and loudly proclaiming in spite of all the soldiers could do that the Lord Abbot was a martyr; and thus, on a grey, raw morning, the hills veiled in drizzling rain, on the summit of a mound at the foot of Whalley Nab, in a place called the Hole-houses, Paslew and Eastgate were hanged. Haydock was carried to Padiham and there suffered the same fate, the object being to strike terror into the inhabitants of the whole district.

N.E. GATEWAY (INTERIOR), WHALLEY ABBEY.

It was held by the Crown lawyers that the conviction of Paslew entailed the forfeiture of his Abbey to the crown. Accordingly, within three months of his death, a survey of the landed possessions and ecclesiastical properties was made by the King's agent, and these were speedily sold to Braddyll and Assheton, both of whom made an excellent bargain out of the transaction, for Henry had conceived the clever plan of either selling the confiscated estates at much below their true value, or in some cases actually granting them as a free gift to the nobility and leading gentry of the neighbourhood, thus securing

their concurrence in what was done, by making them parties to it. The success of the scheme was manifest, and it soon quenched the light of monasticism, and silenced opposition that otherwise might have been very troublesome.

KING STREET SOUTH, WHALLEY.
(WHALLEY NAB IN THE BACKGROUND).

Photograph by Mr. A. Taylor, of Whalley.

The attempt made by Queen Mary to reinstate the Abbeys, and to restore them to their former owners, was fatal to many of these edifices, for their lay owners in almost every instance at once proceeded to dismantle them.

"For now," says Fuller, "the edifices of Abbeys, which were still entire, looked lovingly again on their ancient owners: in prevention whereof, such as possessed them for the present, plucked out their eyes, by levelling them to the ground, and shaving from them, as much as they could all abbey characters."

The work of demolition doubtless commenced at Whalley at this time, but for some obscure reason (or probably to use the stone for another purpose), after the Restoration, in 1661, Sir Ralph Assheton spent considerable sums of money in what was doubtless a task of no small difficulty, pulling down the erections

of the monks. From the following particulars in the account book of Sir Ralph Assheton, it appears that a considerable part of the Church, together with much of the Cloister Court, were demolished at this time.

The entries referred to are as follows, and sorry reading they make:—

1661.	Pd. for pulling down the old walls over the inner close,	£1 : 10 : 6.
1662.	Pulling down the old Abbey walls this winter,	
	Pd. Henry Clayton and Jas. Rushton in pt. for pulling down the old part of the steeple, and those side walls adjoining it, at 3d. per yard.	26s. 8d.
	More to them for pulling down 136¾ yards of the old steeple, at 4d. per yard.	£2 5s. 7d.
	Pd. in part for pulling down 14 yds. of the higher cloister walls, next the dove cote, at 6d.	7s.
	Pd. John Gilbert for taking down the great window or door, at the head of stairs in the cloisters."	

And much more of the same kind. "O tempora! O mores!"

It is evident, therefore, that the present condition of the Abbey is by no means due entirely to natural decay. Had it been simply left roofless, it would have been to-day in a state of comparative perfection, for the old monkish buildings were substantial structures which defied the corrosive forces of time, and which were erected for the use of generations yet unborn.

To obtain a general and comprehensive view of the Abbey ruins, one cannot do better than cross the Calder and stand in the field behind the house. "Here may be seen its crumbling arches and arcades; its chapels laid open to the day; its dismantled walls, shrouded with the wild tapestry of its monumental ivy, climbing here, there and everywhere, all uniting by their combined beauty, to afford ample scope for the play of the imagination in picturing the Abbey in its pristine glory and in contemplating its ruthless history." [1]

[1] From *A Pictorial Handbook of the Valley of the Ribble*, by Mr. Thos. Johnson.

The following summary of the principal events in the history of the Abbey, with dates assigned, will help to make clear much that has gone before. It is an extract from *Whalley Church and Abbey*, by the Rev. S. T. Taylor-Taswell, M.A., whose recently published and instructive handbook has been already mentioned:—

In 1283 the advowson of Whalley Church was granted by Henry de Lacy to the Monks of Stanlaw.

In 1284 the Royal License was granted by Edward I to the Abbot and Convent of Stanlaw, enabling them to accept the advowson.

In 1289 the Bull of Nicholas IV, gave permission to remove to Whalley, but before the removal actually took place, Nicholas IV was succeeded by Boniface VIII, who confirmed the permission in 1297.

In 1296 the Abbot and Convent of Stanlaw arrived at Whalley and took up their temporary residence in the Deanery.

In 1306 the dedication of the Abbey took place.

In 1308 the foundation-stone was laid with great ceremony by Henry de Lacy.

In 1316—1323 great progress was made in the Conventual buildings.

In 1330 the Conventual Church was commenced, and the Abbot and Convent moved into the Abbey after residing in the Deanery for thirty-four years.

In 1349 the Hermitage was founded.

In 1350 the North Western Gate was erected.

In 1362—1425 the Dormitory and Refectory were built by Abbot Lindlay.

In 1380 the first Mass was celebrated in the Conventual Church, showing it was completed.

In 1418 the Chapter House was completed.

In 1417—1434 the Choir of the Conventual Church was erected.

In 1434—1444 the Abbey Buildings according to the original plan were completed under Abbot Eccles.

In 1444 the Hermitage was suppressed, having lasted ninety-five years.

In 1486 the North Eastern Gate was erected by Abbot Rede.

In 1521 the Lady Chapel to the East of the Choir was erected by Abbot Paslew, who also built the Abbot's Lodgings.

In 1536 the Abbey was suppressed, having lasted two hundred and forty years. The confiscation was carried out by the Earl of Sussex and others.

In 1553 the Abbey Buildings, lands, etc., were bought by Richard Assheton and John Braddyll for £2,132 : 3s. : 9d.

In 1661—1665 a large part of the Conventual buildings was pulled down by Sir Ralph Assheton,

We now take leave of the famous old Abbey in one more noble quotation from the renowned historian, whose classic work has provided an almost bewildering wealth of material upon the subject. Speaking of the present condition of the Abbey, and its significance, Dr. Whitaker says :—

"No longer possessed of wealth, or power, or religious influence, it is fast crumbling under the ravages of time; luxuriant ivy mantles the roofless walls, falling in wreaths and festoons through the open windows, and a gloomy desolation seems to pervade the place, highly calculated to inspire a feeling of reverential awe; for though it has lost the grand proportions of its old completeness, it is still robed in solemn beauty, and is still majestic in its decay."

"But such thoughts are unheeded when idly we gaze
On the desolate grandeur of earlier days;
'Tis the wreck that is lovely, the wider the rent
The fuller the view of the landscape is lent.
O ruins are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past."

* * * *

"O ye who dwell
Around yon ruins, guard the precious charge
From hands profane! O save the sacred pile—
O'er which the wings of Centuries have flown
Darkly and silently, deep-shadowing all
Its pristine honours—from the ruthless grasp
Of future violation."

The author of the *Handbook of Whalley*, concludes his charming work with the following passage, which forms also a fitting epilogue to our survey of Whalley; he says :—

"Many a time on returning from pastoral visits, when long miles are shortened by gentle thoughts into furlongs, I have sometimes looked down from the pastures of Easterly upon the grassy rampart of the old Roman station at Portfield, upon the crumbling ruins of the abbey on the river's bank, and also upon the modern buildings, and I have pondered over the different changes in society which the panorama below reminded me of. Ages differ from each other like individuals, in feelings, in habits and in associations. At my feet lay exposed the old home of the Roman soldier, the barrack of the invincible 10th Legion, whose headquarters were at Ribchester; here were the rude virtues of the warrior and of victory. In the landscape below rose the tower of the Church and the grey walls of the Abbey. Here we recognise the sanctified form of religion. The soldier disappears, and the more reverend forms of the abbot and the monk come upon the scene. In his turn the 'ecclesiastic'

disappears and an age of commerce and industry comes on, and the buildings of modern days testify to the blessings of common sense, of commercial employment and of elegance. All these classes of men and all these eras are different, and it is well thus sometimes to consider the changes which have passed and the generations which have preceded us, and from very few places could this be done more appropriately than from the situation which has been selected—the heights of Easterly."

And now we approach the termination of our stream and also necessarily of our theme. The last mile or so of the Calder from Whalley onwards is a placid, gently flowing river, devoid of the frolicsomeness of youth, as though conscious that its course is run. The country, too, through which it passes is singularly tame and uninteresting compared with that around its upper

HACKING HALL.

reaches. Near Hacking Hall, a many gabled Tudor mansion, built by Judge Walmsley in 1607, it gently glides into the Ribble at a point within sight of the meeting place of that river with the Hodder, which it has just previously received in Mytton domain.

"Hodder, Calder, Ribble and rain,
All join together in Mytton Domain."

What a story the old stream has to tell! What scenes of joy and sadness it has witnessed! What changes of language and manners, of conduct and ideals! How much of the nation's history has been written in miniature on its banks! How full is the ground of memoranda and signatures—hints, pregnant with meaning which speak to the intelligent! How much of struggle

and triumph, of travail and progress, of growth and development, does its recital unfold !

> "Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
> Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
> Show to his eye an image of the pangs
> Which it hath witnessed ; render back an echo
> Of the sad steps, by which it hath been trod."

And if, as scientists assure us, the constitution of the universe may be deduced from the study of the form and life history of a daisy ; or the creation of the myriad forms of animal life, with all their characteristic varieties, from the intelligent contemplation of a single bone of a single animal, may not our study of this little corner of the universe give us broader and truer views of the whole, and of the mighty purposes which are moulding the destinies of men and things ? And may we not indeed find—

> " Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything ? "

Thus have we gathered our homely posie of wild flowers, and if some rank weeds, or bitter herbs should be found mingled with them, their faithful testimony to the nature of the gathering ground, will doubtless atone for their apparent unloveliness.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

Note to p. 128. The Crimean Cannons.

The following is the inscription attached to these trophies

"Russian Guns, Presented to the Borough of Burnley, by Lieut. General Peel, Secretary of State for War, 1867.

Folds, Mayor 1866. Lomas, Mayor 1867-8."

Additional Note to p. 163. Emily Brontë and the Moors.

"My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best-loved was—liberty."

From the *Biographical Fragment*, added by Charlotte Brontë to the 1850 Edition of *Wuthering Heights*.

The following three stanzas were composed by Emily Brontë at twilight, in the schoolroom at Brussels, when the leisure of the evening playhour brought back in full tide the thoughts of home—

"For the moors! For the moors, where the short grass
Like velvet beneath us should lie!
For the moors! For the moors, where each high pass
Rose sunny against the clear sky!

For the moors, where the linnet was trilling
Its song on the old granite stone;
Where the lark, the wild skylark, was filling
Every breast with delight like its own!

What language can utter the feeling
Which rose, when in exile afar,
On the brow of a lonely hill kneeling
I saw the brown heath growing there?"

Note to p. 164. Wycoller Hall.

Mr. Clement Shorter identifies Ferndean Manor in *Jane Eyre* with Wycoller Hall. In his *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Literary Lives Series, p. 162, he says—"Mr. Rochester's other house, where Jane Eyre found him in his blindness, Ferndean Manor, is Wycoller Hall, near Colne, a hall which is now a ruin, but which has attached to it the story of a mad woman having set it on fire; and also the tradition that the original owner, Squire Cunliffe, had some of the traits associated with Rochester."

In the Thornton Edition of the Works of the Sisters Brontë, there is an illustration of Wycoller Hall marked *Ferndean Manor* which is not unlike the one inserted in this volume on p. 166.

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